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THE

COMEDIES

OF

TERENCE.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE,

WITH NOTES.

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TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE BLANK VERSE TRANSLATION OF

GEORGE COLMAN.

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PREFACE.

In this Version of the Plays of Terence the Text of Volbehr, 1846, has been followed, with the few exceptions mentioned in the Notes.

The Translator has endeavored to convey faithfully the meaning of the author, and although not rigorously literal, he has, he trusts, avoided such wild departures from the text as are found in the versions of Echard, Cooke, Patrick, and Gordon.

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ANDRIA;

THE FAIR ANDRIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIMO,[1] an aged Athenian.
PAMPHILUS,[2] son of Simo.
SOSIA,[3] freedman of Simo.
CHREMES,[4] an aged Athenian.
CHARINUS,[5] a young Athenian, in love with Philumena.
CRITO,[6] a native of Andros.
DAVUS,[7] servant of Simo.
DROMO,[8] servant of Simo.
BYRRHIA,[9] servant of Charinus.

GLYCERIUM,[10] a young woman beloved by Pamphilus.
MYSIS,[11] her maid-servant.
LESBIA,[12] a midwife.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of SIMO and GLYCERIUM.

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[1] From *σιμὸς*, "flat-nosed."
[2] From *πᾶν*, "all," and *φιλὸς*, "a friend."
[3] From *σώζω*, "to save;" saved in war.
[4] From *χρέμπτομαι*, "to spit."
[5] From *χάρις*, "grace."
[6] From *κριτὴς*, "a judge."
[7] From Dacia, his native country; the Davi and Daci being the same people.
[8] From *δρόμος*, "a race."
[9] From *πυῤῥὸς*, "red-haired."
[10] From *γλυκερὸς*, "sweet."
[11] From Mysia, her native country.
[12] From Lesbos, her native country.

THE SUBJECT.

CHREMES and Phania were brothers, citizens of Athens. Chremes going to Asia, leaves his daughter, Pasibula, in the care of his brother Phania, who, afterward setting sail with Pasibula for Asia, is wrecked off the Isle of Andros. Escaping with their lives, they are kindly received by a native of the island; and Phania soon afterward dies there. The Andrian changes the name of the girl to Glycerium, and brings her up, as his own child, with his daughter Chrysis. On his death, Chrysis and Glycerium sail for Athens to seek their fortune there. Chrysis being admired by several Athenian youths, Pamphilus, the son of Simo, an opulent citizen, chances to see Glycerium, and falls violently in love with her. She afterward becomes pregnant by him, on which he makes her a promise of marriage. In the mean time, Chremes, who is now living at Athens, and is ignorant of the fate of Pasibula, agrees with Simo, the father of Pamphilus, to give Philumena, another daughter, in marriage to Pamphilus. While these arrangements are being made, Chrysis dies; on which Simo accidentally discovers his son's connection with Glycerium. Chremes, also coming to hear of it, declines the match, having no idea that Glycerium is really his own daughter. Simo, however, in order to test his son's feelings, resolves to pretend that the marriage-day is fixed. Meeting Pamphilus in the town, he desires him to go home and prepare for the wedding, which is to take place immediately. In his perplexity, the youth has recourse to his servant Davus, who, having heard of the refusal of Chremes, suspects the design of Simo. At this conjuncture, Charinus, a friend of Pamphilus, who is enamored of Philumena, but has been rejected by her father, entreats Pamphilus to put off the marriage, for at least a few days. Disclosing his own aversion to the match, Pamphilus readily engages to do this. In order the more effectually to break it off, Davus advises Pamphilus to pretend a readiness to comply with his father's wishes, supposing that of course Chremes will steadily persist in his refusal. Pamphilus does as he is advised, on which Simo again applies to Chremes, who, after some entreaty, gives his consent. Just at this conjuncture, Glycerium is delivered of a son; and by the advice of Davus, it is laid before the door of Simo's house. Chremes happening to see it there, and ascertaining that Pamphilus is its father, again refuses to give him his daughter. At this moment, Crito, a native of Andros, arrives, who, being a relative of Chrysis, has come to Athens to look after her property. Through him, Chremes discovers that Glycerium is no other than his long-lost daughter, Pasibula; on which he consents to her immediate marriage with Pamphilus, who promises Charinus that he will use his best endeavors to obtain for him the hand of Philumena.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

Performed at the Megalensian Games;[1] M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio being Curule Ædiles.[2] Ambivius Turpio and Lucius Atilius Prænestinus[3] performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius,[4] composed the music, to a pair of treble flutes and bass flutes[5] alternately. And it is entirely

[1] *The Megalensian Games*)—These games were instituted at Rome in honor of the Goddess Cybele, when her statue was brought thither from Pessinum, in Asia Minor, by Scipio Nasica; they were so called from the Greek title Μεγάλη Μήτηρ, "the Great Mother." They were called Megalesia or Megalensia, indifferently. A very interesting account of the origin of these games will be found in the Fasti of Ovid. B. iv. l. 194, *et seq*.

[2] *Being Curule Ædiles*)—Among the other offices of the Ædiles at Rome, it was their duty to preside at the public games, and to provide the necessary dramatic representations for the Theatre, by making contracts with the Poets and Actors.

[3] *Ambivius Turpio and Lucius Atilius Prænestinus*)—These persons were the heads or managers of the company of actors who performed the Play, and as such it was their province to make the necessary contracts with the Curule Ædiles. They were also actors themselves, and usually took the leading characters. Ambivius Turpio seems to have been a favorite with the Roman public, and to have performed for many years; of L. Atilius Prænestinus nothing is known.

[4] *Freedman of Claudius*)—According to some, the words, "Flaccus Claudi" mean "the son of Claudius." It is, however, more generally thought that it is thereby meant that he was the freedman or liberated slave of some Roman noble of the family of the Claudii.

[5] *Treble flutes and bass flutes*)—The history of ancient music, and especially that relative to the "tibiæ," "pipes" or "flutes," is replete with obscurity. It is not agreed what are the meanings of the respective terms, but in the present Translation the following theory has been adopted: The words "dextræ" and "sinistræ" denote the kind of flute, the former being *treble*, the latter *bass* flutes, or, as they were sometimes called, "incentivæ" or "succentivæ;" though it has been thought by some that they were so called because the former were held with the right hand, the latter with the left. When two

Grecian.[1] Published—M. Marcellus and Cneius Sulpicius being Consuls.[2]

treble flutes or two bass flutes were played upon at the same time, they were called "tibiæ pares;" but when one was "dextra" and the other "sinistra," "tibiæ impares." Hence the words "paribus dextris et sinistris," would mean alternately with treble flutes and bass flutes. Two "tibiæ" were often played upon by one performer at the same time. For a specimen of a Roman "tibicen" or "piper," see the last scene of the Stichus of Plautus. Some curious information relative to the pipers of Rome and the legislative enactments respecting them will be found in the Fasti of Ovid, B. vi. l. 653, *et seq*.

[1] *It is entirely Grecian*)—This means that the scene is in Greece, and that it is of the kind called "palliata," as representing the manners of the Greeks, who wore the "pallium," or outer cloak; whereas the Romans wore the "toga." In the Prologue, Terence states that he borrowed it from the Greek of Menander.

[2] *Being Consuls*)—M. Claudius Marcellus and C. Sulpicius Galba were Consuls in the year from the building of Rome 586, and B.C. 167.

ANDRIA;

THE FAIR ANDRIAN.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

PAMPHILUS seduces Glycerium, wrongfully supposed to be a sister of a Courtesan, an Andrian by birth; and she having become pregnant, he gives his word that she shall be his wife; but his father has engaged for him another, the daughter of Chremes; and when he discovers the intrigue he pretends that the nuptials are about to take place, desiring to learn what intentions his son may have. By the advice of Davus, Pamphilus does not resist; but Chremes, as soon as he has seen the little child born of Glycerium, breaks off the match, *and* declines him for a son-in-law. Afterward, this Glycerium, unexpectedly discovered *to be* his own daughter, he bestows as a wife on Pamphilus, the other on Charinus.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE POET, when first he applied his mind to writing, thought that the only duty which devolved on him was, that the Plays he should compose might please the public. But he perceives that it has fallen out entirely otherwise; for he is wasting his labor in writing Prologues, not for the purpose of relating the plot, but to answer the slanders of a malevolent old Poet.[1] Now I beseech you, give your attention to the thing which they impute as a fault. Menander composed the Andrian[2]

[1] *A malevolent old Poet*)—Ver. 7. He alludes to Luscus Lanuvinus, or Lavinius, a Comic Poet of his time, but considerably his senior. He is mentioned by Terence in all his Prologues except that to the Hecyra, and seems to have made it the business of his life to run down his productions and discover faults in them.

[2] *Composed the Andrian*)—Ver. 9. This Play, like that of our author, took its name from the Isle of Andros, one of the Cyclades in the Ægean Sea, where Glycerium is supposed to have been born. Donatus, the Commentator on Terence, informs us that the first Scene of this Play is almost a literal translation from the Perinthian of Menander,

and the Perinthian.[1] He who knows either of them well, will know them both; they are in plot not very different, and yet they have been composed in different language and style. What suited, he confesses he has transferred into the Andrian from the Perinthian, and has employed them as his own. These parties censure this proceeding; and on this point they differ *from him*, that Plays ought not to be mixed up together. By being *thus* knowing, do they not show that they know nothing at all? For while they are censuring him, they are censuring Nævius, Plautus, *and* Ennius,[2] whom our *Poet* has for his precedents; whose carelessness he prefers to emulate, rather than the mystifying carefulness[3] of those parties. Therefore, I advise them to be quiet in future, and to cease to slander; that they may not be made acquainted with their own misdeeds. Be well disposed, then; attend with unbiased mind, and consider the matter, that you may determine what hope is left; whether the Plays which he shall in future compose anew, are to be witnessed, or are rather to be driven off *the stage*.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Simo *and* Sosia, *followed by* Servants *carrying provisions.*

Simo (*to the Servants.*) Do you carry those things away in-doors; begone. (*Beckoning* to Sosia.) Sosia, just step here; I want a few words with you.

in which the old man was represented as discoursing with his wife just as Simo does here with Sosia. In the Andrian of Menander, the old man opened with a soliloquy.

[1] *And the Perinthian*)—Ver. 9. This Play was so called from Perinthus, a town of Thrace, its heroine being a native of that place.

[2] *Nævius, Plautus, and Ennius*)—Ver. 18. Ennius was the oldest of these three Poets. Nævius a contemporary of Plautus. See a probable allusion to his misfortunes in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, l. 211.

[3] *The mystifying carefulness*)—Ver. 21. By "obscuram diligentiam" he means that formal degree of precision which is productive of obscurity.

Sosia. Consider it as said; that these things are to be taken care of, I suppose.[1]

Sim. No, it's another matter.

Sos. What is there that my ability can effect for you more than this?

Sim. There's no need of that ability in the matter which I have in hand; but of those *qualities* which I have ever known as existing in you, fidelity and secrecy.

Sos. I await your will.

Sim. Since I purchased you, you know that, from a little child, your servitude with me has always been easy and light. From a slave I made you my freedman;[2] for this reason, because you served me with readiness. The greatest recompense that I possessed, I bestowed upon you.

Sos. I bear it in mind.

Sim. I am not changed

Sos. If I have done or am doing aught that is pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad that it has been done; and that the same has been gratifying to you, I consider *sufficient* thanks. But this is a cause of uneasiness to me; for the recital is, as it were, a censure[3] to one forgetful of a kindness. But tell me, in one word, what it is that you want with me.

Sim. I'll do so. In the first place, in this affair I give you notice: this, which you suppose to be such, is not a real marriage.

Sos. Why do you pretend it then?

Sim. You shall hear all the matter from the beginning; by that means you'll be acquainted with both my son's mode

[1] *Are to be taken care of, I suppose*)—Ver. 30. "Nempe ut curentur recte hæc." Colman here remarks; "Madame Dacier will have it that Simo here makes use of a kitchen term in the word 'curentur.' I believe it rather means 'to take care of' any thing generally; and at the conclusion of this very scene, Sosia uses the word again, speaking of things very foreign to cookery, 'Sat est, curabo.'"

[2] *To be my freedman*)—Ver. 37. "Libertus" was the name given to a slave set at liberty by his master. A "libertinus" was the son of a "libertus."

[3] *As it were a censure*)—Ver. 43. Among the Greeks (whose manners and sentiments are supposed to be depicted in this Play) it was a maxim that he who did a kindness should forget it, while he who received it should keep it in memory. Sosia consequently feels uneasy, and considers the remark of his master in the light of a reproach.

of life and my own design, and what I want you to do in this affair. For after he had passed youthfulness,[1] Sosia, and had obtained free scope of living, (for before, how could you know or understand his disposition, while *youthful* age, fear, *and* a master[2] were checking him?)——

Sos. That's true.

Sim. What all young men, for the most part, do,—devote their attention to some particular pursuit, either to training horses or dogs for hunting, or to the philosophers;[3] in not one of these did he engage in particular beyond the rest, and yet in all of them in a moderate degree. I was pleased.

Sos. Not without reason; for this I deem in life to be especially advantageous; that *one do* nothing to excess.[4]

Sim. Such was his mode of life; readily to bear and to comply with all; with whomsoever he was in company, to them to resign himself; to devote himself to their pursuits; at variance with no one; never preferring himself to them. Thus most readily you may acquire praise without envy, and gain friends.

Sos. He has wisely laid down his rule of life; for in these days obsequiousness begets friends; sincerity, dislike.

Sim. Meanwhile, three years ago,[5] a certain woman from

[1] *After he had passed from youthfulness*)—Ver. 51. "Ephebus" was the name given to a youth when between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

[2] *And a master*)—Ver. 54. See the Notes to the Translation of the Bacchides of Plautus, l. 109, where Lydus, a slave, appears as the "pædagogus," or "magister," of Pistoclerus.

[3] *Or to the philosophers*)—Ver. 57. It was the custom in Greece with all young men of free birth to apply themselves to the study of philosophy, of course with zeal proportioned to the love of learning in each. They each adopted some particular sect, to which they attached themselves. There is something sarcastic here, and indeed not very respectful to the "philosophers," in coupling them as objects of attraction with horses and hounds.

[4] *Nothing to excess*)—Ver. 61. "Ne quid nimis." This was one of the three sentences which were inscribed in golden letters in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. The two others were "Know thyself," and "Misery is the consequence of debt and discord." Sosia seems from the short glimpse we have of him to have been a retailer of old saws and proverbs. He is unfortunately only a Protatic or introductory character, as we lose sight of him after this Act.

[5] *Meanwhile, three years ago*)—Ver. 69. The following remark of Donatus on this passage is quoted by Colman for its curiosity. "The

Andros removed hither into this neighborhood, driven by poverty and the neglect of her relations, of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth.

Sos. Ah! I'm afraid that this Andrian will bring some mischief.

Sim. At first, in a modest way, she passed her life with thriftiness and in hardship, seeking a livelihood with her wool and loom. But after an admirer made advances, promising her a recompense, *first* one and then another; as the disposition of all mankind has a downward tendency from industry toward pleasure, she accepted their proposals, *and* then began to trade *upon her beauty*. Those who then were her admirers, by chance, as it *often* happens, took my son thither that he might be in their company. Forthwith I *said* to myself, "He is surely caught; he is smitten."[1] In the morning I used to observe their servant-boys coming or going away; I used to make inquiry, "Here, my lad, tell me, will you, who had Chrysis yesterday?" for that was the name of the Andrian (*touching* Sosia *on the arm*).

Sos. I understand.

Sim. Phædrus, or Clinias, or Niceratus, they used to say; for these three then loved her at the same time. "Well now, what *did* Pamphilus *do?*" "What? He gave his contribution;[2] he took part in the dinner." Just so on another day I made inquiry, but I discovered nothing whatever that affected Pamphilus. In fact, I thought him sufficiently proved, and a great pattern of continence; for he who is brought into

Author has artfully said three years, when he might have given a longer or a shorter period; since it is probable that the woman might have lived modestly one year; set up the trade the next; and died the third. In the first year, therefore, Pamphilus knew nothing of the family of Chrysis; in the second, he became acquainted with Glycerium; and in the third, Glycerium marries Pamphilus, and finds her parents."

[1] *He is smitten*)—Ver. 78. "Habet," literally "He has it." This was the expression used by the spectators at the moment when a Gladiator was wounded by his antagonist. In the previous line, in the words "captus est," a figurative allusion is made to the "retiarius," a Gladiator who was provided with a net, with which he endeavored to entangle his opponent.

[2] *Gave his contribution*)—Ver. 88. "Symbolam." The "symbolæ," "shot" at picnic or club entertainments, are more than once alluded to in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

contact with dispositions of that sort, and his feelings are not aroused even under such circumstances, you may be sure that he is already capable of undertaking the governance of his own life. This pleased me, and every body with one voice *began* to say all *kinds of* flattering things, and to extol my *good* fortune, in having a son endowed with such a disposition. What need is there of talking? Chremes, influenced by this report, came to me of his own accord, to offer his only daughter as a wife to my son, with a very large portion. It pleased me; I betrothed him; this was the day appointed for the nuptials.

Sos. What then stands in the way? Why should they not take place?

Sim. You shall hear. In about a few days after these things had been agreed on, Chrysis, this neighbor, dies.

Sos. Bravo! You've made me happy. I was afraid for him on account of Chrysis.

Sim. Then my son was often there, with those who had admired Chrysis; with them he took charge of the funeral; sorrowful, in the mean time, he sometimes wept *with them* in condolence. Then that pleased me. Thus I reflected: "He by reason of this slight intimacy takes her death so much to heart; what if he himself had wooed her? What will he do for me his father?" All these things I took to be the duties of a humane disposition and of tender feelings. Why do I detain you with many *words?* Even I myself,[1] for his sake, went forth to the funeral, as yet suspecting no harm.

Sos. Ha! what is this?

Sim. You shall know. She is brought out; we proceed. In the mean time, among the females who were there present, I saw by chance one young woman of beauteous form.

Sos. Very likely.

Sim. And of countenance, Sosia, so modest, so charming, that nothing could surpass. As she appeared to me to lament beyond the rest, and as she was of a figure handsome and genteel beyond the other women, I approached the female at-

[1] *Even I myself*)—Ver. 116. Cooke remarks here: "A complaisant father, to go to the funeral of a courtesan, merely to oblige his son!"

tendants;[1] I inquired who she was. They said that she was the sister of Chrysis. It instantly struck my mind: "Ay, ay, this is it; hence those tears, hence that sympathy."

Sos. How I dread what you are coming to!

Sim. The funeral procession meanwhile advances; we follow; we come to the burying-place.[2] She is placed upon the pile; they weep. In the mean time, this sister, whom I mentioned, approached the flames too incautiously, with considerable danger. There, at that moment, Pamphilus, in his extreme alarm, discovers his well-dissembled and long-hidden passion; he runs up, clasps the damsel by the waist. "My Glycerium," says he, "what are you doing? Why are you going to destroy yourself?" Then she, so that you might easily recognize their habitual attachment, weeping, threw herself back upon him—how affectionately!

Sos. What do you say?

Sim. I returned thence in anger, and hurt at heart: and *yet there was* not sufficient ground for reproving him. He might say; "What have I done? How have I deserved *this*, or offended, father? She who wished to throw herself into the flames, I prevented; I saved her." The defense is a reasonable one.

Sos. You judge aright; for if you censure him who has assisted to preserve life, what are you to do to him who causes loss or misfortune *to it?*

Sim. Chremes comes to me next day, exclaiming: "Disgraceful conduct!"—that he had ascertained that Pamphilus was keeping this foreign woman as a wife. I steadfastly denied that to be the fact. He insisted that it was the fact. In short, I then left him refusing to bestow his daughter.

Sos. Did not you then *reprove* your son?

Sim. Not even this was a cause sufficiently strong for censuring him.

Sos. How so? Tell me.

[1] *The female attendants*)—Ver. 123. "Pedissequæ." These "pedissequæ," or female attendants, are frequently alluded to in the Plays of Plautus. See the Notes to Bohn's Translation.

[2] *To the burying-place*)—Ver. 128. "Sepulcrum" strictly means, the tomb or place for burial, but here the funeral pile itself. When the bones were afterward buried on the spot where they were burned, it was called "bustum."

Sim. "You yourself, father," *he might say*, "have prescribed a limit to these proceedings. *The time* is near, when I must live according to the humor of another; meanwhile, for the present allow me to live according to my own."

Sos. What room for reproving him, then, is there left?

Sim. If on account of his amour he shall decline to take a wife, that, in the first place, is an offense on his part to be censured. And now for this am I using my endeavors, that, by means of the pretended marriage, there may be real ground for rebuking him, if he should refuse; at the same time, that if *that* rascal Davus has any scheme, he may exhaust it now, while *his* knaveries can do no harm: who, I do believe, with hands, feet, *and* all his might, will do every thing; and more for this, no doubt, that he may do me an ill turn, than to oblige my son.

Sos. For what reason?

Sim. Do you ask? Bad heart, bad disposition. Whom, however, if I do detect —— But what need is there of talking? If it should turn out, as I wish, that there is no delay on the part of Pamphilus, Chremes remains to be prevailed upon by me; and I do hope that all will go well. Now it's your duty to pretend these nuptials cleverly, to terrify Davus; and watch my son, what he's about, what schemes he is planning with him.

Sos. 'Tis enough; I'll take care; now let's go in-doors.

Sim. You go first; I'll follow. (Sosia *goes into the house of* Simo.)

Sim. (*to himself.*) There's no doubt but that my son doesn't wish for a wife; so alarmed did I perceive Davus to be just now, when he heard that there was going to be a marriage. But the very man is coming out of the house. (*Stands aside.*)

Scene II.

Enter Davus *from the house of* Simo.

Dav. (*aloud to himself.*) I was wondering if this matter was to go off thus; and was continually dreading where my

master's good humor would end; for, after he had heard that a wife would not be given to his son, he never uttered a word to any one of us, or took it amiss.

Sim. (*apart, overhearing him.*) But now he'll do *so:* and that, I fancy, not without heavy cost to you.

Dav. (*to himself.*) He meant this, that we, thus unsuspecting, should be led away by delusive joy; that now in hope, *all* fear being removed, we might during our supineness be surprised, so that there might be no time for planning a rupture of the marriage. How clever!

Sim. (*apart.*) The villain! what does he say?

Dav. (*overhearing him, to himself.*) It's my master, and I didn't see him.

Sim. Davus.

Dav. Well, what is it?

Sim. Just step this way to me.

Dav. (*to himself.*) What does he want?

Sim. What are you saying?

Dav. About what?

Sim. Do you ask the question? There's a report that my son's in love.

Dav. The public troubles itself about that,[1] of course.

Sim. Will you attend to this, or not?

Dav. Certainly, I *will*, to that.

Sim. But for me to inquire now into these matters, were the part of a severe father. For what he has done hitherto, doesn't concern me at all. So long as his time *of life* prompted to that course, I allowed him to indulge his inclination: now this day brings on another mode of life, demands other habits. From this time forward, I do request, or if it is reasonable, I do entreat you, Davus, that he may now return to the *right* path.

Dav. (*aside.*) What can this mean?

Sim. All who are intriguing take it ill to have a wife given them.

Dav. So they say.

Sim. And if any one has adopted a bad instructor in that

[1] *Troubles itself about that*)—Ver. 185. He says this contemptuously, as if it was likely that the public should take any such great interest in his son as the father would imply by his remark. By thus saying, he also avoids giving a direct reply.

course, he generally urges the enfeebled mind to pursuits still more unbecoming.

Dav. I'faith, I do not comprehend.

Sim. No? Ha——

Dav. No—I am Davus, not Œdipus.[1]

Sim. Of course then, you wish me to speak plainly in what further I have to say.

Dav. Certainly, by all means.

Sim. If I this day find out that you are attempting any trickery about this marriage, to the end that it may not take place; or are desirous that in this matter it should be proved how knowing you are; I'll hand you over, Davus, beaten with stripes, to the mill,[2] even to your dying day, upon this condition and pledge, that if *ever* I release you, I shall grind in your place. Now, do you understand this? Or not yet even this?

Dav. Yes, perfectly: you have now spoken so plainly upon the subject, you have not used the least circumlocution.

Sim. In any thing would I more willingly allow myself to be imposed upon than in this matter.

Dav. Fair words, I entreat.

Sim. You are ridiculing *me:* you don't at all deceive me. I give you warning, don't act rashly, and don't say you were not warned. Take care. (*Shaking his stick, goes into the house.*)

Scene III.

Davus *alone.*

Dav. (*to himself.*) Assuredly, Davus, there's no room for slothfulness or inactivity, so far as I've just now ascertained the old man's mind about the marriage; which if it is not provided against by cunning, will be bringing either myself or my master to ruin. What to do, I am not determined; whether I should assist Pamphilus or obey the old man. If I desert the former, I fear for his life; if I assist him, I *dread*

[1] *Davus, not Œdipus*)—Ver. 194. Alluding to the circumstance of Œdipus alone being able to solve the riddle of the Sphynx.

[2] *To the mill*)—Ver. 199. The "pistrinum," or "hand-mill," for grinding corn, was used as a mode of punishment for refractory slaves. See the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

the other's threats, on whom it will be a difficult matter to impose. In the first place, he has now found out about this amour; with hostile feelings he watches me, lest I should be devising some trickery against the marriage. If he discovers it, I'm undone; or even *if* he chooses to allege any pretext, whether rightfully or wrongfully, he will consign me headlong to the mill. To these evils this one is besides added for me. This Andrian, whether she is *his* wife, or whether *his* mistress, is pregnant by Pamphilus. It is worth while to hear their effrontery; for it is an undertaking *worthy* of those in their dotage, not of those who dote in love;[1] whatever she shall bring forth, they have resolved to rear;[2] and they are now contriving among themselves a certain scheme, that she is a citizen of Attica. There was formerly a certain old man of this place, a merchant; he was shipwrecked off the Isle of Andros; he died. *They say* that there, the father of Chrysis, on that occasion, sheltered this girl, thrown on shore, an orphan, a little child. What nonsense! To myself at least it isn't very probable; the fiction pleases them, however. But Mysis is coming out of the house. Now I'll *betake* myself hence to the Forum,[3] that I may meet with Pamphilus, lest his father should take him by surprise about this matter. (*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Enter Mysis *from the house of* Glycerium.

Mys. (*speaking at the door to Archylis within.*) I've heard

[1] *Those in their dotage, not those who dote in love*)—Ver. 218. There is a jingle intended in this line, in the resemblance between "amentium," "mad persons," and "amantium," "lovers."

[2] *They have resolved to rear*)—Ver. 219. This passage alludes to the custom among the Greeks of laying new-born children on the ground, upon which the father, or other person who undertook the care of the child, lifted it from the ground, "tollebat." In case no one took charge of the child, it was exposed, which was very frequently done in the case of female children. Plato was the first to inveigh against this barbarous practice. It is frequently alluded to in the Plays of Plautus.

[3] *Hence to the Forum*)—Ver. 226. Colman has the following remark: "The Forum is frequently spoken of in the Comic Authors; and from various passages in which Terence mentions it, it may be collected that it was a public place, serving the several purposes of a market, the seat of the courts of justice, a public walk, and an exchange."

you already, Archylis; you request Lesbia to be fetched. Really, upon my faith, she is a wine-bibbing[1] and a rash woman, and not sufficiently trustworthy for you to commit to her care a female at her first delivery; is she still to be brought? (*She receives an answer from within, and comes forward.*) Do look at the inconsiderateness of the old woman; because she is her pot-companion. Ye Gods, I do entreat you, give her ease in her delivery, and to that woman an opportunity of making her mistakes elsewhere in preference. But why do I see Pamphilus so out of spirits? I fear what it may be. I'll wait, that I may know whether this sorrow portends any disaster. (*Stands apart.*)

Scene V.

Enter Pamphilus, *wringing his hands.*

Pam. (*to himself.*) Is it humane to do or to devise this? Is this the duty of a father?

Mys. (*apart.*) What does this mean?

Pam. (*to himself.*) O, by our faith in the Gods! what is, if this is not, an indignity? He had resolved that he himself would give me a wife to-day; ought I not to have known this beforehand? Ought it not to have been mentioned previously?

Mys. (*apart.*) Wretched me! What language do I hear?

Pam. (*to himself.*) What *does* Chremes *do?* He who had declared that he would not intrust his daughter to me as a wife; because he *himself* sees me unchanged he has changed. Thus perversely does he lend his aid, that he may withdraw wretched me from Glycerium. If this is effected, I am utterly undone. That any man should be so unhappy in love, or *so* unfortunate as I am! Oh, faith of Gods and men! shall I by no device be able to escape *this* alliance with Chremes? In how many ways *am* I contemned, *and* held in scorn? Every thing done, *and* concluded! Alas! *once* rejected I am sought again; for what reason? Unless perhaps it is this,

[1] *Wine-bibbing*)—Ver. 229. The nurses and midwives of antiquity seem to have been famed for their tippling propensities. In some of the Plays of Plautus we do not find them spared.

which I suspect it is: they are rearing some monster,[1] *and* as she can not be pushed off upon any one *else*, they have recourse to me.

Mys. (*apart.*) This language has terrified wretched me with apprehension.

Pam. (*to himself.*) But what am I to say about my father? Alas! that he should so thoughtlessly conclude an affair of such importance! Passing me in the Forum just now, he said, "Pamphilus, you must be married to-day: get ready; be off home." He seemed to me to say this: "Be off this instant, and go hang yourself." I was amazed; think you that I was able to utter a single word, or any excuse, even a frivolous, false, *or* lame one? I was speechless. But if any one were to ask me now what I would have done, if I had known this sooner, *why*, I would have done any thing rather than do this. But now, what course shall I first adopt? So many cares beset me, which rend my mind to pieces; love, sympathy for her, the worry of this marriage; then, respect for my father, who has ever, until now, with such an indulgent disposition, allowed me to do whatever was agreeable to my feelings. Ought I to oppose him? Ah me! I am in uncertainty what to do.

Mys. (*apart.*) I'm wretchedly afraid how this uncertainty is to terminate. But now there's an absolute necessity, either for him to speak to her, or for me *to speak* to him about her. While the mind is in suspense, it is swayed by a slight impulse one way or the other.

Pam. (*overhearing her.*) Who is it speaking here? (*Seeing her.*) Mysis? Good-morrow to you.

Mys. Oh! Good-morrow to you, Pamphilus.

Pam. How is she?

Mys. Do you ask? She is oppressed with grief,[2] and on this account the poor thing is anxious, because some time

[1] *Rearing some monster*)—Ver. 250. "Aliquid monstri alunt." Madame Dacier and some other Commentators give these words the rather far-fetched meaning of "They are hatching some plot." Donatus, with much more probability, supposes him to refer to the daughter of Chremes, whom, as the young women among the Greeks were brought up in great seclusion, we may suppose Pamphilus never to have seen.

[2] *She is oppressed with grief*)—Ver. 268. "Laborat a dolore."

ago the marriage was arranged for this day. Then, too, she fears this, that you may forsake her.

Pam. Ha! could I attempt that? Could I suffer her, poor thing, to be deceived on my account? She, who has confided to me her affection, and her entire existence? She, whom I have held especially dear to my feelings as my wife? Shall I suffer her mind, well and chastely trained and tutored, to be overcome by poverty and corrupted? I will not do it.

Mys. I should have no fear if it rested with yourself alone; but whether you may be able to withstand compulsion——

Pam. Do you deem me so cowardly, so utterly ungrateful, inhuman, *and* so brutish, that neither intimacy, nor affection, nor shame, can move or admonish me to keep faith?

Mys. This one thing I know, that she is deserving that you should not forget her.

Pam. Forget her? Oh Mysis, Mysis, at this moment are those words of Chrysis concerning Glycerium written on my mind. Now at the point of death, she called me; I went to her; you had withdrawn; we were alone; she began: "My dear Pamphilus, you see her beauty and her *youth;* and it is not unknown to you to what extent both of these are now of use to her, in protecting both her chastity and her interests. By this right hand I do entreat you, and by your *good* Genius,[1] by your own fidelity, and by her bereft condi-

Colman has the following remark upon this passage: "Though the word 'laborat' has tempted Donatus and the rest of the Commentators to suppose that this sentence signifies Glycerium being in labor, I can not help concurring with Cooke, that it means simply that she is weighed down with grief. The words immediately subsequent corroborate this interpretation; and at the conclusion of the Scene, when Mysis tells him that she is going for a midwife, Pamphilus hurries her away, as he would naturally have done here had he understood by these words that her mistress was in labor."

[1] *By your good Genius*)—Ver. 289. "Per Genium tuum." This was a common expression with the Romans, and is used by Horace, Epistles, B. i., Ep. 7:—

"Quod te per Genium dextramque Deosque Penates,
Obsecro, et obtestor——"

The word "Genius" signified the tutelary God who was supposed to attend every person from the period of his birth. The signification of the word will be found further referred to in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

tion, do not withdraw yourself from her, or forsake her; if I have loved you as my own brother, or if she has always prized you above all others, or has been obedient to you in all things. You do I give to her as a husband, friend, protector, father. This property of mine do I intrust to you, and commit to your care." She placed her in my hands; that instant, death came upon her. I accepted her; having accepted, I will protect her.

Mys. So indeed I hope. (*Moving.*)

Pam. But why are you leaving her?

Mys. I'm going to fetch the midwife.[1]

Pam. Make all haste. And—do you hear?—take care, *and* not one word about the marriage, lest that too *should add* to her illness.

Mys. I understand. (*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Charinus *and* Byrrhia.[2]

Char. How say you, Byrrhia? Is she to be given in marriage to Pamphilus to-day?

Byr. It is so.

Char. How do you know?

[1] *To fetch the midwife*)—Ver. 299. Cooke has the following remark here: "Methinks Mysis has loitered a little too much, considering the business which she was sent about; but perhaps Terence knew that some women were of such a temper as to gossip on the way, though an affair of life or death requires their haste." Colman thus takes him to task for this observation: "This two-edged reflection, glancing at once on Terence and the ladies, is, I think, very ill-founded. The delay of Mysis, on seeing the emotion of Pamphilus, is very natural; and her artful endeavors to interest Pamphilus on behalf of her mistress, are rather marks of her attention than neglect."

[2] *Charinus and Byrrhia*). We learn from Donatus that the characters of Charinus and Byrrhia were not introduced in the work of Menander, but were added to the Play of Terence, lest Philumena's being left without a husband, on the marriage of Pamphilus to Glycerium, should appear too tragical a circumstance. Diderot is of opinion that Terence did not improve his Play by this addition.

Byr. I heard *it* just now from Davus at the Forum.

Char. Woe unto wretched me! As, hitherto, until now, my mind has been racked amid hope and fear; so, since hope has been withdrawn, wearied with care, it sinks overwhelmed.

Byr. By my troth, Charinus, since that which you wish can not come to pass, prithee, do wish that which can.

Char. I wish for nothing else but Philumena.

Byr. Alas! How much better were it for you to endeavor to expel that passion from your mind, than to be saying that by which your desire is to no purpose still more inflamed.

Char. We all, when we are well, with ease give good advice to the sick. If you were in my situation, you would think otherwise.

Byr. Well, well, just as you like.

Char. (*looking down the side scene.*) But I see Pamphilus; I'm determined I'll try every thing before I despair.

Byr. (*aside.*) What does he mean?

Char. I will entreat his own self; I will supplicate him; I will disclose to him my love. I think that I shall prevail upon him to put off the marriage for some days at least; in the mean time, something will turn up, I trust.

Byr. That something is nothing.

Char. Byrrhia, how seems it to you? Shall I accost him?

Byr. Why not? Should you not prevail, that at least he may look upon you as a gallant *ready* provided for him, if he marries her.

Char. Away with you to perdition with that vile suggestion, you rascal!

Scene II.

Enter Pamphilus.

Pam. I espy Charinus. (*Accosting him.*) Good-morrow!

Char. O, good-morrow. Pamphilus, I'm come to you, seeking hope, safety, counsel, *and* assistance.

Pam. I'faith, I have neither time for counsel, nor resources for assistance. But what's the matter now?

Char. To-day you are going to take a wife?

Pam. *So* they say.

Char. Pamphilus, if you do that, you behold me this day for the last time.

Pam. Why so?

Char. Ah me! I dread to tell it; prithee, do you tell it, Byrrhia.

Byr. I'll tell it.

Pam. What is it?

Byr. He's in love with your betrothed.

Pam. Assuredly he's not of my way of thinking. Come now, tell me, have you had any more *to do* with her, Charinus?

Char. Oh Pamphilus, nothing.

Pam. How much I wish *you had*.

Char. Now, by our friendship and by my affection, I do beseech you, in the first place, not to marry her.

Pam. For my own part I'll use my endeavors.

Char. But if that can not be, or if this marriage is agreeable to you——

Pam. Agreeable to me?

Char. Put it off for some days at least, while I go elsewhere, that I may not be witness.

Pam. Now listen, once for all: I think it, Charinus, to be by no means the part of an ingenuous man, when he confers nothing, to expect that it should be considered as an obligation on his part. I am more desirous to avoid this match, than you to gain it.

Char. You have restored me to life.

Pam. Now, if you can do any thing, either you yourself, or Byrrhia here, manage, fabricate, invent, contrive *some means*, whereby she may be given to you; this I shall aim at, how she may not be given to me.

Char. I am satisfied.

Pam. Most opportunely I perceive Davus, on whose advice I have depended.

Char. (*turning to* Byrrhia.) But you, i'faith, *tell* me nothing,[1] except those things which there is no need for knowing. (*Pushing him away.*) Get you gone from here.

Byr. Certainly I *will*, and with all my heart. (*Exit.*

[1] *Tell me nothing*'—Ver. 336. It has been suggested that this refers to Byrrhia's dissuading his master from addressing Pamphilus, or else to what he has told him concerning the intended marriage. Westerhovius thinks that Byrrhia is just then whispering some trifling nonsense in his master's ear, which he, occupied with more important cares, is unwilling to attend to.

Scene III.

Enter Davus *in haste.*

Dav. (*not seeing* Pamphilus *and* Charinus.) Ye gracious Gods, what good news I bring! But where shall I find Pamphilus, that I may remove the apprehension in which he now is, and fill his mind with joy——?

Char. (*apart to* Pamphilus.) He's rejoiced about something, I don't know what.

Pam. (*apart.*) It's of no consequence; he hasn't yet heard of these misfortunes.

Dav. (*to himself.*) For I do believe now, if he has already heard that a marriage is prepared for him——

Char. (*apart.*) Don't you hear him?

Dav. (*to himself.*) He is seeking me distractedly all the city over. But where shall I look for him? Or in which direction now first to betake me——

Char. (*apart to* Pamphilus.) Do you hesitate to accost him?

Dav. (*to himself.*) I have it. (*Moving on.*)

Pam. Davus, come here! Stop!

Dav. Who's the person that's—— (*Turning round.*) O Pamphilus, you are the very man I'm looking for. Well done, Charinus! both in the nick of time: I want you *both.*

Char. Davus, I'm undone!

Dav. Nay but, do hear this.

Pam. I'm utterly ruined!

Dav. I know what you are afraid of.

Char. Pfaith, my life indeed is really in danger.

Dav. (*to* Charinus.) And what you *are afraid of*, I know.

Pam. My marriage——

Dav. As if I did not know it?

Pam. This day——

Dav. Why keep dinning me *with it*, when I know it all? (*To* Pamphilus.) This are you afraid of, lest you should marry her; and you (*to* Charinus,) lest you should not marry her.

Char. You understand the matter.

Pam. That's the very thing.

Dav. And that very thing is in no danger; trust me for that.

Pam. I do entreat you, release wretched me as soon as possible from this apprehension.

Dav. Well, then, I will release you; Chremes is not going to give you his daughter at present.

Pam. How do you know?

Dav. You shall know. Your father just now laid hold of me; he said that a wife was to be given you to-day, and many other things as well, which just now I haven't time to relate. Hastening to you immediately, I ran on to the Forum that I might tell you these things. When I didn't find you, I ascended there to a high place.[1] I looked around; you were nowhere. There by chance I saw Byrrhia, his *servant* (*pointing to* Charinus). I inquired of him; he said he hadn't seen you. This puzzled me. I considered what I was to do. As I was returning in the mean time, a surmise from the circumstances themselves occurred to me: "How now,—a very small amount of good cheer; he out of spirits; a marriage all of a sudden; *these things* don't agree."

Pam. But to what purpose this?

Dav. I forthwith *betook* myself to the house of Chremes. When I arrived there—stillness before the door;[2] then I was pleased at that.

Char. You say well.

Pam. Proceed.

Dav. I stopped *there*. In the mean time I saw no one going in, no one going out; no matron at the house,[3] no preparation, no bustle. I drew near; looked in——

[1] *To a high place*)—Ver. 356. He probably alludes to some part of the Acropolis, the citadel, or higher part of Athens, which commanded a view of the lower town.

[2] *Stillness before the door*)—Ver. 362. Madame Dacier observes that this remark is very appropriately made by Davus, as showing that the marriage was clearly not intended by Chremes. The house of the bride on such an occasion would be thronged by her friends, and at the door would be the musicians and those who were to form part of the bridal procession.

[3] *No matron at the house*)—Ver. 364. By the use of the word "matrona," he probably alludes to the "pronubæ" among the Romans, whose duties were somewhat similar to those of our bride's-maids. At the completion of the bridal repast, the bride was conducted to the bridal chamber by matrons who had not had more than one husband.

Pam. I understand; a considerable indication.

Dav. Do these things seem to accord with a wedding?

Pam. I think not, Davus.

Dav. Think, do you say? You don't view it rightly; the thing is certain. Besides, coming away from there I saw the servant-boy of Chremes carrying some vegetables and little fishes, an obol's worth,[1] for the old man's dinner.

Char. This day, Davus, have I been delivered by your means.

Dav. And yet not at all.

Char. Why so? Surely he will not give her to him, after all this. (*Pointing to* Pamphilus.)

Dav. You silly fellow! as though it were a necessary consequence that if he doesn't give her to him you should marry her: unless, *indeed*, you look about you; unless you entreat *and* make court to the old man's friends.

Char. You advise well. I'll go; although, upon my faith, this hope has often eluded me already. Farewell!

(*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Pamphilus *and* Davus.

Pam. What then does my father mean? Why does he *thus* make pretense?

Dav. I'll tell you. If now he were angry *with you*, because Chremes will not give you a wife, he would seem to himself to be unjust, and that not without reason, before he has ascertained your feelings as to the marriage, how they are disposed. But if you refuse to marry her, in that case he will transfer the blame to you; then such disturbances will arise.

Pam. I will submit to any thing *from him.*

Dav. He is your father, Pamphilus. It is a difficult matter. Besides, this woman is defenseless. No sooner said

[1] *An obol's worth*)—Ver. 369. The "obolus" was the smallest Greek silver coin, and was equal in value to about three halfpence of our money. "Pisciculi minuti," "little fish," were much used for food among the poorer classes; "mena," a fish resembling our pilchard, was a common article of food with the Romans. The larger kinds of fish went under the general name of "cetum."

than done; he will find some pretext for driving her away from the city.

Pam. Driving her away?

Dav. *Aye*, and quickly too.

Pam. Tell me then, Davus, what am I to do?

Dav. Say that you will marry her.

Pam. (*starting.*) Ha!

Dav. What's the matter?

Pam. What, am I to say so?

Dav. Why not?

Pam. Never will I do it.

Dav. Don't say so.

Pam. Don't attempt to persuade me.

Dav. Consider what will be the result of it.

Pam. That I shall be deprived of the one, *and* fixed with the other.

Dav. Not so. In fact, I think it will be thus: Your father will say: "I wish you to marry a wife to-day." You reply: "I'll marry her." Tell me, how can he raise a quarrel with you? Thus you will cause all the plans which are now arranged by him to be disarranged, without any danger; for this is not to be doubted, that Chremes will not give you his daughter. Therefore do not hesitate in those measures which you are taking, on this account, lest he should change his sentiments. Tell your father that you consent; so that although he may desire it, he may not be able to be angry at you with reason. For that which you rely on, I will easily refute; "No one," *you think*, "will give a wife to *a person of* these habits." But he will find a beggar for you, rather than allow you to be corrupted *by a mistress.* If, however, he shall believe that you bear it with a contented mind, you will render him indifferent; at his leisure he will look out for another *wife for you;* in the mean time something lucky may turn up.

Pam. Do you think so?

Dav. It really is not a matter of doubt.

Pam. Consider to what you are persuading me.

Dav. Nay, but do be quiet.

Pam. Well, I'll say it; but, that he mayn't come to know that she has had a child by me, is a thing to be guarded against; for I have promised to bring it up.

Dav. Oh, piece of effrontery.

Pam. She entreated me that I would give her this pledge by which she might be sure she should not be deserted.

Dav. It shall be attended to; but your father's coming. Take care that he doesn't perceive that you are out of spirits.

Scene V.

Enter Simo, *at a distance.*

Sim. (*apart to himself.*) I've come back to see what they are about, or what scheme they are hatching.

Dav. (*to* Pamphilus.) He has no doubt at present but that you'll refuse to marry. Having considered his course, he's come from a retired spot somewhere or other; he hopes that he has framed a speech by which to disconcert you; do you take care, then, to be yourself.

Pam. If I am only able, Davus.

Dav. Trust me for that, Pamphilus, I tell you; your father will never this day exchange a single word with you, if you say that you will marry.

Scene VI.

Enter Byrrhia, *unperceived, at a distance behind* Simo.

Byr. (*apart to himself.*) My master has ordered me, leaving my business, to keep an eye on Pamphilus to-day, what he is doing with regard to the marriage. I was to learn it; for that reason, I have now followed him[1] (*pointing to* Simo) as

[1] *I have now followed him*)—Ver. 414. "Hunc venientem sequor." Cooke has the following remark on this line: "This verse, though in every edition, as Bentley judiciously observes, is certainly spurious; for as Pamphilus has not disappeared since Byrrhia left the stage, he could not say 'nunc *hunc* venientem sequor.' If we suppose the line genuine, we must at the same time suppose Terence guilty of a monstrous absurdity." On these words Colman makes the following just observations: "Other Commentators have also stumbled at this passage; but if in the words 'followed *him* hither,' we suppose '*him*' (hunc) to refer to Simo, the difficulty is removed; and that the pronoun really does signify Simo, is evident from the circumstance of Pamphilus never having left the stage since the disappearance of Byrrhia. Simo is also represented as coming on the stage homeward, so that Byrrhia might easily have followed him along the street; and it is evident that Byrrhia does not allude to Pamphilus from the agreeable surprise which he expresses on seeing him there so opportunely for the purpose."

he came *hither*. Himself, as well, I see standing with Davus close at hand; I'll note this.

Sim. (*apart to himself.*) I see that both of them are here.

Dav. (*in a low voice to* Pamphilus.) Now then, be on your guard.

Sim. Pamphilus!

Dav. (*in a low voice.*) Look round at him as though taken unawares.

Pam. (*turning round sharply.*) What, my father!

Dav. (*in a low voice.*) Capital!

Sim. I wish you to marry a wife to-day, as I was saying.

Byr. (*apart.*) Now I'm in dread for our side, as to what he will answer.

Pam. Neither in that nor in any thing else shall you ever find any hesitation in me.

Byr. (*apart.*) Hah!

Dav. (*in a low voice to* Pamphilus.) He is struck dumb.

Byr. (*apart.*) What a speech!

Sim. You act as becomes you, when that which I ask I obtain with *a good* grace.

Dav. (*aside to* Pamphilus.) Am I right?

Byr. My master, so far as I learn, has missed his wife.

Sim. Now, then, go in-doors, that you mayn't be causing delay when you are wanted.

Pam. I'll go. (*Goes into the house.*)

Byr. (*apart.*) Is there, in no case, putting trust in any man? That is a true proverb which is wont to be commonly quoted, that "all had rather it to be well for themselves than for another." I remember noticing, when I saw her, *that she was* a young woman of handsome figure; wherefore I am the more *disposed to excuse* Pamphilus, if he has preferred that he himself, rather than the other, should embrace her in his slumbers. I'll carry back these tidings, that, in return for this evil he may inflict evil upon me.[1] (*Exit.*

[1] *Inflict evil upon me*)—Ver. 431. "Malum;" the usual name by which slaves spoke of the beatings they were in the habit of receiving at the hands or by the order of their irascible masters. Colman has the following remarks: "Donatus observes on this Scene between Byrrhia, Simo, Pamphilus, and Davus, that the dialogue is sustained by four persons, who have little or no intercourse with each other; so

Scene VII.

Simo *and* Davus.

Dav. (*aside, coming away from the door of the house.*) He now supposes that I'm bringing some trick to bear against him, and that on that account I've remained here.

Sim. What does he say, Davus?[1]

Dav. Just as much as nothing.[2]

Sim. What, nothing? Eh?

Dav. Nothing at all.

Sim. And yet I certainly was expecting something.

Dav. It has turned out contrary to your expectations. (*Aside.*) I perceive it; this vexes the man.

Sim. Are you able to tell me the truth?

Dav. I? Nothing more easy.

Sim. Is this marriage at all disagreeable to him, on account of his intimacy with this foreign woman?

Dav. No, faith; or if at all, it is a two or three days' annoyance this—you understand. It will then cease. Moreover, he himself has thought over this matter in a proper way.

Sim. I commend him.

that the Scene is not only in direct contradiction to the precept of Horace, excluding a fourth person, but is also otherwise vicious in its construction. Scenes of this kind are, I think, much too frequent in Terence, though, indeed, the form of the ancient Theatre was more adapted to the representation of them than the modern. The multiplicity of speeches *aside* is also the chief error in this dialogue; such speeches, though very common in dramatic writers, ancient and modern, being always more or less unnatural."

[1] *What does he say, Davus?*)—Ver. 434. "Quid, Dave, narrat?" This reading Vollbehr suggests in place of the old one, "Quid Davus narrat?" and upon good grounds, as it appears. According to the latter reading we are to suppose that Davus is grumbling to himself, on which Simo says, "What does Davus say?" It seems, however, much more likely that Davus accompanies Pamphilus to the door, and speaks to him before he goes in, and then, on his return to Simo, the latter asks him, "What does he say, Davus?"

[2] *Just as much as nothing*)—Ver. 434. "Æque quidquam nunc quidem." This is a circumlocution for "nothing at all:" somewhat more literally perhaps, it might be rendered "just as much as before." Perizonius supplies the ellipsis with a long string of Latin words, which translated would mean, "Now, indeed, he says equally as much as he says then, when he says nothing at all."

Dav. While it was allowed him, and while his years prompted him, he intrigued; *even* then it *was* secretly. He took precaution that that circumstance should never be a cause of disgrace to him, as behooves a man of principle; now that he must have a wife, he has set his mind upon a wife.

Sim. He seemed to me to be somewhat melancholy in a slight degree.

Dav. Not at all on account of her, but there's something he blames you for.

Sim. What is it, pray?

Dav. It's a childish thing.

Sim. What is it?

Dav. Nothing at all.

Sim. Nay but, tell me what it is.

Dav. He says that you are making too sparing preparations.

Sim. What, I?

Dav. You.—He says that there has hardly been fare provided to the amount of ten drachmæ.[1]—"Does he seem to be bestowing a wife on his son? Which one now, in preference, of my companions shall I invite to the dinner?" And, it must be owned, you really *are providing* too parsimoniously —I do not commend you.

Sim. Hold your tongue.

Dav. (*aside.*) I've touched him up.

Sim. I'll see that these things are properly done. (Davus *goes into the house.*) What's the meaning of this? What does this old rogue mean? But if there's any knavery here, why, he's sure to be the source of the mischief. (*Goes into his house.*)

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Simo *and* Davus *from the house of the former.* Mysis *and* Lesbia *are coming toward the house of* Glycerium.

Mys. (*not seeing* Simo *and* Davus.) Upon my faith, the fact is really as you mentioned, Lesbia, you can hardly find a man constant to a woman.

[1] *Amount of ten drachmæ*)—Ver. 451. The Attic drachma was a silver coin worth in value about 9¾*d.* of English money.

Sim. (*apart to* Davus.) This maid-servant comes from the Andrian.

Dav. (*apart to* Simo.) What do you say?

Sim. (*apart to* Davus.) It is so.

Mys. But this Pamphilus——

Sim. (*apart to* Davus.) What is she saying?

Mys. Has proved his constancy.

Sim. (*apart.*) Hah!

Dav. (*apart to himself.*) I wish that either he were deaf, or she struck dumb.

Mys. For the child she brings forth, he has ordered to be brought up.

Sim. (*apart.*) O Jupiter! What do I hear! It's all over, if indeed this woman speaks the truth.

Les. You mention a good disposition on the part of the young man.

Mys. A most excellent one. But follow me in-doors, that you mayn't keep her waiting.

Les. I'll follow. (Mysis *and* Lesbia *go into* Glycerium's *house.*)

Scene II.

Simo *and* Davus.

Dav. (*aside.*) What remedy now shall I find for this mishap?

Sim. (*to himself aloud.*) What does this mean? Is he so infatuated? *The child* of a foreign woman? Now I understand; ah! scarcely even at last, in my stupidity, have I found it out.

Dav. (*aside to himself.*) What does he say he has found out?

Sim. (*aside.*) This piece of knavery is being now for the first time palmed upon me by this fellow; they are pretending that she's in labor, in order that they may alarm Chremes.

Gly. (*exclaiming from within her house.*) Juno Lucina,[1] grant me thine aid, save me, I do entreat thee!

Sim. Whew! so sudden? What nonsense! As soon

[1] *Juno Lucina*)—Ver. 473. Juno Lucina had the care of women in childbed. Under this name some suppose Diana to have been worshiped. A similar incident to the present is found in the Adelphi, l. 486; and in the Aulularia of Plautus, l. 646.

as she has heard that I'm standing before the door, she makes all haste. These *incidents*, Davus, have not been quite happily adapted by you as to the points of time.

Dav. By me?

Sim. Are your scholars forgetful?[1]

Dav. I don't know what you are talking about.

Sim. (*aside.*) If he at the real marriage *of my son* had taken me off my guard, what sport he would have made of me. Now it is at his own risk; I'm sailing in harbor.

Scene III.

Re-enter Lesbia *from the house of* Glycerium.

Les. (*speaking to* Archylis *at the door, and not seeing* Simo *and* Davus.) As yet, Archylis, all the customary symptoms which ought to exist toward recovery, I perceive in her. Now, in the first place, take care and let her bathe;[2] then, after that, what I ordered to be given her to drink, and as much as I prescribed, do you administer: presently I will return hither. (*To herself aloud.*) By all that's holy, a fine boy has been born to Pamphilus. I pray the Gods that he may survive, since *the father* himself is of a good disposition, and since he has hesitated to do an injustice to this most excellent young woman. (*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Simo *and* Davus.

Sim. Even this, who is there that knows you that would not believe that it originated in you?

Dav. Why, what is this?

Sim. She didn't order in their presence what was requisite to be done for the woman lying in; but after she has come out, she bawls from the street to those who are in the house. O Davus, am I thus trifled with by you? Or pray, do I seem to you so very well suited to be thus openly imposed upon

[1] *Are your scholars forgetful?*)—Ver. 477. He alludes under this term to Mysis, Lesbia, and Pamphilus, whom he supposes Davus to have been training to act their parts in the plot against him.

[2] *Let her bathe*)—Ver. 483. It was the custom for women to bathe immediately after childbirth. See the Amphitryon of Plautus, l. 669, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's Translation.

by your tricks? At all events *it should have been* with precaution; that at least I might have seemed to be feared, if I should detect it.

Dav. (*aside.*) Assuredly, upon my faith, it's he that's now *deceiving* himself, not I.

Sim. I gave you warning, I forbade you with threats to do it. Have you been awed? What has it availed? Am I to believe you now in this, that this woman has had a child by Pamphilus?

Dav. (*aside.*) I understand where he's mistaken; and I see what I must do.

Sim. Why are you silent?

Dav. What would you believe? As though word had not been brought you that thus it would happen.

Sim. Any *word brought* to me?

Dav. Come now, did you of your own accord perceive that this was counterfeited?

Sim. I am being trifled with.

Dav. Word has been brought you; for *otherwise* how could this suspicion have occurred to you?

Sim. How? Because I knew you.

Dav. As though you meant to say that this has been done by my contrivance.

Sim. Why, I'm sure of it, to a certainty.

Dav. Not yet even do you know me sufficiently, Simo, what sort of person I am.

Sim. I, not *know* you!

Dav. But if I begin to tell *you* any thing, at once you think that deceit is being practiced upon you in guile; therefore, upon my faith, I don't dare now *even* to whisper.

Sim. This one thing I am sure of, that no person has been delivered here. (*Pointing to* Glycerium's *house.*)

Dav. You have discovered *that?* Still, not a bit the less will they presently be laying the child[1] here before the door. Of this, then, I now warn you, master, that it will happen,

[1] *Be laying the child*)—Ver. 507. Colman has the following remark on this line:—"The art of this passage is equal to the pleasantry, for though Davus runs into this detail merely with a view to dupe the old man still further by flattering him on his fancied sagacity, yet it very naturally prepares us for an incident which, by another turn of circumstances, afterward becomes necessary."

that you may be aware of it. Don't you hereafter be saying that this was done through the advice or artifices of Davus. I wish this suspicion of yours to be entirely removed from myself.

Sim. How do you know that?

Dav. I've heard so, and I believe it: many things combine for me to form this conjecture. In the first place then, she declared that she was pregnant by Pamphilus; that has been proved to be false.[1] Now, when she sees that preparations are being made for the wedding at our house, the maid-servant is directly sent to fetch the midwife to her, and to bring a child at the same time.[2] Unless it is managed for you to see the child, the marriage will not be at all impeded.

Sim. What do you say *to this?* When you perceived that they were adopting this plan, why didn't you tell Pamphilus immediately?

Dav. Why, who has induced him to leave her, but myself? For, indeed, we all know how desperately he loved her. Now he wishes for a wife. In fine, do you intrust me with that affair; proceed however, as before, to celebrate these nuptials, just as you are doing, and I trust that the Gods will prosper this matter.

Sim. Very well; be off in-doors; wait for me there, and get ready what's necessary to be prepared. (Davus *goes into the house.*) He hasn't prevailed upon me *even* now altogether to believe these things, and I don't know whether what he has said is all true; but I deem it of little moment; this is of far greater importance to me—that my son himself has promised me. Now I'll go and find Chremes; I'll ask him for a wife for my son; if I obtain my request, at what other time rather than to-day should I prefer these nuptials taking place? For as my son has promised, I have no doubt but that if he should prove unwilling, I can fairly compel him. And look! here's Chremes himself, just at the very time.

[1] *Proved to be false*)—Ver. 513. That is, according to Simo's own notion, which Davus now thinks proper to humor.

[2] *To bring a child at the same time*)—Ver. 515. This is a piece of roguery which has probably been practiced in all ages, and was somewhat commonly perpetrated in Greece. The reader of English history will remember how the unfortunate son of James II. was said, in the face of the strongest evidence to the contrary, to have been a supposititious child brought into the queen's chamber in a silver warming-pan.

Scene V.

Enter Chremes.

Sim. I greet you, Chremes.

Chrem. O, you are the very person I was looking for.

Sim. And I for you.

Chrem. You meet me at a welcome moment. Some persons have been to me, to say that they had heard from you, that my daughter was to be married to your son to-day; I've come to see whether they are out of their senses or you.

Sim. Listen; in a few words you shall learn both what I want of you, and what you seek *to know*.

Chrem. I am listening; say what you wish.

Sim. By the Gods, I do entreat you, Chremes, and *by* our friendship, which, commencing with our infancy, has grown up with our years, and by your only daughter and by my own son (of preserving whom the entire power lies with you), that you will assist me in this matter; and that, just as this marriage was about to be celebrated, it may be celebrated.

Chrem. O, don't importune me; as though you needed to obtain this of me by entreaty. Do you suppose I am different now from what I was formerly, when I promised her? If it is for the advantage of them both that it should take place, order her to be sent for. But if from this course there would result more harm than advantage for each, this I do beg of you, that you will consult for their common good, as though she were your own *daughter*, and I the father of Pamphilus.

Sim. Nay, so I intend, and so I wish it to be, Chremes; and I would not ask it of you, did not the occasion itself require it.

Chrem. What is the matter?

Sim. There is a quarrel between Glycerium and my son.

Chrem. (*ironically.*) I hear *you*.

Sim. So much so, that I'm in hopes they may be separated.

Chrem. Nonsense!

Sim. It really is so.

Chrem. After this fashion, i'faith, I tell you, "the quarrels of lovers *are* the renewal of love."

Sim. Well—this I beg of you, that we may prevent it. While an opportunity offers, and while his passion is cooled by affronts, before the wiles of these women and their tears, craftily feigned, bring back his love-sick mind to compassion, let us give him a wife. I trust, Chremes, that, when attached by intimacy and a respectable marriage, he will easily extricate himself from these evils.

Chrem. So it appears to you; but I do not think[1] that either he can possibly hold to her with constancy, or that I can put up with it if he does not.

Sim. How then can you be sure of that, unless you make the experiment?

Chrem. But for that experiment to be made upon a daughter is a serious thing——

Sim. Why look, all the inconvenience in fine amounts to this—possibly, which may the Gods forfend, a separation may take place. But if he is reformed, see how many are the advantages: in the first place, you will have restored a son to your friend; you will obtain a sure son-in-law[2] for yourself, and a husband for your daughter.

Chrem. What is *one to say* to all this? If you feel persuaded that this is beneficial, I don't wish that any advantage should be denied you.

Sim. With good reason, Chremes, have I always considered you a most valuable friend.

Chrem. But how say you——?"

Sim. What?

Chrem. How do you know that they are now at variance?

Sim. Davus himself, who is privy to *all* their plans, has told me so; and he advises me to expedite the match as fast as I can. Do you think he would do so, unless he was aware that my son desired it? You yourself as well shall presently hear what he says. (*Goes to the door of his house and calls.*)

[1] *But I do not think*)—Ver. 563-4. "At ego non posse arbitror neque illum hanc perpetuo habere." Chremes uses an ambiguous expression here, perhaps purposely. It may mean, "I do not think that he can possibly be constant to her," or, "that she will continue to live with him."

[2] *A sure son-in-law*)—Ver. 571. By the use of the word "firmum," he means a son in-law who will not be likely to resort to divorce or separation from his wife.

Halloo there! Call Davus out here. Look, here he is; I see him just coming out.

Scene VI.

Enter Davus *from the house.*

Dav. I was coming to you.

Sim. Why, what's the matter?

Dav. Why isn't the bride sent for?[1] It's now growing late in the day.

Sim. Do you hear me? I've been for some time not a little apprehensive of you, Davus, lest you should do that which the common class of servants is in the habit of doing, namely, impose upon me by your artifices; because my son is engaged in an amour.

Dav. What, I do that?

Sim. I fancied *so;* and therefore, fearing that, I concealed from you what I shall now mention.

Dav. What?

Sim. You shall know; for now I almost feel confidence in you.

Dav. Have you found out at last what sort of a person I am?

Sim. The marriage was not to have taken place.

Dav. How? Not *to have taken place?*

Sim. But I was making pretense, that I might test you *all.*

Dav. (*affecting surprise.*) What is it you tell me?

Sim. Such is the fact.

Dav. *Only* see! I was not able to discover that. Dear me! what a cunning contrivance!

Sim. Listen to this. Just as I ordered you to go from here into the house, he (*pointing to* Chremes) most opportunely met me.

[1] *Why isn't the bride sent for?*)—Ver. 582. Among the Greeks the bride was conducted by the bridegroom at nightfall from her father's house, in a chariot drawn by a pair of mules or oxen, and escorted by persons carrying the nuptial torches. Among the Romans, she proceeded in the evening to the bridegroom's house; preceded by a boy carrying a torch of white thorn, or, according to some, of pine-wood. To this custom reference is indirectly made in the present passage.

Dav. (*aside.*) Ha! Are we undone, then?

Sim. I told him what you just now told me.

Dav. (*aside.*) Why, what am I to hear?

Sim. I begged him to give his daughter, and with difficulty I prevailed upon him.

Dav. (*aside.*) Utterly ruined!

Sim. (*overhearing him speaking.*) Eh—What was it you said?

Dav. Extremely well done, I say.

Sim. There's no delay on his part now.

Chrem. I'll go home at once; I'll tell her to make due preparation, and bring back word here. (*Exit.*

Sim. Now I do entreat you, Davus, since you by yourself have brought about this marriage for me——

Dav. I myself, indeed![1]

Sim. Do your best still to reform my son.

Dav. Troth, I'll do it with all due care.

Sim. Do it now, while his mind is agitated.

Dav. You may be at ease.

Sim. Come then; where is he just now?

Dav. A wonder if he isn't at home.

Sim. I'll go to him; and what I've been telling you, I'll tell him as well. (*Goes into his house.*)

Scene VII.

Davus *alone.*

Dav. (*to himself.*) I'm a lost man! What reason is there why I shouldn't take my departure straightway hence for the mill? There's no room left for supplicating; I've upset every thing now; I've deceived my master; I've plunged my master's son into a marriage; I've been the cause of its taking place this very day, without his hoping for it, and against the wish of Pamphilus. Here's cleverness *for you!* But, if I had kept myself quiet, no mischief would have happened. (*Starting.*) But see, I espy him; I'm utterly undone! Would that there were some spot here for me, from which I might this instant pitch myself headlong! (*Stands apart.*)

[1] *I myself, indeed!*)—Ver. 597. No doubt Davus says these words in sorrow and regret; Simo, however, supposes them to be uttered in exultation at the apparent success of his plans. Consequently "vero" is intended by Davus to have the sense here of "too truly."

Scene VIII.

Enter Pamphilus *in haste from* Simo's *house.*

Pam. Where is he? The villain, who this day——I'm ruined; and I confess that this has justly befallen me, for being such a dolt, so devoid of sense; that I should have intrusted my fortunes to a frivolous slave![1] I am suffering the reward of my folly; still he shall never get off from me unpunished for this.

Dav. (*apart.*) I'm quite sure that I shall be safe in future, if for the present I get clear of this mishap.

Pam. But what now am I to say to my father? Am I to deny that I am ready, who have just promised to marry? With what effrontery could I presume *to do* that? I know not what to do with myself.

Dav. (*apart.*) Nor I with myself, and *yet* I'm giving all due attention to it. I'll tell him that I will devise something, in order that I may procure some respite in this dilemma.

Pam. (*catching sight of him.*) Oho!

Dav. (*apart.*) I'm seen.

Pam. (*sneeringly.*) How now, good sir, what are you about? Do you see how dreadfully I am hampered by your devices?

Dav. Still, I'll soon extricate you.

Pam. You, extricate *me?*

Dav. Assuredly, Pamphilus.

Pam. As you *have* just *done*, I suppose.

Dav. Why no, better, I trust.

Pam. What, am I to believe you, you scoundrel?[2] You, indeed, make good a matter that's all embarrassment and

[1] *To a frivolous slave*)—Ver. 610. "Servo futili." According to the Scholiast on the Thebais of Statius, B. viii. l. 297, "vas futile" was a kind of vessel with a broad mouth and narrow bottom, used in the rites of Vesta. It was made of that peculiar shape in order that the priest should be obliged to hold it during the sacrifices, and might not set it on the ground, which was considered profane; as, if set there, the contents must necessarily fall out. From this circumstance, men who could not *contain* a secret were sometimes called "futiles."

[2] *You scoundrel*)—Ver. 619. "Furcifer;" literally, wearer of the "furca," or wooden collar. This method of punishment has been referred to in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

ruin! Just see, in whom I've been placing reliance—you who his day from a most happy state have been and plunged me nto a marriage. Didn't I say that this would be the case?

DAV. You did say *so*.

PAM. What do you deserve?[1]

DAV. The cross.[2] But allow me a little time to recover myself; I'll soon hit upon something.

PAM. Ah me! not to have the leisure to inflict punishment upon you as I desire! for the present conjuncture warns me to take precautions for myself, not to be taking vengeance on you. (*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARINUS, *wringing his hands.*

CHAR. (*to himself.*) Is this to be believed or spoken of; that malice so great could be inborn in any one as to exult at misfortunes, and to derive advantage from the distresses of another! Oh, is this true? Assuredly, that is the most dangerous class of men, in whom there is only a slight degree of hesitation at refusing; afterward, when the time arrives for fulfilling their promises, then, obliged, of necessity they discover themselves. They are afraid, and yet the circumstances[3] compel them to refuse. Then, in that case, their very insolent remark is, "Who are you? What are you to me? What *should* I *give up* to you what's my own?

[1] (*What do you deserve?*)—Ver. 622. Madame Dacier remarks that this question is taken from the custom of the Athenians, who never condemned a criminal without first asking him what punishment he thought he deserved; and according to the nature of his answer they mitigated or increased his punishment. The Commentators quote a similar passage from the Frogs of Aristophanes.

[2] (*The cross*)—Ver. 622. The "cross," "crux," as a punishment for refractory slaves has been remarked upon in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus.

[3] (*The circumstances*)—Ver. 635. "Res." According, however, to Donatus, this word has the meaning here of "malice" or "spitefulness."

Look you, I am the most concerned in my own interests."[1] But if you inquire where is honor, they are not ashamed.[2] Here, where there is occasion, they are not afraid: there where there is no occasion, they are afraid. But what am I to do? Ought I not to go to him, and reason with him upon this outrage, and heap many an invective upon *him*? Yet some one may say, "you will avail nothing." Nothing? At least I shall have vexed him, and have given vent to my own feelings.

Scene II.

Enter Pamphilus *and* Davus.

Pam. Charinus, unintentionally I have ruined both myself and you, unless the Gods in some way befriend us.

Char. Unintentionally, is it! An excuse has been discovered at last. You have broken your word.

Pam. How so, pray?

Char. Do you expect to deceive me a second time by these speeches?

Pam. What does this mean?

Char. Since I told you that I loved her, she has become quite pleasing to you. Ah wretched me! to have judged of your disposition from my own.

Pam. You are mistaken.

Char. Did this pleasure appear to you not to be quite complete, unless you tantalized me in my passion, and lured me on by groundless hopes?—You may take her.

Pam. I, take her? Alas! you know not in what perplexities, to my sorrow, I am involved, and what vast anxieties this executioner of mine (*pointing to* Davus) has contrived for me by his devices.

Char. What is it so wonderful, if he takes example from yourself?

[1] *Concerned in my own interests*)—Ver. 637. Equivalent to our sayings, "Charity begins at home;" "Take care of number one."

[2] *They are not ashamed*)—Ver. 638. Terence has probably borrowed this remark from the Epidicus of Plautus, l. 165-6: "Generally all men are ashamed when it is of no use; when they ought to be ashamed, then does shame forsake them, when occasion is for them to be ashamed."

Pam. You would not say that if you understood either myself or my affection.

Char. I'm quite aware (*ironically*); you have just now had a dispute with your father, and he is now angry with you in consequence, and has not been able to-day to prevail upon you to marry her.

Pam. No, not at all,—as you are not acquainted with my sorrows, these nuptials were not in preparation for me; and no one was thinking at present of giving *me* a wife.

Char. I am aware; you have been influenced by your own inclination.

Pam. Hold; you do not yet know *all*.

Char. For my part, I certainly do know that you are about to marry her.

Pam. Why are you torturing me to death? Listen to this. He (*pointing to* Davus) never ceased to urge me to tell my father that I would marry her; to advise and persuade me, even until he compelled me.

Char. Who was this person?

Pam. Davus.

Char. Davus! For what reason?

Pam. I don't know; except that I must have been under the displeasure of the Gods, for me to have listened to him.

Char. Is this the fact, Davus?

Dav. It is the fact.

Char. (*starting.*) Ha! What do you say, *you* villain? Then may the Gods send you an end worthy of your deeds. Come now, tell me, if all his enemies had wished him to be plunged into a marriage, what advice but this could they have given?

Dav. I have been deceived, but I don't despair.

Char. (*ironically.*) I'm sure of that.

Dav. This way it has not succeeded; we'll try another. Unless, perhaps, you think that because it failed at first, this misfortune can not now possibly be changed for better luck.

Pam. Certainly not; for I quite believe that if you set about it, you will be making two marriages for me out of one.

Dav. I owe you this, Pamphilus, in respect of my servitude, to strive with hands *and* feet, night and day; to submit to hazard of my life, to serve you. It is your part, if any thing has fallen out contrary to expectation, to forgive

me. What I was contriving has not succeeded; still, I am using all endeavors; or, do you yourself devise something better, *and* dismiss me.

Pam. I wish to; restore me to the position in which you found me.

Dav. I'll do *so*.

Pam. But it must be done directly.

Dav. But the door of Glycerium's house here makes a noise.[1]

Pam. *That's* nothing to you.

Dav. (*assuming an attitude of meditation.*) I'm in search of——

Pam. (*ironically.*) Dear me, what, now at last?

Dav. Presently I'll give you what I've hit upon.

Scene III.

Enter Mysis *from the house of* Glycerium.

Mys. (*calling at the door to* Glycerium *within.*) Now, wherever he is, I'll take care that your own Pamphilus shall be found for you, and brought to you by me; do you only, my life, cease to vex yourself.

Pam. Mysis.

Mys. (*turning round.*) Who is it? Why, Pamphilus, you do present yourself opportunely to me. My mistress charged me to beg of you, if you love her, to come to her directly; she says she wishes to see you.

Pam. (*aside.*) Alas! I am undone; this dilemma grows apace! (*To* Davus.) For me and her, unfortunate persons, now to be tortured this way through your means; for I am sent for, because she has discovered that my marriage is in preparation.

[1] *Makes a noise*)—Ver. 683. The doors with the Romans opened inwardly, while those of the Greeks opened on the outside. It was therefore usual with them, when coming out, to strike the door on the inside with a stick or with the knuckles, that those outside might be warned to get out of the way. Patrick, however, observes with some justice, that the word "concrepuit" may here allude to the creaking of the hinges. See the Curculio of Plautus, l. 160, where the Procuress pours water on the hinges, in order that Cappadox may not hear the opening of the door.

Char. From which, indeed, how easily a respite could have been obtained, if he (*pointing to* Davus) had kept himself quiet.

Dav. (*ironically to* Charinus.) Do proceed; if he isn't sufficiently angry of his own accord, do you irritate him.

Mys. (*to* Pamphilus.) Aye faith, that is the case; and for that reason, poor thing, she is now in distress.

Pam. Mysis, I swear by all the Gods that I will never forsake her; not if I were to know that all men would be my enemies in consequence. Her have I chosen for mine; she has fallen to my lot; our feelings are congenial; farewell they, who wish for a separation between us; nothing but Death separates her from me.

Mys. I begin to revive.

Pam. Not the responses of Apollo are more true than this. If it can possibly be contrived that my father may not believe that this marriage has been broken off through me, I could wish it. But if that can not be, I will do that which is easily effected, for him to believe that through me it has been caused. What do you think of me?

Char. That you are as unhappy as myself.

Dav. (*placing his finger on his forehead.*) I'm contriving an expedient.

Char. You are a clever hand; if you do set about any thing.

Dav. Assuredly, I'll manage this for you.

Pam. There's need of it now.

Dav. But I've got it now.

Char. What is it?

Dav. For him (*pointing to* Pamphilus) I've got it, not for you, don't mistake.

Char. I'm *quite* satisfied.

Pam. What will you do? Tell me.

Dav. I'm afraid that this day won't be long enough for me to execute it, so don't suppose that I've now got leisure for relating it; do you betake yourself off at once, for you are a hinderance to me.

Pam. I'll go and see her. (*Goes into the house of* Glycerium.)

Dav. (*to* Charinus.) What *are* you *going to do?* Whither are you going from here?

Char. Do you wish me to tell you the truth?

Dav. No, not at all; (*aside*) he's making the beginning of a *long* story for me.

Char. What will become of me?

Dav. Come now, you unreasonable person, are you not satisfied that I give you a little respite, by putting off his marriage?

Char. But yet, Davus——

Dav. What then?

Char. That I may marry her——

Dav. Absurd.

Char. Be sure to come hither (*pointing in the direction of his house*) to my house, if you can *effect* any thing.

Dav. Why should I come? I can do nothing *for you*.

Char. But still, if any thing——

Dav. Well, well, I'll come.

Char. If you can; I shall be at home. (*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Mysis *and* Davus.

Dav. Do you, Mysis, remain here a little while, until I come out.

Mys. For what reason?

Dav. There's a necessity for so doing.

Mys. Make haste.

Dav. I'll be here this moment, I tell you. (*He goes into the house of* Glycerium.)

Scene V.

Mysis *alone.*

Mys. (*to herself.*) That nothing can be secure to any one! Ye Gods, by our trust in you! I used to make sure that this Pamphilus was a supreme blessing for my mistress; a friend, a protector, a husband secured under every circumstance; yet what anguish is she, poor thing, now suffering through him? Clearly there's more trouble *for her* now than *there was* happiness formerly. But Davus is coming out.

Scene VI.

Enter Davus *from the house of* Glycerium *with the child.*

Mys. My *good* sir, prithee, what is that? Whither are you carrying the child?

Dav. Mysis, I now stand in need of your cunning being brought into play in this matter, and of your address.

Mys. Why, what are you going to do?

Dav. (*holding out the child.*) Take it from me directly, and lay it down before our door.

Mys. Prithee, on the ground?

Dav. (*pointing.*) Take some sacred herbs[1] from the altar here,[2] and strew them under it.

Mys. Why don't you do it yourself?

Dav. That if perchance I should have to swear to my master that I did not place it there, I may be enabled to do so with a clear conscience.

Mys. I understand; have these new scruples only just now occurred to you, pray?

Dav. Bestir yourself quickly, that you may learn what I'm going to do next. (Mysis *lays the child at* Simo's *door.*) Oh Jupiter!

Mys. (*starting up.*) What's the matter?

Dav. The father of the *intended* bride is coming in the middle of it *all.* The plan which I had first purposed I *now* give up.[3]

Mys. I don't understand what you are talking about.

Dav. I'll pretend too that I've come in this direction from the right. Do you take care to help out the conversation by your words, whenever there's necessity.[4]

[1] *Take some sacred herbs*)—Ver. 727. "Verbena" appears to have been a general term applied to any kind of herb used in honor of the Deities, or to the boughs and leaves of any tree gathered from a pure or sacred place. Fresh "verbenæ" were placed upon the altars every day. See the Mercator of Plautus, l. 672.

[2] *From the altar here*)—Ver. 727. It was usual to have altars on the stage; when Comedy was performed, one on the left hand in honor of Apollo, and on the representation of Tragedy, one on the right in honor of Bacchus. It has been suggested that Terence here alludes to the former of these. As, however, at Athens almost every house had its own altar in honor of Apollo Prostaterius just outside of the street door, it is most probable that to one of these altars reference is here made. They are frequently alluded to in the Plays of Plautus.

[3] *Which I had first purposed, I now give up*)—Ver. 734. His first intention no doubt was to go and inform Simo of the child being laid at the door.

[4] *Whenever there's necessity*)—Ver. 737. He retires without fully explaining his intention to Mysis; consequently, in the next Scene she gives an answer to Chremes which Davus does not intend.

Mys. I don't at all comprehend what you are about: but if there's any thing in which you have need of my assistance as you understand the best, I'll stay, that I mayn't in any way impede your success. (Davus *retires out of sight.*)

Scene VII.

Enter Chremes *on the other side of the stage, going toward the house of* Simo.

Chrem. (*to himself.*) After having provided the things necessary for my daughter's nuptials, I'm returning, that I may request her to be sent for. (*Seeing the child.*) But what's this? I'faith, it's a child. (*Addressing* Mysis.) Woman, have you laid that here (*pointing to the child*)?

Mys. (*aside, looking out for* Davus.) Where is he?

Chrem. Don't you answer me?

Mys. (*looking about, to herself.*) He isn't any where to be seen. Woe to wretched me! the fellow has left me and is off.

Dav. (*coming forward and pretending not to see them.*) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! what a crowd there is in the Forum! What a lot of people are squabbling there! (*Aloud.*) Then provisions are *so* dear. (*Aside.*) What to say besides, I don't know. (Chremes *passes by* Mysis, *and goes to a distance at the back of the stage.*)

Mys. Pray, why did you leave me here alone?

Dav. (*pretending to start on seeing the child.*) Ha! what story is this? How now, Mysis, whence comes this child? Who has brought it here?

Mys. Are you quite right in your senses, to be asking me that?

Dav. Whom, then, ought I to ask, as I don't see any one else here?

Chrem. (*apart to himself.*) I wonder whence it has come.

Dav. Are you going to tell me what I ask?

Mys. Pshaw!

Dav. (*in a whisper.*) Step aside to the right. (*They retire on one side.*)

Mys. You are out of your senses; didn't you your own self?

Dav. (*in a low voice.*) Take you care not to utter a single word beyond what I ask you. Why don't you say aloud whence it comes?

Mys. (*in a loud voice.*) From our house.

Dav. (*affecting indignation.*) Heyday, indeed! it really is a wonder if a woman, who is a courtesan, acts impudently.

Chrem. (*apart.*) So far as I can learn, this woman belongs to the Andrian.

Dav. Do we seem to you such very suitable persons for you to be playing tricks with us in this way?

Chrem. (*apart.*) I came *just* in time.

Dav. Make haste then, and take the child away from the door here: (*in a low voice*) stay *there;* take care you don't stir from that spot.

Mys. (*aside.*) May the Gods confound you! you do so terrify poor me.

Dav. (*in a loud voice.*) Is it to you I speak or not?

Mys. What is it you want?

Dav. (*aloud.*) What—do you ask me again? Tell me, whose child have you been laying here? Let me know.

Mys. Don't you know?

Dav. (*in a low voice.*) Have done with what I know; tell me what I ask.

Mys. (*aloud.*) It belongs to your people.

Dav. (*aloud.* Which of our people?

Mys. (*aloud.*) To Pamphilus.

Dav. (*affecting surprise in a loud tone.*) How? What—to Pamphilus?

Mys. (*aloud.*) How now—is it not so?

Chrem. (*apart.*) With *good* reason have I *always* been averse to this match, it's clear.

Dav. (*calling aloud.*) O abominable piece of effrontery!

Mys. Why are you bawling out so?

Dav. (*aloud.*) What, the very one I saw being carried to your house yesterday evening?

Mys. O *you* impudent fellow!

Dav. (*aloud.*) It's the truth. I saw Canthara stuffed out beneath her clothes.[1]

Mys. I'faith, I thank the Gods that several free women were present[2] at the delivery.

[1] *Stuffed out beneath her clothes*)—Ver. 771. "Suffarcinatam." He alludes to the trick already referred to as common among the Greeks, of the nurses and midwives secretly introducing suppositious children; see l. 515 and the Note.

[2] *Several free women were present*)—Ver. 772. She speaks of "libe-

Dav. (*aloud.*) Assuredly she doesn't know him, on whose account she resorts to these schemes. Chremes, *she fancies*, if he sees the child laid before the door, will not give his daughter; i'faith, he'll give her all the sooner.

Chrem. (*apart.*) I'faith, he'll not do so.

Dav. (*aloud.*) Now therefore, that you may be quite aware, if you don't take up the child, I'll roll it forthwith into the middle of the road; and yourself in the same place I'll roll over into the mud.

Mys. Upon my word, man, you are not sober.

Dav. (*aloud.*) One scheme brings on another. I now hear it whispered about that she is a citizen of Attica——

Chrem. (*apart.*) Ha!

Dav. (*aloud.*) And that, constrained by the laws,[1] he will have to take her as his wife.

Mys. Well now, pray, is she not a citizen?

Chrem. (*apart.*) I had almost fallen unawares into a comical misfortune. (*Comes forward.*)

Dav. Who's that, speaking? (*Pretending to look about.*) O Chremes, you have come in good time. Do listen to this.

Chrem. I have heard it all already.

Dav. Prithee, did you hear it? Here's villainy for you! she (*pointing at* Mysis) ought to be carried off[2] hence to the torture forthwith. (*To* Mysis, *pointing at* Chremes.) This is Chremes himself; don't suppose that you are trifling with Davus *only*.

Mys. Wretched me! upon my faith I have told no untruth, my *worthy* old gentleman.

Chrem. I know the whole affair. Is Simo within?

Dav. He is. (Chremes *goes into* Simo's *house*.)

ray," free women," because in Greece as well as Italy slaves were not permitted to give evidence. See the Curculio of Plautus, l. 621, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's Translation. See also the remark of Geta in the Phormio, l. 293.

[1] *Constrained by the laws*)—Ver. 782. He alludes to a law at Athens which compelled a man who had debauched a free-born woman to marry her. This is said by Davus with the view of frightening Chremes from the match.

[2] *She ought to be carried off*)—Ver. 787. He says this implying that Mysis, who is a slave, ought to be put to the torture to confess the truth; as it was the usual method at Athens to force a confession from slaves by that method. We find in the Hecyra, Bacchis readily offering her slaves to be put to the torture, and in the Adelphi the same custom is alluded to in the Scene between Micio, Hegio, and Geta.

Scene VIII.

Davus *and* Mysis.

Mys. (Davus *attempting to caress her.*) Don't touch me, villain. (*Moving away.*) On my word, if I don't *tell* Glycerium all this——

Dav. How now, simpleton, don't you know what has been done?

Mys. How should I know?

Dav. This is the bride's father. It couldn't any other way have been managed that he should know the things that we wanted him to know.

Mys. You should have told me that before.

Dav. Do you suppose that it makes little difference whether you do things according to impulse, as nature prompts, or from premeditation?

Scene IX.

Enter Crito, *looking about him.*

Crito (*to himself.*) It was said that Chrysis used to live in this street, who preferred to gain wealth here dishonorably to living honestly *as* a poor woman in her own country: by her death that property has descended to me by law.[1] But I see some persons of whom to make inquiry. (*Accosting them.*) Good-morrow to you.

Mys. Prithee, whom do I see? Isn't this Crito, the kinsman of Chrysis? It is he.

Cri. O Mysis, greetings to you.

Mys. Welcome to you, Crito.

Cri. Is Chrysis then ——?[2] Alas!

[1] *Descended to me by law*)—Ver. 800. On the supposition that Chrysis died without a will, Crito as her next of kin would be entitled to her effects.

[2] *Is Chrysis then ——?*)—Ver. 804. This is an instance of Aposiopesis; Crito, much affected, is unwilling to name the death of Chrysis. It was deemed of ill omen to mention death, and numerous Euphemisms or circumlocutions were employed in order to avoid the necessity of doing so.

Mys. Too truly. She has indeed left us poor creatures quite heart-broken.

Cri. How *fare* you here, *and* in what fashion? Pretty well?

Mys. What, we? Just as we can, *as* they say; since we can't as we would.

Cri. How *is* Glycerium? Has she discovered her parents yet?

Mys. I wish *she had.*

Cri. What, not yet? With no favorable omen did I set out for this place; for, upon my faith, if I had known that, I never would have moved a foot hither. She was always said to be, and was looked upon as her sister; what things were hers she is in possession of; now for me to begin a suit at law here, the precedents of others warn me, a stranger,[1] how easy and profitable a task it would be for me. At the same time, I suppose that by this she has got some friend and protector; for she was pretty nearly a grown-up girl when she left there. They would cry out that I am a sharper; that, a pauper, I'm hunting after an inheritance; besides, I shouldn't like to strip *the girl* herself.

Mys. O most worthy stranger! I'faith, Crito, you still adhere to your good old-fashioned ways.

Cri. Lead me to her, since I have come hither, that I may see her.

Mys. By all means. (*They go into the house of* Glycerium.)

Dav. (*to himself.*) I'll follow them; I don't wish the old man to see me at this moment. (*He follows* Mysis *and* Crito.)

[1] *Warn me, a stranger*)—Ver. 812. Patrick has the following remarks upon this passage: "Madame Dacier observes that it appears, from Xenophon's Treatise on the policy of the Athenians, that all the inhabitants of cities and islands in alliance with Athens were obliged in all claims to repair thither, and refer their cause to the decision of the people, not being permitted to plead elsewhere. We can not wonder then that Crito is unwilling to engage in a suit so inconvenient from its length, expense, and little prospect of success." She might have added that such was the partiality and corruptness of the Athenian people, that, being a stranger, his chances of success would probably be materially diminished.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Chremes *and* Simo *from the house of* Simo.

Chrem. Enough already, enough, Simo, has my friendship toward you been proved. Sufficient hazard have I begun to encounter; make an end of your entreaties, then. While I've been endeavoring to oblige you, I've almost fooled away my daughter's prospects in life.

Sim. Nay but, now in especial, Chremes, I do beg and entreat of you, that the favor, commenced a short time since in words, you'll now complete by deeds.

Chrem. See how unreasonable you are from your *very* earnestness; so long as you effect what you desire, you neither think of limits to compliance, nor what *it is* you request of me; for if you did think, you would now forbear to trouble me with unreasonable requests.

Sim. What unreasonable *requests?*

Chrem. Do you ask? You importuned me to promise my daughter to a young man engaged in another attachment, averse to the marriage state, to plunge her into discord and a marriage of uncertain duration; that through her sorrow and her anguish I might reclaim your son. You prevailed; while the case admitted of it I made preparations. Now it does not admit of it; you must put up with it; they say that she is a citizen of this place; a child has been born; do cease to trouble us.

Sim. By the Gods, I do conjure you not to bring your mind to believe those whose especial interest it is that he should be as degraded as possible. On account of the marriage, have all these things been feigned and contrived. When the reason for which they do these things is removed from them, they will desist.

Chrem. You are mistaken; I myself saw the servant-maid wrangling with Davus.

Sim. (*sneeringly.*) I am aware.

Chrem. With an appearance of earnestness, when neither at the moment perceived that I was present there.

Sim. I believe it; and Davus a short time since forewarned me that this would be the case; and I don't know how I forgot to tell it you to-day, as I had intended.

Scene II.

Enter Davus *from the house of* Glycerium.

Dav. (*aloud at the door, not seeing* Simo *and* Chremes.) Now then, I bid you set your minds at ease.

Chrem. (*to* Simo.) See you, there's Davus.

Sim. From what house is he coming out?

Dav. (*to himself.*) Through my means, and that of the stranger——

Sim. (*overhearing.*) What mischief is this?

Dav. (*to himself.*) I never did see a more opportune person, encounter, *or* occasion.

Sim. The rascal! I wonder who it is he's praising?

Dav. All the affair is now in a safe position.

Sim. Why do I delay to accost him?

Dav. (*to himself, catching sight of* Simo.) It's my master; what am I to do?

Sim. (*accosting him.*) O, save you, good sir!

Dav. (*affecting surprise.*) Hah! Simo! O, Chremes, my *dear sir*, all things are now quite ready in-doors.

Sim. (*ironically.*) You have taken such very good care.

Dav. Send for the bride when you like.

Sim. Very good: (*ironically*) of course, that's the *only* thing that's now wanting here. But do you answer me this, what business had you there? (*Pointing to the house of* Glycerium.)

Dav. What, I?

Sim. Just so.

Dav. I?

Sim. Yes, you.

Dav. I went in just now.

Sim. As if I asked how long ago!

Dav. Together with your son.

Sim. What, is Phamphilus in *there?* (*Aside.*) To my confusion, I'm on the rack! (*To* Davus.) How now? Didn't you say that there was enmity between them, *you* scoundrel?

Dav. There is.

Sim. Why is he there, then?

Chrem. Why do you suppose he *is?* (*Ironically.*) Quarreling with her, *of course.*

Dav. Nay but, Chremes, I'll let you now hear from me a disgraceful piece of business. An old man, I don't know who he is, has just now come here; look you, he is a confident *and* shrewd person; when you look at his appearance, he seems to be a person of some consequence. There is a grave sternness in his features, and something commanding in his words.

Sim. What *news* are you bringing, I wonder?

Dav. Why nothing but what I heard him mention.

Sim. What does he say then?

Dav. That he knows Glycerium to be a citizen of Attica.

Sim. (*going to his door.*) Ho there! Dromo, Dromo!

Scene III.

Enter Dromo *hastily from the house.*

Dro. What is it?

Sim. Dromo!

Dav. Hear me.

Sim. If you add a word——Dromo!

Dav. Hear me, pray.

Dro. (*to* Simo.) What do you want?

Sim. (*pointing to* Davus.) Carry him off on your shoulders in-doors as fast as possible.

Dro. Whom?

Sim. Davus.

Dav. For what reason?

Sim. Because I choose. (*To* Dromo.) Carry him off, I say.

Dav. What have I done?

Sim. Carry him off.

Dav. If you find that I have told a lie in any one matter, *then* kill me.

Sim. I'll hear nothing. I'll soon have you set in motion.[1]

[1] *You set in motion*)—Ver. 865. By the use of the word "Commotus" he seems to allude to the wretched, restless existence of a man tied hand and foot, and continually working at the hand-mill. Westerhovius thinks that Simo uses this word sarcastically, in allusion to the words of Davus, at the beginning of the present Scene, "Animo otioso esse impero;" "I bid you set your minds at ease."

Dav. *What?* Although this is the truth.

Sim. In spite of it. (*To* Dromo.) Take care he's kept well secured; and, do you hear? Tie him up hands and feet together.[1] Now then, be off; upon my faith this very day, if I live, I'll teach you what hazard there is in deceiving a master, and him *in deceiving* a father. (Dromo *leads* Davus *into the house.*)

Chrem. Oh, don't be so extremely vexed.

Sim. O Chremes, the dutifulness of a son! Do you not pity me? That I should endure so much trouble for such a son! (*Goes to the door of* Glycerium's *house.*) Come, Pamphilus, come out, Pamphilus! have you any shame left?

Scene IV.

Enter Pamphilus *in haste from* Glycerium's *house.*

Pam. Who is it that wants me? (*Aside.*) I'm undone! it's my father.

Sim. What say you, of all men, the ——?

Chrem. Oh! rather speak about the matter itself, and forbear to use harsh language.

Sim. As if any thing too severe could now be possibly said against him. Pray, do you say that Glycerium is a citizen—

Pam. So they say.

Sim. So they say! Unparalleled assurance! does he consider what he says? Is he sorry for what he has done? Does his countenance, pray, at all betray any marks of shame? That he should be of mind so weak, as, without regard to the custom and the law[2] of his fellow-citizens, and the wish of his own father, to be anxious, in spite of every thing, to have her, to his own utter disgrace!

Pam. Miserable that I am!

Sim. Ha! have you at last found that out only just now, Pamphilus? Long since *did* that expression, long since, when

[1] *Hands and feet together*)—Ver. 866. "Quadrupedem." Literally "as a quadruped" or "all fours." Echard remarks that it was the custom of the Athenians to tie criminals hands and feet together, just like calves.

[2] *Without regard to the custom and the law*)—Ver. 880. There was a law among the Athenians which forbade citizens to marry strangers, and made the offspring of such alliances illegitimate; the same law also excluded such as were not born of two citizens from all offices of trust and honor.

you made up your mind, that what you desired must be effected by you at any price; from that very day did that *expression* aptly befit you. But yet why do I torment myself? Why vex myself? Why worry my old age with this madness? Am I to suffer the punishment for his offenses? Nay then, let him have her, good-by to him, let him pass his life with her.

PAM. My father——

SIM. How, "my father?" As if you stood in any need of this father. Home, wife, *and* children, provided *by you* against the will of your father! People suborned, *too*, to say that she is a citizen of this place! You have gained your point.

PAM. Father, may I *say* a few words?

SIM. What can you say to me?

CHREM. But, Simo, do hear him.

SIM. I, hear him? Why should I hear him, Chremes?

CHREM. Still, however, do allow him to speak.

SIM. Well then, let him speak: I allow him.

PAM. I own that I love her; if that is committing a fault, I own that also. To you, father, do I subject myself. Impose on me any injunction you please; command me. Do you wish me to take a wife? Do you wish me to give her up? As well as I can, I will endure it. This only I request of you, not to think that this old gentleman has been suborned by me. Allow me to clear myself, and to bring him here before you.

SIM. To bring him here?

PAM. Do allow me, father.

CHREM. He asks what's reasonable; do give him leave.

PAM. Allow me to obtain thus much of you.

SIM. I allow it. I desire any thing, so long as I find, Chremes, that I have not been deceived by him. (PAMPHILUS *goes into the house of* GLYCERIUM.)

CHREM. For a great offense, a slight punishment ought to satisfy a father.

SCENE V.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS *with* CRITO.

CRI. (*to* PAMPHILUS, *as he is coming out.*) Forbear entreating. Of these, any one reason prompts me to do it, either

your own sake, or the fact that it is the truth, or that I wish well for Glycerium herself.

Chrem. (*starting.*) Do I see Crito of Andros? Surely it is he.

Cri. Greetings to you, Chremes.

Chrem. How is it that, so contrary to your usage, you are at Athens?

Cri. *So* it has happened. But is this Simo?

Chrem. *It is* he.

Cri. Simo, were you asking for me?

Sim. How now, do you say that Glycerium is a citizen of this place?

Cri. Do you deny it?

Sim. (*ironically.*) Have you come here so well prepared?

Cri. For what purpose?

Sim. Do you ask? Are you to be acting this way with impunity? Are you to be luring young men into snares here, inexperienced in affairs, and liberally brought up, by tempting them, and to be playing upon their fancies by making promises?

Cri. Are you in your senses?

Sim. And are you to be patching up amours with Courtesans by marriage?

Pam. (*aside.*) I'm undone! I fear that the stranger will not put up with this.

Chrem. If, Simo, you knew this person well, you would not think thus; he is a worthy man.

Sim. He, a worthy man! To come so opportunely to-day *just* at the very nuptials, *and yet* never to have come before? (*Ironically.*) Of course, we must believe him, Chremes.

Pam. (*aside.*) If I didn't dread my father, I have something, which, in this conjuncture, I could opportunely suggest to him.[1]

[1] *Could opportunely suggest to him*)—Ver. 919. Colman has the following remark on this line: "Madame Dacier and several English Translators make Pamphilus say that he could give Crito a hint or two. What hints he could propose to suggest to Crito, I can not conceive. The Italian translation, printed with the Vatican Terence, seems to understand the words in the same manner that I have translated them, in which sense (the pronoun 'illum' referring to Simo instead of Crito) they seem to be the most natural words of Pamphilus on occasion of his father's anger and the speech immediately preceding."

Sim. (*sneeringly, to* Chremes.) A sharper![1]

Cri. (*starting.*) Hah!

Chrem. It is his way, Crito; do excuse it.

Cri. Let him take heed how he behaves. If he persists in saying to me what he likes, he'll be hearing things that he don't like. Am I meddling with these matters or interesting myself? Can you not endure your troubles with a patient mind? For as to what I say, whether it is true or false what I have heard, can soon be known. A certain man of Attica, a long time ago,[2] his ship being wrecked, was cast ashore at Andros, and this woman together with him, who was *then* a little girl; he, in his destitution, by chance first made application to the father of Chrysis——

Sim. (*ironically.*) He's beginning his tale.

Chrem. Let him alone.

Cri. Really, is he to be interrupting me in this way?

Chrem. Do you proceed.

Cri. He who received him was a relation of mine. There I heard from him that he was a native of Attica. He died there.

Chrem. His name?

Cri. The name, in such a hurry!

Pam. Phania.

Chrem. (*starting.*) Hah! I shall die!

Cri. I faith, I really think it was Phania; this I know for certain, he said that he was a citizen of Rhamnus.[3]

Chrem. O Jupiter!

[1] *A sharper*)—Ver. 920. "Sycophanta." For some account of the "sycophantæ," "swindlers" or "sharpers" of ancient times, see the Notes to the Trinummus of Plautus, Bohn's Translation.

[2] *A long time ago*)—Ver. 924. The story begins with "Olim," just in the same way that with us nursery tales commence with "There was, a long time ago."

[3] *A citizen of Rhamnus*)—Ver. 931. Rhamnus was a maritime town of Attica, near which many of the more wealthy Athenians had country-seats. It was famous for the Temple of Nemesis there, the Goddess of Vengeance, who was thence called "Rhamnusia." In this Temple was her statue, carved by Phidias out of the marble which the Persians brought to Greece for the purpose of making a statue of Victory out of it, and which was thus appropriately devoted to the Goddess of Retribution. The statue wore a crown, and had wings, and, holding a spear of ash in the right hand, it was seated on a stag.

Cri. Many other persons in Andros have heard the same, Chremes.

Chrem. (*aside.*) I trust it may turn out as I hope. (*To* Crito.) Come now, tell me, what *did* he then *say* about her? Did he say she was his own *daughter?*

Cri. No.

Chrem. Whose then?

Cri. His brother's daughter.

Chrem. She certainly is mine.

Cri. What do you say?

Sim. What is this that you say?

Pam. (*aside.*) Prick up your ears, Pamphilus.

Sim. Why do you suppose *so?*

Chrem. That Phania was my brother.

Sim. I knew him, and I am aware of it.

Chrem. He, flying from the wars, and following me to Asia, set out from here. At the same time he was afraid to leave her here behind; since then, this is the first time I have heard what became of him.

Pam. (*aside.*) I am scarcely myself, so much has my mind been agitated by fear, hope, joy, *and* surprise at this so great, so unexpected blessing.

Sim. Really, I am glad for many reasons that she has been discovered to be a citizen.

Pam. I believe it, father.

Chrem. But there yet remains one difficulty[1] with me, which keeps me in suspense.

Pam. (*aside.*) You deserve to be ——, with your scruples, *you* plague. You are seeking a knot in a bulrush.[2]

Cri. (*to* Chremes.) What is that?

Chrem. The names don't agree.

Cri. Troth, she had another when little.

Chrem. What *was it*, Crito? Can you remember it?

[1] *One difficulty*)—Ver. 941. "Scrupus," or "scrupulus," was properly a stone or small piece of gravel which, getting into the shoe, hurt the foot; hence the word figuratively came to mean a "scruple," "difficulty," or "doubt." We have a similar expression: "to be graveled."

[2] *A knot in a bulrush*)—Ver. 942. "Nodum in scirpo quærere" was a proverbial expression implying a desire to create doubts and difficulties where there really were none; there being no knots in the bulrush. The same expression occurs in the Menæchmi of Plautus, l. 247.

CRI. I'm trying to recollect it.

PAM. (*aside.*) Am I to suffer his memory to stand in the way of my happiness, when I myself can provide my own remedy in this matter? I will not suffer it. (*Aloud.*) Hark you, Chremes, that which you are trying to recollect *is* "Pasibula."

CHREM. The very same.

CRI. That's it.

PAM. I've heard it from herself a thousand times.

SIM. I suppose, Chremes, that you believe that we all rejoice at this discovery.

CHREM. So may the Gods bless me, I do believe it.

PAM. What remains *to be done*, father?

SIM. The event itself has quite brought me to reconcilement.

PAM. O kind father! With regard to her as a wife, since I have taken possession of her, Chremes will not offer any opposition.

CHREM. The plea is a very good one, unless perchance your father says any thing to the contrary.

PAM. Of course, I agree.

SIM. *Then* be it so.[1]

CHREM. Her portion, Pamphilus, is ten talents.

PAM. I am satisfied.

CHREM. I'll hasten to my daughter. Come now, (*beckoning*) along with me, Crito; for I suppose that she will not know me. (*They go into* GLYCERIUM'S *house.*)

SIM. (*To* PAMPHILUS.) Why don't you order her to be sent for hither, *to our house?*

PAM. Well thought of; I'll at once give charge of that to Davus.

SIM. He can't *do it.*

[1] *Of course——Then be it so*)—Ver. 951. "Nempe id. Scilicet." Colman has the following remark on this line: "Donatus, and some others after him, understand these words of Simo and Pamphilus as requiring a fortune of Chremes with his daughter; and one of them says that Simo, in order to explain his meaning, in the representation, should produce a bag of money. This surely is precious refinement, worthy the genius of a true Commentator. Madame Dacier, who entertains a just veneration for Donatus, doubts the authenticity of the observation ascribed to him. The sense I have followed is, I think, the most obvious and natural interpretation of the words of Pamphilus and Simo, which refers to the preceding, not the subsequent, speech of Chremes."

Pam. How so?

Sim. Because he has another matter that more nearly concerns himself, and of more importance.

Pam. What, pray?

Sim. He is bound.

Pam. Father, he is not rightly bound.[1]

Sim. But I ordered to that effect.

Pam. Prithee, do order him to be set at liberty.

Sim. Well, be it so.

Pam. But immediately.

Sim. I'm going in.

Pam. O fortunate and happy day! (Simo *goes into his house.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Charinus, *at a distance.*

Char. (*apart to himself.*) I'm come to see what Pamphilus is about; and look, here he is.

Pam. (*to himself.*) Some one perhaps might imagine that I don't believe this to be true; but now it is clear to me that it really is true. I do think that the life of the Gods is everlasting, for this reason, because their joys are their own.[2] For immortality has been obtained by me, if no sorrow interrupts this delight. But whom in particular could I wish to be now thrown in my way, for me to relate these things to?

Char. (*apart to himself.*) What means this rapture?

[1] *He is not rightly bound*)—Ver. 956. "Non recte vinctus;" meaning "it was not well done to bind him." The father pretends to understand him as meaning (which he might equally well by using the same words), "non satis stricte," "he wasn't tightly enough" bound; and answers "I ordered that he should be," referring to his order for Davus to be bound hand and foot. Donatus justly observes that the disposition of the old gentleman to joke is a characteristic mark of his thorough reconciliation.

[2] *Their joys are their own*)—Ver. 961. Westerhovius remarks that he seems here to be promulgating the doctrine of Epicurus, who taught that the Deities devoted themselves entirely to pleasure and did not trouble themselves about mortals. Donatus observes that these are the doctrines of Epicurus, and that the whole sentence is copied from the Eunuch of Menander; to which practice of borrowing from various Plays, allusion is made in the Prologue, where he mentions the mixing of plays; "contaminari fabulas."

Pam. (*to himself.*) I see Davus. There is no one in the world whom I would choose in preference; for I am sure that ne of all people will sincerely rejoice in my happiness.

Scene VII.

Enter Davus.

Dav. (*to himself.*) Where is Pamphilus, I wonder?

Pam. Here he is, Davus.

Dav. (*turning round.*) Who's that?

Pam. 'Tis I, Pamphilus; you don't know what has happened to me.

Dav. No really; but I know what has happened to myself.

Pam. And I too.

Dav. It has fallen out just like human affairs in general, that you should know the mishap I have met with, before I the good that has befallen you.

Pam. My Glycerium has discovered her parents.

Dav. O, well done!

Char. (*apart, in surprise.*) Hah!

Pam. Her father is an intimate friend of ours.

Dav. Who?

Pam. Chremes.

Dav. You do tell good news.

Pam. And there's no hinderance to my marrying her at once.

Char. (*apart.*) Is he dreaming the same that he has been wishing for when awake?

Pam. Then about the child, Davus.

Dav. O, say no more; you are the only person whom the Gods favor.

Char. (*apart.*) I'm all right if these things are true. I'll accost them. (*Comes forward.*)

Pam. Who is this? *Why,* Charinus, you meet me at the very nick of time.

Char. That's all right.

Pam. Have you heard——?

Char. Every thing; come, in your good fortune do have some regard for me. Chremes is now at your command; I'm sure that he'll do every thing you wish.

Pam. I'll remember you; and because it is tedious for t to wait for him until he comes out, follow me this way; l is now in-doors at the house of Glycerium; do you, Davu go home; send with all haste to remove her thence. Wh are you standing *there?* Why are you delaying?

Dav. I'm going. (Pamphilus *and* Charinus *go into th house of* Glycerium. Davus *then comes forward and address es the Audience.*) Don't you wait until they come out fron there; she will be betrothed within: if there is any thing els that remains, it will be transacted in-doors. Grant us you applause.[1]

[1] *Grant us your applause*)—Ver. 982. "Plaudite." Colman has the following remark at the conclusion of this Play: "All the old Tragedies and Comedies acted at Rome concluded in this manner. 'Donec cantor vos "Plaudite" dicat,' says Horace. Who the 'cantor' was, is a matter of dispute. Madame Dacier thinks it was the whole chorus; others suppose it to have been a single actor: some the prompter, and some the composer. Before the word 'Plaudite' in all the old copies is an Ω, which has also given rise to several learned conjectures. It is most probable, according to the notion of Madame Dacier, that this Ω, being the last letter of the Greek alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the transcriber to signify the end, like the Latin word 'Finis' in modern books; or it might, as Patrick supposes, stand for Ωδος, 'cantor,' denoting that the following word 'Plaudite' was spoken by him. After 'Plaudite' in all the old copies of Terence stand these two words, 'Calliopius recensui:' which signify, 'I, Calliopius, have revised and corrected this piece.' And this proceeds from the custom of the old critics, who carefully revised all Manuscripts, and when they had read and corrected any work, certified the same by placing their names at the end of it."

EUNUCHUS; THE EUNUCH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LACHES,[1] an aged Athenian.
PHÆDRIA,[2] } his sons.
CHÆREA,[3] }
ANTIPHO,[4] a young man, friend of Chærea.
CHREMES,[5] a young man, brother of Pamphila.
THRASO,[6] a boastful Captain.
GNATHO,[7] a Parasite.
PARMENO,[8] servant of Phædria.
SANGA,[9] cook to Thraso.
DONAX,[10] }
SIMALIO,[11] } servants of Thraso.
SYRISCUS,[12] }
DORUS,[13] a Eunuch slave.
THAIS,[14] a Courtesan.
PYTHIAS,[14] } her attendants.
DORIAS,[15] }
SOPHRONA,[16] a nurse.
PAMPHILA,[17] a female slave.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of LACHES and THAIS.

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1 From *λαγχάνω*, "to obtain by lot" or "heirship."
2 From *φαιδρὸς*, "cheerful."
3 From *χαίρων*, "rejoicing."
4 From *ἀντὶ*, "opposite to," and *φῶς*, "light," or *φῆμι*, "to speak."
5 From *χρεμίζω*, "to neigh;" delighting in horses.
6 From *θρασὸς*, "boldness."
7 From *γναθὸς*, "the jawbone;" a glutton.
8 From *παρὰ*, "by," and *μένω*, "to remain."
9 From Sangia in Phrygia, his native country.
10 From *δόναξ*, "a reed."
11 From *σιμὸς*, "flat-nosed."
12 From Syria, his country; or from *συρίσκος*, "a basket of figs."
13 From *θεάομαι*, "to look at."
14 From *πυθομένη*, "asking questions."
15 From Doris, their country, a part of Caria.
16 From *σώφρων*, "prudent."
17 From *πᾶν*, "all," and *φιλὸς*, "a friend."

THE SUBJECT.

A CERTAIN citizen of Athens had a daughter named Pamphila, and a son called Chremes. The former was stolen while an infant, and sold to a Rhodian merchant, who having made a present of her to a Courtesan of Rhodes, she brought her up with her own daughter Thais, who was somewhat older. In the course of years, Thais following her mother's way of life, removes to Athens. Her mother dying, her property is put up for sale, and Pamphila is purchased as a slave by Thraso, an officer and an admirer of Thais, who happens just then to be visiting Rhodes. During the absence of Thraso, Thais becomes acquainted with Phædria, an Athenian youth, the son of Laches; she also discovers from Chremes, who lives near Athens, that Pamphila, her former companion, is his sister. Thraso returns, intending to present to her the girl he has bought, but determines not to do so until she has discarded Phædria. Finding that the girl is no other than Pamphila, Thais is at a loss what to do, as she both loves Phædria, and is extremely anxious to recover Pamphila. At length, to please the Captain, she excludes Phædria, but next day sends for him, and explains to him her reasons, at the same time begging of him to allow Thraso the sole right of admission to her house for the next two days, and assuring him that as soon as she shall have gained possession of the girl, she will entirely throw him off. Phædria consents, and resolves to spend these two days in the country; at the same time he orders Parmeno to take to Thais a Eunuch and an Ethiopian girl, whom he has purchased for her. The Captain also sends Pamphila, who is accidentally seen by Chærea, the younger brother of Phædria; he, being smitten with her beauty, prevails upon Parmeno to introduce him into the house of Thais, in the Eunuch's dress. Being admitted there, in the absence of Thais, he ravishes the damsel. Shortly afterward Thraso quarrels with Thais, and comes with all his attendants to her house to demand the return of Pamphila, but is disappointed. In conclusion, Pamphila is recognized by her brother Chremes, and is promised in marriage to Chærea; while Thraso becomes reconciled to Phædria, through the mediation of Gnatho, his Parasite.

THE TITLE[1] OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Megalensian Games; L. Posthumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula being Curule Ædiles. L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Atilius Prænestinus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to two treble flutes. From the Greek of Menander. It was acted twice,[2] M. Valerius and C. Fannius being Consuls.[3]

[1] *The Title*)—Colman has the following remark on this Play: "This seems to have been the most popular of all the Comedies of Terence. Suetonius and Donatus both inform us that it was acted with the greatest applause, and that the Poet received a larger price for it from the Ædiles than had ever been paid for any before, namely, 8000 sesterces, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in those times was a considerable sum."

[2] *Acted twice*)—This probably means "twice in one day." As it is generally supposed that something is wanting after the figures II, this is presumed to be "die," "in one day," in confirmation of which Suetonius informs us that it really was performed twice in one day. Donatus says it was performed three times, by which he may probably mean, twice on one day and once on another.

[3] *Being Consuls*)—M. Valerius Messala and C. Fannius Strabo were Consuls in the year from the building of the City 591, or B.C. 162.

EUNUCHUS; THE EUNUCH.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

The Captain, Thraso, being ignorant of the same, has brought *from abroad* a girl who used wrongly to be called the sister of Thais, and presents her to *Thais* herself: she *in reality* is a citizen of Attica. To the same woman, Phædria, an admirer of Thais, orders a Eunuch whom he has purchased, to be taken, and he himself goes away into the country, having been entreated to give up two days to Thraso. A youth, the brother of Phædria, having fallen in love with the damsel sent to the house of Thais, is dressed up in the clothes of the Eunuch. Parmeno prompts him; he goes in; he ravishes the maiden: but *at length* her brother being discovered, a citizen of Attica, betroths her who has been ravished, to the youth, *and* Thraso prevails upon Phædria by his entreaties.

THE PROLOGUE.

If there is any one who desires to please as many good men as possible, and to give offense to extremely few, among those does our Poet enroll his name. Next, if there is one who thinks[1] that language too harsh is *here* applied to him, let him bear this in mind—that it is an answer, not an attack, inasmuch as he has himself been the first aggressor; who, by translating *plays* verbally,[2] and writing them in bad *Latin*, has made out of good Greek *Plays* Latin ones by no means good.

[1] *If there is one who thinks*)—Ver. 4. He alludes to his old enemy Luscus Lavinius, the Comic Poet, who is alluded to in the Prologue to the Andria, and has since continued his attacks upon him.

[2] *By translating literally*)—Ver. 7. "Bene vertendo, at eosdem scribendo male." This passage has greatly puzzled some of the Commentators. Bentley has, however, it appears, come to the most reasonable conclusion; who supposes that Terence means by "bene vertere," a literal translation, word for word, from the Greek, by which a servile adherence to the idiom of that language was preserved to the neglect of the Latin idiom; in consequence of which the Plays of Luscus Lavinius were, as he remarks, "male scriptæ," written in bad Latin.

Just as of late he has published the Phasma[1] [the Apparition] of Menander; and in the Thesaurus [the Treasure] has described[2] him from whom the gold is demanded, as

[1] *Has published the Phasma*)—Ver. 9. The "Φασμὰ," or "Apparition," was a play of Menander, so called, in which a young man looking through a hole in the wall between his father's house and that next door, sees a young woman of marvelous beauty, and is struck with awe at the sight, as though by an apparition; in the Play, the girl's mother is represented as having made this hole in the wall, and having decked it with garlands and branches that it may resemble a consecrated place; where she daily performs her devotions in company with her daughter, who has been privately brought up, and whose existence is unknown to the neighbors. On the youth coming by degrees to the knowledge that the object of his admiration is but a mortal, his passion becomes so violent that it will admit of no cure but marriage, with the celebration of which the Play concludes. Bentley gives us the above information from an ancient Scholiast, whose name is unknown, unless it is Donatus himself, which is doubtful. It would appear that Luscus Lavinius had lately made a translation of this Play, which, from its servile adherence to the language of the original, had been couched in ungrammatical language, and probably not approved of by the Audience. Donatus thinks that this is the meaning of the passage, and that, content with this slight reference to a well-known fact, the author passes it by in contemptuous silence.

[2] *And in the Thesaurus has described*)—Ver. 10. Cook has the following appropriate remark upon this passage: "In the 'Thesaurus,' or 'Treasure' of Luscus Lavinius, a young fellow, having wasted his estate by his extravagance, sends a servant to search his father's monument: but he had before sold the ground on which the monument was, to a covetous old man; to whom the servant applies to help him open the monument; in which they discover a hoard and a letter. The old fellow sees the treasure and keeps it; the young one goes to law with him, and the old man is represented as opening his cause first before the judge, which he begins with these words:—

'Athenienses, bellum cum Rhodiensibus,
Quod fuerit, quid ego prædicem?'

'Athenians, why should I relate the war with the Rhodians?' And he goes on in a manner contrary to the rules of court; which Terence objects to, because the young man, who was the plaintiff, should open his cause first. Thus far Bentley, from the same Scholiast [as referred to in the last Note]. This Note is a clear explanation of the four verses to which it belongs. Hare concurs with Madame Dacier in her opinion of 'Thesauro,' that it is only a part of the Phasma of Menander, and not a distinct Play; but were I not determined by the more learned Bentley, the text itself would not permit me to be of their opinion; for the words 'atque in Thesauro scripsit' seem plainly to me to be a transition to another Play. The subject of the Thesaurus is related by

pleading his cause why it should be deemed his own, befo
the person who demands it *has stated* how this treasu
belongs to him, or how it came into the tomb of his fath
Henceforward, let him not deceive himself, or fancy th
"I have now done with it; there's nothing that he can s
to me." I recommend him not to be mistaken, and to r
frain from provoking me. I have many other points, as
which for the present he shall be pardoned, which, *however*
shall be brought forward hereafter, if he persists in attacki
me, as he has begun to do. After the Ædiles had purchas
the Eunuch of Menander, *the Play* which we are abo
to perform, he managed to get an opportunity of viewi
it.[1] When the magistrates were present it began to be pe
formed. He exclaimed that a thief, no Poet, had produc
the piece, but still had not deceived[2] *him*; that, in fact,
was the Colax, an old Play of Plautus;[3] *and* that from
were taken the characters of the Parasite and the Captai

Eugraphius, though not with all the circumstances mentioned in n
Note from Bentley." Colman also remarks here: "Menander and
contemporary Philemon, each of them wrote a Comedy under this tit
We have in the above Note the story of Menander's: and we kn
that of Philemon's from the 'Trinummus' of Plautus, which was
Translation of it."

[1] *Opportunity of viewing it*)—Ver. 21. Colman thinks that this mea
something "stronger than merely being present at the representation
and he takes the meaning to be, that having obtained leave to perm
the MS., he furnished himself with objections against the piece, whic
he threw out when it came to be represented before the magistrate
Cooke thinks that the passage only means, "that he bustled and to
pains to be near enough at the representation to see and hear plainly
The truth seems to be that Lavinius managed to obtain admission
the rehearsal or trial of the merits of the piece before the magistrate
and that he then behaved himself in the unseemly manner mentione
in the text.

[2] *Produced the piece, but still had not deceived him*)—Ver. 24. The
is a pun here upon the resemblance in meaning of the words "verb
dare" and "fabulam dare." The first expression means to "deceiv
or "impose upon;" the latter phrase has also the same meaning, b
it may signify as well "to represent" or "produce a Play." Thus th
exclamation in its ambiguity may mean, "he has produced a Pla
and has not succeeded in deceiving us," or "he has deceived us, a
yet has not deceived us." This is the interpretation which Donat
puts upon the passage.

[3] *Colax, an old Play of Plautus*)—Ver. 25. Although Nonius Ma

f this is a fault, the fault is the ignorance of the Poet; ot that he intended to be guilty of theft. That so it is, ou will now be enabled to judge. The Colax is *a Play* of Ienander's; in it there is Colax, a Parasite, and a braggart 'aptain: he does not deny that he has transferred these haracters into his Eunuch from the Greek; but assuredly e does deny this, that he was aware that those pieces had een already translated into Latin. But if it is not per- iitted *us* to use the same characters as others, how can it ny more be allowed to represent hurrying servants,[1] to escribe virtuous matrons, artful courtesans, the gluttonous

ellus professes to quote from the Colax of Plautus (so called from the reek Κόλαξ, "a flatterer" or "parasite"), some scholars have disbe- eved in the existence of any Play of Plautus known by that name. ooke says: "If Plautus had wrote a Play under the title of 'Colax,' should think it very unlikely that it should have escaped Terence's re, considering how soon he flourished after Plautus, his being en- aged in the same studies, and his having such opportunities to consult ie libraries of the great; for though all learning was then confined to 'anuscripts, Terence could have no difficulty in coming at the best opies. The character of the 'Miles Gloriosus' [Braggart Captain] ere mentioned, I am inclined to think the same with that which is the ero of Plautus's Comedy, now extant, and called 'Miles Gloriosus,' om which Terence could not take his Thraso. Pyrgopolinices and hraso are both full of themselves, both boast of their valor and their timacy with princes, and both fancy themselves beloved by all the omen who see them; and they are both played off by their Parasites, it they differ in their manner and their speech: Plautus's Pyrgopoli- ces is always in the clouds, and talking big, and of blood and wounds Terence's Thraso never says too little nor much, but is an easy ridic- ous character, continually supplying the Audience with mirth without e wild extravagant bluster of Pyrgopolinices; Plautus and Terence oth took their soldiers and Parasites from Menander, but gave them ifferent dresses." Upon this Note Colman remarks: "Though there much good criticism in the above Note, it is certain that Plautus did ot take his 'Miles Gloriosus' from the Colax of Menander, as he him- lf informs us it was translated from a Greek play called 'Αλάζων, 'the oaster,' and the Parasite is but a trifling character in that play, never ppearing after the first Scene."

[1] *Hurrying servants)*—Ver. 35. On the "currentes servi," see the rologue to the Heautontimorumenos, l. 31. Ovid, in the Amores, B. El. 15, l. 17, 18, mentions a very similar combination of the charac- rs of Menander's Comedy: "So long as the deceitful slave, the harsh ther, the roguish procuress, and the cozening courtesan shall endure, enander will exist."

parasite, the braggart captain, the infant palmed off, the o man cajoled by the servant, about love, hatred, suspicion In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said befor Wherefore it is but just that you should know this, and mak allowance, if the moderns do what the ancients used to d Grant me your attention, and give heed in silence, that yc may understand what the Eunuch means.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Phædria *and* Parmeno.

Phæd. What, then, shall I do?[1] Ought I not to go, nc now even, when I am sent for of her own accord? Or ough I rather so to behave myself as not to put up with affront from Courtesans? She shut her door against me; she *not* invites me back. Ought I to return? No; though sh should implore me.

Par. I'faith, if indeed you *only* can, there's nothing bette or more spirited; but if you begin, and can not hold ou stoutly, and if, when you can not endure it, while no on asks you, peace being not made, you come to her of you own accord, showing that you love her, and can not endur it, you are done for; it's all over *with you;* you are ruine outright. She'll be jilting you, when she finds you over come. Do you then, while there's time, again and again reflect upon this, master, that a matter, which in itself admits of neither prudence nor moderation, you are un able to manage with prudence. In love there are all these evils; wrongs, suspicions, enmities, reconcilements, war, then peace; if you expect to render these things, *naturally* un certain, certain by dint of reason, you wouldn't effect it a bit the more than if you were to use your endeavors to be

[1] *What, then, shall I do?*)—Ver. 46. Phædria, on being sent for by Thais, breaks out into these words as he enters, after having deliberated upon his parting with her. Both Horace and Persius have imitated this passage in their Satires.

ıad with reason. And, what you are now, in anger, medi-ıting to yourself, "What! I to her?[1] Who—him! Who —me! Who wouldn't? Only let me alone; I had rather ie; she shall find out what sort of a person I am;" these xpressions, upon my faith, by a single false tiny tear, which, y rubbing her eyes, poor thing, she can hardly squeeze out erforce, she will put an end to; and she'll be the first to ac-use you; and you will be too ready to give satisfaction to er.

PHÆD. O disgraceful conduct! I now perceive, both that ıe is perfidious, and that I am a wretched man. I am both 'eary of her, and burn with passion; knowing *and* fully sensi-le, alive and seeing it, I am going to ruin; nor do I know 'hat I am to do.

PAR. What you are to do? Why, only to redeem your-elf, *thus* captivated, at the smallest price you can; if you ın not at a very small rate, still for as little as you can; nd do not afflict yourself.

PHÆD. Do you persuade me to this?

PAR. If you are wise. And don't be adding to the troub-s which love itself produces; those which it does produce, ear patiently. But see, here she is coming herself, the down-ll of our fortunes,[2]—for that which we ought ourselves to joy she intercepts.

SCENE II.

Enter THAIS *from her house.*

THAIS (*to herself, not seeing them.*) Ah wretched me! I ar lest Phædria should take it amiss or otherwise than I in-nded it, that he was not admitted yesterday.

[1] *What! I to her?*)—Ver. 65. Donatus remarks that this is an ab-pt manner of speaking familiarly to persons in anger; and that the ıtences are thus to be understood, "I, go to her? Her, who has re-ived him! Who has excluded me!"—inasmuch as indignation loves deal in Ellipsis and Aposiopesis.

[2] *The downfall of our fortunes*)—Ver. 79. Colman observes, "There an extreme elegance in this passage in the original; and the figura-e expression is beautifully employed." "Calamitas" was originally word used in husbandry, which signified the destruction of growing n; because, as Donatus says, "Comminuit *calamum* et segetem;"—t strikes down the blades and standing corn."

PHÆD. (*aside to* PARMENO.) I'm trembling and shiverin all over, Parmeno, at the sight of her.

PAR. (*apart.*) Be of good heart; *only* approach this fire you'll soon be warmer than you need.

THAIS (*turning round.*) Who is it that's speaking here What, are you here, my Phædria? Why are you standin here? Why didn't you come into the house at once?

PAR. (*whispering to* PHÆDRIA.) But not a word about shut ting you out!

THAIS. Why are you silent?

PHÆD. Of course, it's because this door is always open t me, or because I'm the highest in your favor?

THAIS. Pass those matters by.

PHÆD. How pass them by? O Thais, Thais, I wish tha I had equal affection with yourself, and that it were in lik degree, that either this might distress you in the same wa that it distresses me, or that I might be indifferent at this be ing done by you.

THAIS. Prithee, don't torment yourself, my life, my Phæ dria. Upon my faith, I did it, not because I love or esteem any person more *than you;* but the case was such *that* it wa necessary to be done.

PAR. (*ironically.*) I suppose that, poor thing, you shut hin out of doors, for love, according to the usual practice.

THAIS. Is it thus you act, Parmeno? Well, well. (*T* PHÆDRIA.) But listen—the reason for which I desired you to be sent for hither——

PHÆD. Go on.

THAIS. First tell me this; can this fellow possibly hold his tongue? (*pointing to* PARMENO.)

PAR. What, I? Perfectly well. But, hark you, upon

[1] *Approach this fire*)—Ver. 85. "Ignem" is generally supposed to be used figuratively here, and to mean "the flame of love." Eugraphius however, would understand the expression literally, observing tha courtesans usually had near their doors an altar sacred to Venus, o which they daily sacrificed.

[2] *Of course it's because*)—Ver. 89. It must be observed that thes words, commencing with "Sane, quia vero," in the original, are sai by Phædria not in answer to the words of Thais immediately preceding but to her previous question, "Cur non recta introibas?" "Why didn' you come into the house at once?" and that they are spoken in bitte irony.

these conditions I pledge my word to you; the truth that I hear, I'm silent upon, and retain it most faithfully; but if I hear what's false and without foundation, it's out at once; I'm full of chinks, and leak in every direction. Therefore, if you wish it to be kept secret, speak the truth.

THAIS. My mother was a Samian; she lived at Rhodes——

PAR. That may be kept a secret.

THAIS. There, at that period, a certain merchant made present to my mother of a little girl, who had been stolen away from Attica here.

PAR. What, a citizen?

THAIS. I think *so;* we do not know for certain: she herself used to mention her mother's and her father's name; her country and other tokens she didn't know, nor, by reason of her age, was she able. The merchant added this: that he had heard from the kidnappers that she had been carried off from Sunium.[1] When my mother received her, she began carefully to teach her every thing, *and* to bring her up, just as though she had been her own daughter. Most persons supposed that she was my sister. Thence I came hither with that stranger, with whom alone at that period I was connected; he left me all which I *now* possess——

PAR. Both these things are false; out it goes.

THAIS. How so?

PAR. Because you were neither content with one, nor was he the only one to make you presents; for he likewise (*pointing to* PHÆDRIA) brought a pretty considerable share to you.

THAIS. Such is the fact; but do allow me to arrive at the point I wish. In the mean time, the Captain, who had begun to take a fancy to me, set out to Caria;[2] since when, in the interval, I became acquainted with you. You yourself are aware how very dear I have held you; and how I confess to you all my nearest counsels.

PHÆD. Nor will Parmeno be silent about that.

[1] *From Sunium*)—Ver. 115. This was a town situate near a lofty promontory of that name in Attica. It was famous for a fair which was held there. "Sunium's rocky brow" is mentioned by Byron in the song of the Greek Captive in the third Canto of Don Juan.

[2] *Set out for Caria*)—Ver. 126. This was a country of Asia Minor upon the sea-coast, opposite to the island of Rhodes.

Par. O, is that a matter of doubt?

Thais. Attend; I entreat you. My mother died there recently; her brother is somewhat greedy after wealth. When he saw that this damsel was of beauteous form and understood music, hoping for a good price, he forthwith put her up for sale, *and* sold her. By good fortune this friend of mine was present; he bought her as a gift to me, not knowing or suspecting any thing of all this. He returned; but when he perceived that I had formed a connection with you as well, he feigned excuses on purpose that he might not give her; he said that if he could feel confidence that he should be preferred to yourself by me, so as not to apprehend that, when I had received her, I should forsake him, *then* he was ready to give her to me; but that he did fear this. But, so far as I can conjecture, he has set his affections upon the girl.

Phæd. Any thing beyond that?

Thais. Nothing; for I have made inquiry. Now, my Phædria, there are many reasons why I could wish to get her away from him. In the first place, because she was called my sister; moreover, that I may restore and deliver her to her friends. I am a lone woman: I have no one here, neither acquaintance nor relative; wherefore, Phædria, I am desirous by my good offices to secure friends. Prithee, do aid me in this, in order that it may be the more easily effected. Do allow him for the few next days to have the preference with me. Do you make no answer?

Phæd. Most vile woman! Can I make you any answer after such behavior as this?

Par. Well done, my *master*, I commend you; (*aside*) he's galled at last. (*To* Phædria.) You show yourself a man.

Phæd. I was not aware what you were aiming at; "she was carried away from here, *when* a little child; my mother brought her up as though her own; she was called my sister; I wish to get her away, that I may restore her to her friends." The meaning is, that all these expressions, in fine, now amount to this, *that* I am shut out, he is admitted. For what reason? Except that you love him more than me: and now you are afraid of her who has been brought *hither*, lest she should win him, such as he is, from yourself.

Thais. I, afraid of that?

PHÆD. What else, then, gives you concern? Let me know. Is he the only person who makes presents? Have you found my bounty shut against you? Did I not, when you told me that you wished for a servant-maid from Æthiopia,[1] setting all other matters aside, go and seek for one? Then you said that you wanted a Eunuch, because ladies of quality[2] alone make use of them; I found *you one*. I yesterday paid twenty minæ[3] for them both. Though slighted by you, I *still* kept these things in mind; as a reward for so doing, I am despised by you.

THAIS. Phædria, what does this mean? Although I wish to get her away, and think that by these means it could most probably be effected; still, rather than make an enemy of you, I'll do as you request me.

PHÆD. I *only* wish that you used that expression from your heart and truthfully, "rather than make an enemy of you." If I could believe that this was said sincerely, I could put up with any thing.

PAR. (*aside.*) He staggers; how instantaneously is he vanquished by a single expression!

THAIS. I, wretched woman, not speak from my heart? What, pray, did you ever ask of me in jest, but that you carried your point? I am unable to obtain *even* this of you, that you would grant *me* only two days.

PHÆD. If, indeed, *it is but* two days; but don't let these days become twenty.

THAIS. Assuredly not more than two days, or——

PHÆD. "Or?" I won't have it.

THAIS. It shall not be; only do allow me to obtain this of you.

PHÆD. Of course that which you desire must be done.

THAIS. I love you as you deserve; you act obligingly.

PHÆD. (*to* PARMENO.) I shall go into the country; there I shall worry myself for the *next* two days: I'm resolved to do

[1] *Servant-maid from Æthiopia*)—Ver. 165. No doubt Æthiopian or negro slaves were much prized by the great, and those courtesans whose object it was to ape their manners.

[2] *Ladies of quality*)—Ver. 168. "Reginæ," literally "queens," here means women of rank and distinction.

[3] *Paid twenty minæ*)—Ver. 169. The "mina" contained one hundred "drachmæ" of about 9¾*d.* each.

so; Thais must be humored. Do you, Parmeno, take care that they are brought hither.

Par. Certainly.

Phæd. For the next two days *then*, Thais, adieu.

Thais. And the same to you, my Phædria; do you desire aught else?

Phæd. What should I desire? That, present with the Captain, you may be as if absent; that night and day you may love me; may feel my absence; may dream of me; may be impatient for me; may think about me; may hope for me; may centre your delight in me; may be all in all with me; in fine, if you will, be my *very* life, as I am yours.

(*Exeunt* Phædria *and* Parmeno.

Scene III.

Thais *alone.*

Thais. (*to herself.*) Ah wretched me![1] perhaps now he puts but little faith in me, and forms his estimate of me from the dispositions of other women.[2] By my troth, I, who know my own self, am very sure of this, that I have not feigned any thing that's false, and that no person is dearer to my heart than this *same* Phædria; and whatever

[1] *Ah wretched me!*)—Ver. 197. Donatus remarks that the Poet judiciously reserves that part of the plot to be told here, which Thais did not relate to Phædria in the presence of Parmeno; whom the Poet keeps in ignorance as to the rank of the damsel, that he may with the more probability dare to assist Chærea in his attempt on her.

[2] *From the dispositions of other women*)—Ver. 198. Donatus observes that this is one of the peculiar points of excellence shown by Terence, introducing common characters in a new manner, without departing from custom or nature; since he draws a good Courtesan, and yet engages the attention of the Spectators and amuses them. Colman has the following Note here: "Under the name of Thais, Menander is supposed to have drawn the character of his own mistress, Glycerium, and it seems he introduced a Courtesan of the same name into several of his Comedies. One Comedy was entitled 'Thais,' from which St. Paul took the sentence in his Epistle to the Corinthians, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'" Plutarch has preserved four lines of the Prologue to that Comedy, in which the Poet, in a kind of mock-heroic manner, invokes the Muse to teach him to depict the character of his heroine.

in the present case I have done, for *this* girl's sake have I done it; for I trust that now I have pretty nearly discovered her brother, a young man of very good family; and he has appointed this day to come to me at my house. I'll go hence in-doors, and wait until he comes. (*She goes into her house.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Phædria *and* Parmeno.

Phæd. Mind that those people are taken *there*, as I ordered.

Par. I'll do *so*.

Phæd. And carefully.

Par. It shall be done.

Phæd. And with all speed.

Par. It shall be done.

Phæd. Have you had sufficient instructions?

Par. Dear me! to ask the question, as though it were a matter of difficulty. I wish that you were able, Phædria, to find any thing as easily as this present will be lost.

Phæd. Together with it, I *myself* am lost, which concerns me more nearly. Don't bear this with such a feeling of vexation.

Par. By no means; on the contrary, I'll see it done. But do you order any thing else?

Phæd. Set off my present with words, as far as you can; and so far as you are able, do drive away that rival *of mine* from her.

Par. Pshaw! I should have kept that in mind, even if you hadn't reminded me.

Phæd. I shall go into the country and remain there.

Par. I agree with you. (*Moves as if going.*)

Phæd. But hark you!

Par. What is it you want?

Phæd. Are you of opinion that I can muster resolution and hold out so as not to come back within the time?

Par. What, you? Upon my faith, I don't think *so;* for

either you'll be returning at once, or by-and-by, at night, want of sleep will be driving you hither.

Phæd. I'll do some *laborious* work, that I may be continually fatigued, so as to sleep in spite of myself.

Par. When wearied, you will be keeping awake; by this you will be making it worse.

Phæd. Oh, you talk to no purpose, Parmeno: this softness of spirit, upon my faith, must be got rid of; I indulge myself too much. Could I not do without her, pray, if there were the necessity, even for a whole three days?

Par. Whew! an entire three days! Take care what you are about.

Phæd. My mind is made up. (*Exit.*

Scene II.

Parmeno *alone.*

Par. (*to himself.*) Good Gods! What a malady is this! That a man should become so changed through love, that you wouldn't know him to be the same person! Not any one was there[1] less inclined to folly than he, and no one more discreet *or* more temperate. But who is it that's coming this way? Heyday! surely this is Gnatho, the Captain's Parasite; he's bringing along with him the damsel as a present to her. Heavens! How beautiful! No wonder if I make but a sorry figure here to-day with this decrepit Eunuch of mine. She surpasses Thais herself. (*Stands aside.*)

Scene III

Enter Gnatho *at a distance, leading* Pamphila.

Gna. (*to himself.*) Immortal Gods! how much does one man excel another! What a difference there is between a wise person and a fool! This strongly came into my

[1] *Not any one was there*)—Ver. 226–7. Very nearly the same words as these occur in the Mostellaria of Plautus, I. 29, 30: "Than whom, hitherto, no one of the youth of all Attica has been considered more temperate or equally frugal."

mind from the following circumstance. As I was coming along to-day, I met a certain person of this place, of my own rank and station, no mean fellow, one who, like myself, had guttled away his paternal estate; I saw him, shabby, dirty, sickly, beset with rags and years;—"What's the meaning of this garb?" said I; *he answered*, "Because, wretch that I am, I've lost what I possessed: see to what I am reduced,—all my acquaintances and friends forsake me." On this I felt contempt for him in comparison with myself. "What!" said I, "you pitiful sluggard, have you so managed matters as to have no hope left? Have you lost your wits together with your estate? Don't you see me, who have risen from the same condition? What a complexion I have, how spruce and well dressed, what portliness of person? I have every thing, *yet* have nothing; and although I possess nothing, still, of nothing am I in want." "But I," *said he*, "unhappily, can neither be a butt nor submit to blows."[1] "What!" *said I*, "do you suppose it is managed by those means? You are quite mistaken. Once upon a time, in the early ages, there was a calling for that class; this is a new mode of coney-catching; I, in fact, have been the first to strike into this path. There is a class of men who strive to be the first in every thing, but are not; to these I make my court; I do not present myself to them to be laughed at; but I am the first to laugh with them, and at the same time to admire their parts: whatever they say, I commend; if they contradict that self-same thing, I commend again. Does any one deny? I deny: does he affirm? I affirm: in fine, I have *so* trained myself as to

[1] *Nor submit to blows*)—Ver. 244. It has been remarked in the Notes to the Translation of Plautus that the Parasites had, in consequence of their state of dependence, to endure blows and indignities from their fellow-guests. Their attempts to be "ridiculi" or "drolls" were made in order to give some small return to their entertainers. See especially the character of Gelasimus in the Stichus of Plautus, and the words of Ergasilus in the Captivi, l. 88, 90. Diderot, as quoted by Colman, observes: "This is the only Scene in Terence which I remember that can be charged with being superfluous. Thraso has made a present to Thais of a young girl. Gnatho is to convey her. Going along with her, he amuses himself with giving the Spectators a most agreeable eulogium on his profession. But was that the time for it? Let Gnatho pay due attention on the stage to the young woman whom he is charged with, and let him say what he will to himself, I consent to it."

humor them in every thing. This calling is now by far the most productive."

Par. (*apart.*) A clever fellow, upon my faith! From being fools he makes men mad outright.

Gna. (*to himself, continuing.*) While we were thus talking, in the mean time we arrived at the market-place; overjoyed, all the confectioners ran at once to meet me; fishmongers,[1] butchers, cooks,[2] sausage-makers, *and* fishermen, whom, both when my fortunes were flourishing and when they were ruined, I had served, and often serve *still:* they complimented me, asked me to dinner, *and* gave me a hearty welcome. When this poor hungry wretch saw that I was in such great esteem, and that I obtained a living so easily, then the fellow began to entreat me that I would allow him to learn this *method* of me; I bade him become my follower[3] if he could; as the disciples of the Philosophers take their names from *the Philosophers* themselves, so too, the Parasites ought to be called Gnathonics.

Par. (*apart to the Audience.*) Do you see the effects of ease and feeding at another's cost?

Gna. (*to himself, continuing.*) But why do I delay to take this girl to Thais, and ask her to come to dinner? (*Aside, on seeing* Parmeno.) But I see Parmeno, our rival's servant, waiting before the door of Thais with a sorrowful air; all's safe; no doubt these people are finding a cold welcome. I'm resolved to have some sport with this knave.

Par. (*aside.*) They fancy that, through this present, Thais is *quite* their own.

Gna. (*accosting* Parmeno.) With his very best wishes

[1] *Fishmongers*)—Ver. 257. "Cetarii;" strictly speaking, "dealers in large fish."

[2] *Cooks*)—Ver. 257. The "coqui" were in the habit of standing in the market-place for hire by those who required their services. See the Pseudolus, the Aulularia, and the Mercator of Plautus, and the Notes to Bohn's Translation. See also a remark on the knavish character of the sausage-makers in the Truculentus of Plautus, l. 110.

[3] *Become my follower*)—Ver. 262. "Sectari." In allusion to the manners of the ancient Philosophers, who were wont to be followed by a crowd of their disciples, who were styled "sectatores" and "sectæ." Gnatho intends to found a new school of Parasites, who shall be called the "Gnathonics," and who, by their artful adulation, shall contrive to be caressed instead of being maltreated. Artotrogus, the Parasite in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, seems, however, to have forestalled Gnatho as the founder of this new school.

Gnatho greets Parmeno, his very good friend.—What are you doing?

Par. I'm standing.[1]

Gna. *So* I perceive. Pray, do you see any thing here that don't please you?

Par. Yourself.

Gna. I believe *you*,—but any thing else, pray?

Par. Why so?

Gna. Because you are out of spirits.

Par. Not in the least.

Gna. *Well*, don't be *so;* but what think you of this slave? (*pointing to her.*)

Par. Really, not amiss.

Gna. (*aside.*) I've galled the fellow.

Par. (*aside, on overhearing him.*) How mistaken you are in your notion!

Gna. How far do you suppose this gift will prove acceptable to Thais?

Par. It's this you mean to say now, that we are discarded there. Hark you, there are vicissitudes in all things.

Gna. For the next six months, Parmeno, I'll set you at ease; you sha'n't have to be running to and fro, or sitting up till daylight. Don't I make you happy?

Par. Me? O prodigiously!

Gna. That's my way with my friends.

Par. I commend *you.*

[1] *I'm standing*)—Ver. 271. "Quid agitur?" "Statur." The same joke occurs in the Pseudolus of Plautus, 1. 457. "Quid agitur? Statur hic ad hunc modum?" "What is going on?" or "What are you about?" "About standing here in this fashion;" assuming an attitude. Colman observes that there is much the same kind of conceit in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Falstaff. "My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about."

Pistol. "Two yards or more."

Cooke has the following note: "'Quid agitur' is to be supposed to have a single meaning as spoken by Gnatho, but Parmeno archly renders it ambiguous by his answer. Our two first English translations, that by Bernard and that by Hoole, make nothing of it, nor indeed any other part of their author. Echard follows Madame Dacier, and perceives a joke; but he does not render 'quid agitur' as the question ought to be translated. 'Quid agitur' sometimes means, 'What are you doing?' Sometimes, 'How do you do?' 'How are you?' or 'How goes the world with you?'"

Gna. I'm detaining you; perhaps you were about to g somewhere else.

Par. Nowhere.

Gna. In that case then, lend me your services a little; le me be introduced to her.

Par. Very well; (Gnatho *knocks at the door, which imme diately opens*) now the door is open for you, (*aside*) because yo are bringing her.

Gna. (*going into the house of* Thais, *ironically.*) Should yo like any one to be called out from here? (*Goes in with* Pam phila, *and shuts the door.*)

Scene IV.

Parmeno, *alone.*

Par. (*to himself.*) *Only* let the next two days go by; yo who, at present, in such high favor, are opening the door wit one little finger, assuredly I'll cause to be kicking at that *doo* full oft, with your heels, to no purpose.

Re-enter Gnatho *from the house.*

Gna. Still standing here, Parmeno? Why now, have yo been left on guard here, that no go-between might perchanc be secretly running from the Captain to her? (*Exit.*

Par. Smartly said; really *they ought to be* wonderful thing to please the Captain. But I see my master's youngest so coming this way; I wonder why he has come away from th Piræus,[1] for he is at present on guard there in the public serv ice. It's not for nothing; he's coming in a hurry, too; can't imagine why he's looking around in all directions.

Scene V.

Enter Chærea *on the other side of the stage, in haste.*

Chæ. (*to himself.*) I'm utterly undone! The girl is n

[1] *From the Piræus*)—Ver. 290. The Piræus was the chief harbor Athens, at the mouth of the Cephisus, about three miles from the Cit It was joined to the town by two walls, one of which was built by Th mistocles, and the other by Pericles. It was the duty of the Athenia youth to watch here in turn by way of precaution against surprise pirates or the enemy.

here; nor do I know where I am myself, to have lost sight her. Where to inquire for her, where to search for her, hom to ask, which way to turn, I'm at a loss. I have only is hope; wherever she is, she can not long be concealed. what beauteous features! from this moment I banish all her women from my thoughts; I can not endure these ev-y-day beauties.

PAR. (*apart.*) Why look, here's the other one. He's say-g something, I don't know what, about love. O unfortu-ate old man, *their father!* This assuredly is a youth, who, he does begin, you will say that the other one was mere ay and pastime, compared with what the madness of this ie will cause.

CHÆ. (*to himself, aloud.*) May all the Gods and Goddesses onfound that old fellow who detained me to-day, and me as ell who stopped for him, and in fact troubled myself a straw out him. But see, here's Parmeno. (*Addressing him.*) ood-morrow to you.

PAR. Why are you out of spirits, and why in *such* a hurry? Whence come you?

CHÆ. What, I? Pfaith, I neither know whence I'm come, or whither I'm going; so utterly have I lost myself.

PAR. How, pray?

CHÆ. I'm in love.

PAR. (*starting.*) Ha!

CHÆ. Now, Parmeno, you may show what sort of a man ou are. You know that you often promised me *to this effect:* Chærea, do you only find some *object* to fall in love with; ll make you sensible of my usefulness in such matters," hen I used to be storing up my father's provisions for you i the sly in your little room.[1]

PAR. To the point, *you* simpleton.

CHÆ. Upon my faith, this is the fact. Now, then, let our promises be made good, if you please, or if indeed the fair is a deserving one for you to exert your energies on. The girl isn't like our girls, whom their mothers are

[1] *In your little room*)—Ver. 310. Though "cellulam" seems to be nsidered by some to mean "cupboard" or "larder," it is more prob-le that it here signifies the little room which was appropriated to each ave in the family for his own use.

anxious to have with shoulders kept down, *and* chests w girthed,[1] that they may be slender. If one is a little inclin to plumpness, they declare that she's training for a boxer *and* stint her food; although their constitutions are good, t their treatment they make them as slight as bulrushes; a so for that reason they are admired, *forsooth*.

PAR. What sort of a girl is this one of yours?

CHÆ. A new style of beauty.

PAR. (*ironically*.) Astounding!

CHÆ. Her complexion genuine,[3] her flesh firm and full c juiciness.[4]

PAR. Her age?

CHÆ. Her age? Sixteen.

PAR. The very flower of youth.[5]

CHÆ. Do you make it your care to obtain her for me e ther by force, stealth, or entreaty; so that I only gain he it matters not how to me.

[1] *Shoulders kept down and chests well girthed*\—Ver. 314. Ovid, in th Art of Love, B. iii., l. 274, alludes to the "strophium" or "girth" her referred to: "For high shoulders, small pads are suitable; and let th girth encircle the bosom that is too prominent." Becker thinks tha the "strophium" was different from the "fascia" or "stomacher," men tioned in the Remedy of Love, l. 338: "Does a swelling bosom cove all her breast, let no stomacher conceal it." From Martial we lear that the "strophium" was made of leather.

[2] *Training for a boxer*)—Ver. 315. "Pugilem." This means "ro bust as a boxer," or "athlete." These persons were naturally consid ered as the types of robustness, being dieted for the purpose of increas ing their flesh and muscle.

[3] *Complexion genuine*)—Ver. 318. "Color verus." The same ex pression is used by Ovid, in the Art of Love, B. iii., l. 164: "Et melio vero quæritur arte color:" "And by art a color is sought superior t the genuine one."

[4] *Full of juiciness*)—Ver. 318. "Succi plenum." A similar expres sion occurs in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, l. 787, where Periplec menus wishes inquiry to be made for a woman who is "siccam, at suc cidam," "sober, but full of juice:" *i. e.* replete with the plumpness an activity of youth.

[5] *The very flower of youth*)—Ver. 319. Ovid makes mention of th "flos" or "bloom" of youth, Art of Love, B. ii., l. 663: "And don you inquire what year she is now passing, nor under what Consulshi she was born; a privilege which the rigid Censor possesses. And thi especially, if she has passed the bloom of youth, and her best years ar fled, and she now pulls out the whitening hairs."

PAR. Well, but to whom does the damsel belong?

CHÆ. *That,* i'faith, I don't know.

PAR. Whence did she come?

CHÆ. *That,* just as much.

PAR. Where does she live?

CHÆ. Nor yet do I know that.

PAR. Where did you see her?

CHÆ. In the street.

PAR. How did you come to lose her?

CHÆ. Why, that's what I was just now fretting myself about; and I do not believe that there is one individual to whom all good luck is a greater stranger than to myself. What ill fortune this is! I'm utterly undone!

PAR. What's the matter?

CHÆ. Do you ask me? Do you know Archidemides, my father's kinsman and years'-mate?

PAR. Why not?

CHÆ. He, while I was in full pursuit of her, met me.

PAR. Unseasonably, upon my faith.

CHÆ. Aye, unhappily, rather; for other *ordinary* matters are to be called "unseasonable," Parmeno. It would be safe for me to make oath that I have not seen him for fully these six or seven months, until just now, when I least wanted, and there was the least occasion. Come now! isn't this like a fatality? What do you say?

PAR. Extremely *so.*

CHÆ. At once he came running up to me, from a considerable distance, stooping, palsied, hanging his lip, *and* wheezing. "Halloo, Chærea! halloo!" said he; "I've something to say to you." I stopped. "Do you know what *it is* I want with you?" *said he.* "Say on," *said I.* "To-morrow my cause comes on," *said he.* "What then?" "Be sure and tell your father to remember and be my advocate[1] in the

[1] *Be my advocate*)—Ver. 340. "Advocatus." It must be remembered that this word did not among the Romans bear the same sense as the word "advocate" does with us. The "advocati" were the friends of a man who accompanied him when his cause was pleaded, and often performed the part of witnesses; those who assisted a person in a dispute or difficulty were also his "advocati," and in this respect distantly resembled the "second" or "friend" of a party in the modern duel. In the Phormio, Hegio, Cratinus, and Crito are introduced as the "advo-

morning." In talking of this, an hour elapsed.[1] I inquired if he wanted any thing *else*. "That's all," said he. I left him. When I looked in this direction for the damsel, she had that very instant turned this way down this street of ours.

Par. (*aside.*) It's a wonder if he doesn't mean her who has just now been made a present of to *Thais here*.

Chæ. When I got here, she was nowhere to be seen.

Par. Some attendants, I suppose, were accompanying the girl?

Chæ. Yes; a Parasite, and a female servant.

Par. (*apart.*) It's the very same. (*To* Chærea.) It's all over with you; make an end of it; you've said your last.[2]

Chæ. You are thinking about something else.

Par. Indeed I'm thinking of this same matter.

Chæ. Pray, tell me, do you know her, or did you see her?

Par. I did see, *and* I do know her; I am aware to what house she has been taken.

Chæ. What, my *dear* Parmeno, do you know her, and are you aware where she is?

Par. She has been brought here (*pointing*) to the house of Thais the Courtesan.[3] She has been made a present to her.

Chæ. What opulent person is it, to be presenting a gift so precious as this?

Par. The Captain Thraso, Phædria's rival.

cati" of Demipho. See also the Pœnulus of Plautus, and the Notes to that Play in Bohn's Translation.

[1] *An hour elapsed*)—Ver. 341. "Hora" is here used to signify the long time, that, in his impatience, it appeared to him to be.

[2] *It's all over with you,—you've said your last*)—Ver. 347. "Ilicet" and "conclamatum est," are words of mournful import, which were used with regard to the funeral rites of the Romans. "Ilicet," "you may begone," was said aloud when the funeral was concluded. "Conclamare," implied the ceremony of calling upon the dead person by name, before light was set to the funeral pile; on no answer being given, he was concluded to be really dead, and the pile was set fire to amid the cries of those present: "conclamatum est" would consequently signify that all hope has gone.

[3] *Thais the Courtesan*)—Ver. 352. Cooke remarks here, somewhat hypercritically as it would seem: "Thais is not called 'meretrix' here opprobriously, but to distinguish her from other ladies of the same name, who were not of the same profession."

CHÆ. An unpleasant business for my brother, it should seem.

PAR. Aye, and if you did but know what present he is pitching against this present, you would say so still more.

CHÆ. Troth now, what is it, pray?

PAR. A Eunuch.[1]

CHÆ. What! that unsightly creature, pray, that he purchased yesterday, an old woman?

PAR. That very same.

CHÆ. To a certainty, the gentleman will be bundled out of doors, together with his present; but I wasn't aware that this Thais is our neighbor.

PAR. It isn't long *since she came.*

CHÆ. Unhappy wretch that I am! never to have seen her, even. Come now, just tell me, is she as handsome as she is reported to be?[2]

PAR. Quite.

CHÆ. But nothing in comparison with this damsel of mine?

PAR. Another thing altogether.

CHÆ. Troth now, Parmeno, prithee do contrive for me to gain possession of her.

PAR. I'll do my best, and use all my endeavors; I'll lend you my assistance. (*Going.*) Do you want any thing else with me?

CHÆ. Where are you going now?

PAR. Home; to take those slaves to Thais, as your brother ordered me.

CHÆ. Oh, lucky Eunuch that! really, to be sent as a present to that house!

[1] *A Eunuch*)—Ver. 356. Eunuchs formed part of the establishment of wealthy persons, who, in imitation of the Eastern nobles, confided the charge of their wives, daughters, or mistresses to them. Though Thais would have no such necessity for his services, her wish to imitate the "reginæ," or "great ladies," would make him a not unacceptable present. See the Addresses of Ovid to the Eunuch Bagoüs in the Amours, B. ii., El. 2, 3.

[2] *As she is reported to be*)—Ver. 361. Donatus remarks this as an instance of the art of Terence, in preserving the probability of Chærea's being received for the Eunuch. He shows hereby that he is so entirely a stranger to the family that he does not even know the person of Thais. It is also added that she has not been long in the neighborhood, and he has been on duty at the Piræus. The meaning of his regret is, that, not knowing Thais, he will not have an opportunity of seeing the girl.

Par. Why so?

Chæ. Do you ask? He will always see at home a fellow servant of consummate beauty, *and* be conversing with her; he will be in the same house with her; sometimes he will take his meals with her; sometimes sleep near her.

Par. What now, if you yourself were to be this fortunate person?

Chæ. By what means, Parmeno? Tell me.

Par. Do you assume his dress.

Chæ. His dress! Well, what then?

Par. I'll take you there instead of him.

Chæ. (*musing.*) I hear *you.*

Par. I'll say that you are he.

Chæ. I understand *you.*

Par. You may enjoy those advantages which you just now said he *would enjoy;* you may take your meals together with her, be in company with her, touch her, dally with her, *and* sleep by her side; as not one of these women is acquainted with you, nor yet knows who you are. Besides, you are of an age and figure that you may easily pass for a eunuch.

Chæ. You speak to the purpose; I never knew better counsel given. Well, let's go in at once; dress me up, take me away, lead me to her, as fast as you can.

Par. What do you mean? Really, I was only joking.

Chæ. You talk nonsense.

Par. I'm undone! Wretch that I am! what have I done? (Chærea *pushes him along.*) Whither are you pushing me? You'll throw me down presently. I entreat you, be quiet.

Chæ. Let's be off. (*Pushes him.*)

Par. Do you still persist?

Chæ. I am resolved upon it.

Par. Only take care that this isn't too rash a project.

Chæ. Certainly it isn't; let me alone for that.

Par. Aye, but I shall have to pay the penalty[1] for this?

[1] *Have to pay the penalty*)—Ver. 381. "In me cudetur faba," literally, "the bean will be struck" or "laid about me;" meaning, "I shall have to smart for it." There is considerable doubt what is the origin of this expression, and this doubt existed as early as the time of Donatus. He says that it was a proverb either taken from the threshing of beans with a flail by the countrymen; or else from the circumstance of the cooks who have dressed the beans, but have not moistened them

CHÆ. Pshaw!

PAR. We shall be guilty of a disgraceful action.

CHÆ. What, is it disgraceful[1] to be taken to the house of a Courtesan, and to return the compliment upon those tormentors who treat us and our youthful age so scornfully, and who are always tormenting us in every way;—to dupe them just as we are duped by them? Or is it right and proper that in preference my father should be wheedled *out of his money* by deceitful pretexts? Those who knew of this would blame me; while all would think the other a meritorious act.

PAR. What's to be done in such case? If you are determined to do it, you must do it: but don't you by-and-by be throwing the blame upon me.

CHÆ. I shall not do so.

PAR. Do you order me, *then?*

CHÆ. I order, charge, and command you; I will never disavow my authorizing you.

PAR. Follow me; may the Gods prosper it! (*They go into the house of* LACHES.)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter THRASO *and* GNATHO.

THRA. Did Thais really return me many thanks?

GNA. Exceeding *thanks.*

THRA. Was she delighted, say you?

GNA. Not so much, indeed, at the present itself, as because it was given by you; really, in right earnest, she does exult at that.

sufficiently, being sure to have them thrown at their heads, as though for the purpose of softening them. Neither of these solutions seems so probable as that suggested by Madame Dacier, that dried beans were inserted in the thongs of the "scutica," or "whips," with which the slaves were beaten. According to others the knots in the whips were only called "fabæ," from their resemblance to beans.

[1] *Is it disgraceful*)—Ver. 382. Donatus remarks that here Terence obliquely defends the subject of the Play.

Enter Parmeno *unseen, from* Laches' *house.*

Par. (*apart.*) I've come here to be on the look-out, th when there is an opportunity I may take *the presents.* B see, here's the Captain.

Thra. Undoubtedly it is the case with me, that every thi I do is a cause for thankfulness.

Gna. Upon my faith, I've observed it.

Thra. The most mighty King,[1] even, always used to giv me especial thanks for whatever I did; but not so to others.

Gna. He who has the wit that you have, often by his wor appropriates to himself the glory that has been achieved by th labor of others.

Thra. You've just hit it.[2]

Gna. The king, then, kept you in his eye.[3]

Thra. Just so.

Gna. To enjoy your society.

Thra. True; he intrusted *to me* all his army, all his stat secrets.

[1] *The most mighty King*)—Ver. 397. It has been suggested that Da rius III. is here alluded to, who was a contemporary of Menander. A however Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, is mentioned in this Play, there is n necessity to go out of the way to make Terence guilty of an anachro nism. Madame Dacier suggests that Seleucus, king of part of Asi Minor, is meant: and as Thraso is called "a stranger" or "foreigner toward the end of the Play, he probably was intended to be represente as a native of Asia and a subject of Seleucus. One of the Seleuci wa also favored with the services of Pyrgopolinices, the "Braggart Cap tain" of Plautus, in the Miles Gloriosus. See l. 75 in that Play: "Fo King Seleucus entreated me with most earnest suit that I would rais and enlist recruits for him."

[2] *You've just hit it*)—Ver. 401. Colman here remarks, quoting th following passage from Shakspeare's "Love's Labor Lost," "That tha Poet was familiarly acquainted with this Comedy is evident from th passage, 'Holofernes says, *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humor is lofty his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his ga majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and Thrasonical.' We may remark that the previous words of Gnatho, though spoken wit reference to the King, contain a reproach against the Captain's boas fulness, though his vanity will not let him perceive it.

[3] *In his eye*)—Ver. 401. "In oculis" is generally supposed to mea "as dearly in his eyes." As, however, the Satraps of the East wer called "the king's eyes," those who suppose that Darius is alluded t might with some ground consider the passage as meaning that the kin ranked him in the number of his nobles. See the Pœnulus of Plautu l. 693, and the Note in Bohn's Translation.

GNA. Astonishing!

THRA. Then if, on any occasion, a surfeit of society, or a islike of business, came upon him, when he was desirous to ke some recreation; just as though—you understand?[1]

GNA. I know; just as though on occasion he would rid his ind of those anxieties.

THRA. You have it. Then he used to take me aside as s only boon companion.

GNA. Whew! You are telling of a King of refined taste.

THRA. Aye, he is a person of that sort; a man of but very w acquaintanceships.

GNA. (*aside.*) Indeed, of none,[2] I fancy, if he's on intimate rms with you.

THRA. All the people envied me, and attacked me private- . I don't care one straw. They envied me dreadfully; ut one in particular, whom *the King* had appointed over the ndian elephants.[3] Once, when he became particularly troub- some, "Prithee, Strato," said I, "are you so fierce because ou hold command over the wild beasts?"

GNA. Cleverly said, upon my faith, and shrewdly. Astound- g! You did give the fellow a home thrust. What said he?

THRA. Dumfounded, instantaneously.

GNA. How could he be otherwise?

PAR. (*apart.*) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! a lost and iserable fellow the one, and the other a scoundrel.

THRA. Well then, about that matter, Gnatho, the way in hich I touched up the Rhodian at a banquet—did I never ll you?

[1] *You understand*)—Ver. 405. He says this at the very moment when is at a loss what to say next; the Parasite obligingly steps in to help m out with the difficulty.

[2] *Indeed, of none*) —Ver. 410. "Immo, nullorum arbitror, si tecum it." This expression which is used "aside," has two meanings, ither of which is complimentary to the Captain. It may mean, "he s no society if he associates with you," making the Captain equivalent nobody; or it may signify, "if he associates with you he'll be sure to ive all his other acquaintances away."

[3] *Over the Indian elephants*) —Ver. 413. Here he shows his lofty posi- n to perfection; he dares to take down the pride of one who com- nded even the royal elephants. The Braggart Captain of Plautus nes into collision with the elephants themselves: l. 26. Artotrogus ys to him, "In what a fashion it was you broke the fore-leg of even an ephant in India with your fist!"

Gna. Never; but pray, do tell me. (*Aside.*) I've heard more than a thousand times already.

Thra. There was in my company at a banquet, this you man of Rhodes, whom I'm speaking of. By chance I had mistress there; he began to toy with her, and to annoy n "What are you doing, sir impudence?" said I to the fello "a hare yourself, and looking out for game?"[1]

Gna. (*pretending to laugh very heartily.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Thra. What's the matter?

Gna. How apt, how smart, how clever; nothing *could* more excellent. Prithee, was this a saying of yours? I fa cied it was an old one.

Thra. Did you ever hear it before?

Gna. Many a time; and it is mentioned among the firs rate ones.

Thra. It's my own.

Gna. I'm sorry *though* that it was said to a thoughtle young man, and one of respectability.

Par. (*apart.*) May the Gods confound you!

Gna. Pray, what *did* he *do?*

Thra. Quite disconcerted. All who were present were d ing with laughter; in short, they were all quite afraid of me

Gna. Not without reason.

Thra. But hark you, had I best clear myself of this t Thais, as to her suspicion that I'm fond of this girl?

Gna. By no means: on the contrary, rather increase h jealousy.

Thra. Why so?

Gna. Do you ask me? Don't you see, if on any occasio she makes mention of Phædria or commends him, to provok you——

[1] *Looking out for game?*)—Ver. 426. "Pulmentum," more strict speaking, "A nice bit." Patrick has the following Note on this pa sage: "'Lepus tute es, et pulmentum quæris?' A proverbial expressio in use at that time: the proper meaning of it, stripped of its figure, i 'You are little more than a woman yourself, and do you want a mi tress?'" We learn from Donatus and Vopiscus, that Livius Andron cus had used this proverb in his Plays before Terence. Commentato who enter into a minute explanation of it offer many conjectures rath curious than solid, and of a nature not fit to be mentioned here. Donat seems to think that allusion is made to a story prevalent among the a cient naturalists that the hare was in the habit of changing its sex.

THRA. I understand.

GNA. That such may not be the case, this method is the ly remedy. When she speaks of Phædria, do you instantly *ntion* Pamphila. If at any time she says, "Let's invite hædria to make one," *do* you *say*, "Let's *ask* Pamphila to ig." If she praises his good looks, do you, on the other nd, praise hers. In short, do you return like for like, which ll mortify her.

THRA. If, indeed, she loved me,[1] this might be of some use, natho.

GNA. Since she is impatient for and loves that which you ve her, she already loves you; as it is, *then*, it is an easy atter for her to feel vexed. She will be always afraid lest e presents which she herself is now getting, you may on me occasion be taking elsewhere.

THRA. Well said; that never came into my mind.

GNA. Nonsense. You never thought about it; else how uch more readily would you yourself have hit upon it, hraso!

SCENE II.

Enter THAIS *from her house, attended by* PYTHIAS.

THAIS. (*as she comes out.*) I thought I just now heard the ptain's voice. And look, here he is. Welcome, my *dear* hraso.

THRA. O my Thais, my sweet one, how are you? How uch do you love me in return for that music girl?

PAR. (*apart.*) How polite! What a beginning he has ade on meeting her!

THAIS. Very much, as you deserve.

GNA. Let's go to dinner then. (*To* THRASO.) What do you and *here* for?

PAR. (*apart.*) Then there's the other one: you would de- re that he was born for his belly's sake.

[1] *If, indeed, she loved me*)—Ver. 446. Colman has the following Note on this passage: "I am at a loss to determine whether it was in order show the absurdity of the Captain or from inadvertence in the Poet, t Terence here makes Thraso and Gnatho speak in contradiction to idea of Thais's wonderful veneration for Thraso, with which they ened the Scene."

Thra. When you please; I sha'n't delay.

Par. (*apart.*) I'll accost them, and pretend as though had just come out. (*He comes forward.*) Are you going an where, Thais?

Thais. Ha! Parmeno; well done; *just* going out for th day.

Par. Where?

Thais. (*aside, pointing at* Thraso.) Why! don't you s him?

Par. (*aside.*) I see him, and I'm sorry for it. (*Aloud* Phædria's presents are ready for you when you please.

Thra. (*impatiently.*) Why are we to stand *here?* Wh don't we be off?

Par. (*to* Thraso.) Troth now, pray, do let us, with you leave, present to her the things we intend, *and* accost an speak to her.

Thra. (*ironically.*) Very fine presents, I suppose, or *at lea* equal to mine.

Par. The fact will prove itself. (*Goes to the door of* Lache *house and calls.*) Ho there! bid those people come out o doors at once, as I ordered.

Enter from the house a Black Girl.

Par. Do you step forward this way. (*To* Thais.) She come all the way from Æthiopia.

Thra. (*contemptuously.*) Here are some three minæ i value.

Gna. Hardly so much.

Par. Where are you, Dorus? Step this way.

Enter Chærea *from the house, dressed like the* Eunuch.

Par. There's a Eunuch for you—of what a genteel appear ance! of what a prime age!

Thais. God bless me, he's handsome.

Par. What say you, Gnatho? Do you see any thing t find fault with? And what *say* you, Thraso? (*Aside.*) The hold their tongues; they praise him sufficiently *thereby.* (*T* Thais.) Make trial of him in literature, try him in exercises.

[1] *In exercises*)—Ver. 477. Reference will be found made to th "palæstræ," or "places of exercise," in the Notes to the Translation o Plautus.

d in music; I'll warrant him well skilled in what it be-mes a gentleman to know.

THRA. That Eunuch, if occasion served,[1] even in my sober nses, I——

PAR. And he who has sent these things makes no request at you will live for him alone, and that for his own sake hers may be excluded; he neither tells of battles nor shows s scars, nor does he restrict you as (*looking at* THRASO) a rtain person does; but when it is not inconvenient, when-er you think fit, whenever you have the time, he is satisfied be admitted.

THRA. (*to* GNATHO, *contemptuously.*) It appears that this is e servant of some beggarly, wretched master.

GNA. Why, faith, no person, I'm quite sure of that, could ssibly put up with him, who had the means to get another.

PAR. You hold your tongue—a fellow whom I consider neath all men of the very lowest grade: for when you n bring yourself to flatter that fellow (*pointing at* THRASO), do believe you could pick your victuals out of the *very* mes.[2]

THRA. Are we to go now?

THAIS. I'll take these in-doors first (*pointing to* CHÆREA *d the* ÆTHIOPIAN), and at the same time I'll order what I ish; after that I'll return immediately. (*Goes into the house ith* PYTHIAS, CHÆREA, *and the* SLAVE.)

THRA. (*to* GNATHO.) I shall be off. Do you wait for her.

PAR. It is not a proper thing for a general to be walking the street with a mistress.

THRA. Why should I use many words with you? You are e very ape of your master. (*Exit* PARMENO.

GNA. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

[1] *If occasion served*)—Ver. 479. The Aposiopesis in this line is very tly introduced, on account of the presence of the female; but it ad-rably illustrates the abominable turpitude of the speaker, and perhaps a somewhat more decent manner than that in which Plautus attrib-s a similar tendency to his Braggart Captain, l. 1111.

[2] *Out of the very flames*)—Ver. 491. This was a proverb expressive the lowest degree of meanness and infamy. When they burned the ies of the dead, it was the custom of the ancients to throw meat and ious articles of food upon the funeral pile, and it was considered the atest possible affront to tell a person that he was capable of snatch-these things out of the flames.

Thra. What are you laughing at?

Gna. At what you were mentioning just now; that sa ing, too, about the Rhodian, recurred to my mind. But Tha is coming out.

Thra. You go before; take care that every thing is rea at home.

Gna. Very well. (*Exit.*

Re-enter Thais, *with* Pythias *and* Female Attendants.

Thais. Take care, Pythias, and be sure that if Chrem should happen to come,[1] to beg him to wait; if that is n convenient, then to come again; if he can not do that, bri him to me.

Pyth. I'll do *so*.

Thais. Well, what else was I intending to say? O, c you take particular care of that young woman; be sure th you keep at home.

Thra. Let us begone.

Thais. (*to her attendants.*) You follow me. (*Exeunt* Tha *and* Thraso, *followed by the Attendants.* Pythias *goes into t house.*)

Scene III.

Enter Chremes.

Chrem. (*to himself.*) Why, really, the more and more think of it, I shouldn't be surprised if this Thais should b doing me *some* great mischief; so cunningly do I perceiv myself beset by her. Even on the occasion when she firs requested me to be fetched to her (any one might ask m "What business had you with her?" Really I don' know.) When I came, she found an excuse for me t remain there; she said that she had been offering a sacri fice,[2] and that she was desirous to speak upon some im portant business with me. Even then I had a suspicio

[1] *If Chremes should happen to come*)—Ver. 513. This is the first allu sion to the arrangement which ultimately causes the quarrel betwee Thais and the Captain.

[2] *Had been offering a sacrifice*)—Ver. 513. It was the custom to sa rifice before entering on affairs of importance. Thus, too, Jupiter, i the Amphitryon of Plautus, l. 938, speaks of offering sacrifice on h safe return.

nat all these things were being done for her artful purposes. she takes her place beside me; pays every attention to me; eeks an opportunity of conversation. When *the conversation* agged, she turned off to this point—how long since my nther and mother died? I said that it was now a long time go. Whether I had any country-house at Sunium, and how ar from the sea? I suppose that this has taken her fancy, *nd* she expects to get it away from me. Then at last, wheth-r any little sister of mine had been lost from there; whether ny person was with her; what she had about her when she vas lost; whether any one could recognize her. Why should he make these inquiries? Unless, perhaps, she pretends—o great is her assurance—that she herself is the same person hat was formerly lost when a little girl. But if she is alive, he is sixteen years old, not older; *whereas* Thais is somewhat lder than I am. She has sent to press me earnestly to come. Either let her speak out what she wants, or not be trouble-ome; I assuredly shall not come a third time (*knocking at the loor of* THAIS). Ho! there, ho! there! Is any one here? t's I, Chremes.

SCENE IV.

Enter PYTHIAS *from the house.*

PYTH. O most charming, dear creature!

CHREM. (*apart.*) I said there was a design upon me.

PYTH. Thais entreated you most earnestly to come again o-morrow.

CHREM. I'm going into the country.

PYTH. Do, there's a dear sir.

CHREM. I can not, I tell you.

PYTH. Then stay here at our house till she comes back.

CHREM. Nothing less likely.

PYTH. Why, my dear Chremes? (*Taking hold of him.*)

CHREM. (*shaking her off.*) Away to perdition with you!

PYTH. If you are so determined about it, pray do step over o the place where she is.

CHREM. I'll go *there.*

Pyth. (*calling at the door.*) *Here*, Dorias (Dorias *enters*) show this person directly to the Captain's.

(*Exit* Chremes *with* Dorias, Pythias *goes into the house.*

Scene V.

Enter Antipho.

Ant. (*to himself.*) Yesterday some young fellows of us agreed together at the Piræus that we were to go shares to-day in a club-entertainment. We gave Chærea charge of this matter; our rings were given[1] *as pledges;* the place and time arranged. The time has *now* gone by; at the place appointed there was nothing ready. The fellow himself is nowhere *to be* met with; I neither know what to say nor what to suppose. Now the rest have commissioned me with this business, to look for him. I'll go see, therefore, if he's at home. But who's this, I wonder, coming out of Thais's? Is it he, or is it not? 'Tis the very man! What sort of being is this? What kind of garb is this? What mischief is going on now? I can not sufficiently wonder or conjecture. But, whatever it is, I should like first at a distance to try and find out. (*He stands apart.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Chærea *from the house of Thais, in the* Eunuch's *dress.*

Chæ. (*looking around, then aloud to himself.*) Is there any body here? There's no one. Is there any one following me from there? There's not a person. Now am I not at liberty to give vent to these raptures? O supreme Jupiter!

[1] *Our rings were given*)—Ver. 541. It was the custom of parties who agreed to join in a "symbola," or "club" or "picnic" entertainment, to give their rings as pledges to the "rex convivii," or "getter up the feast." Stakes were also deposited on making bets at races. See Ovid's Art of Love, B. i., l. 168.

now assuredly is the time for me to meet my death,[1] when I can so well endure it; lest my life should sully this ecstasy with some disaster. But is there now no inquisitive person to be intruding upon me, to be following me wherever I go, to be deafening me, worrying me to death, with asking questions; why *thus* transported, or why *so* overjoyed, whither I'm going, whence I'm come, where I got this garb, what is my object, whether I'm in my senses or whether downright mad?

Ant. (*apart.*) I'll accost him, and I'll do him the favor which I see he's wishing for. (*Accosting him.*) Chærea, why are you thus transported? What's the object of this garb? Why is it that you're so overjoyed? What is the meaning of this? Are you quite right in your senses? Why do you stare at me? What have you to say?

Chæ. O joyous day! O welcome, my friend! There's not one in all the world whom I would rather wish to see at this moment than yourself.

Ant. Pray, do tell me what all this means.

Chæ. Nay rather, i'faith, I beg of you to listen to me. Do you know the mistress whom my brother is so fond of?

Ant. I know her; I suppose you mean Thais?

Chæ. The very same.

Ant. So far I recollect.

Chæ. To-day a certain damsel was presented to her. Why now should I extol or commend her beauty to you, Antipho, since you yourself know how nice a judge of beauty I am? I have been smitten by her.

Ant. Do you say so?

Chæ. If you saw her, I am sure you would say she's exquisite. What need of many words? I fell in love with her. By good luck there was at our house a certain Eunuch, whom my brother had purchased for Thais, and he had not as yet been sent to her. On this occasion, Parmeno, our servant, made a suggestion to me, which I adopted.

[1] *To meet my death*)—Ver. 550. There is a passage in the Othello of Shakspeare extremely similar to this:

——"If I were now to die,
I were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Ant. What was it?

Chæ. *Be* quiet, *and* you shall hear the sooner; to change clothes with him, and order myself to be taken there in his stead.

Ant. What, instead of the Eunuch?

Chæ. The fact.

Ant. To receive what advantage, pray, from this plan?

Chæ. Do you ask? That I might see, hear, and be in company with her whom I loved, Antipho. Is *that* a slight motive, or a poor reason? I was presented to *the* woman. She, as soon as she received me, joyfully took me home to her house and intrusted the damsel——

Ant. To whom? To you?

Chæ. To me.

Ant. (*ironically.*) In perfect safety, at all events.

Chæ. She gave orders that no male was to come near her, and commanded me not to stir away from her; that I was to remain alone with her in the inner apartments.[1] Looking bashfully on the ground, I nodded assent.

Ant. (*ironically.*) Poor fellow!

Chæ. (*continuing.*) "I am going out," said she, "to dinner." She took her maids with her; a few novices of girls[2] remained, to be about her. These immediately made preparations for her to bathe. I urged them to make haste. While preparations were being made, the damsel sat in a room looking up at a certain painting,[3] in which was represented how Jove[4] is said once to have sent a golden shower into the bosom of Danae. I myself began to look at it as well, and

[1] *In the inner apartments*)—Ver. 579. The "Gynecæa," or women's apartments, among the Greeks, always occupied the interior part of the house, which was most distant from the street, and there they were kept in great seclusion.

[2] *A few novices of girls*)—Ver. 582. These "novicie" were young slaves recently bought, and intended to be trained to the calling of a Courtesan.

[3] *At a certain painting*)—Ver. 584. See the story of Jupiter and Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, B. iv., l. 610. Pictures of Venus and Adonis, and of Jupiter and Ganymede, are mentioned in the Menæchmi of Plautus; l. 144, and paintings on the walls are also mentioned in the Mostellaria of Plautus, l. 821, where Tranio tries to impose upon Theuropides by pretending to point out a picture of a crow between two vultures.

[4] *How Jove*)—Ver. 584. Donatus remarks here that this was "a very

as he had in former times played the like game, I felt extremely delighted that a God should change himself into money, and slily come through the tiles of another person's house, to deceive the fair one by means of a shower. But what God was *this?* He who shakes the most lofty temples of heaven with his thunders. Was I, a poor creature of a mortal,[1] not to do the same? Certainly, I was to do it, and without hesitation. While I was thinking over these matters with myself, the damsel meantime was fetched away to bathe; she went, bathed, and came back; after which they laid her on a couch. I stood waiting to see if they gave me any orders. One came up, "Here, Dorus," said she, "take this fan,[2] and let her have a little air in this fashion, while we are bathing; when we have bathed, if you like, you may bathe too." With a demure air I took it.

Ant. Really, I should very much have liked to see that impudent face of yours just then, and what figure a great donkey like you made, holding a fan!

Chle. (*continuing.*) Hardly had she said this, when all, in a moment, betook themselves off: away they went to bathe, and chattered aloud;[3] just as the way is when masters are absent. Meanwhile, sleep overtook the damsel; I slily looked askance[4]

proper piece of furniture for the house of a Courtesan, giving an example of loose and mercenary love, calculated to excite wanton thoughts, and at the same time hinting to the young lover that he must make his way to the bosom of his mistress, like Jupiter to Danaë, in a shower of gold. Oh the avarice of harlots!"

[1] *A poor creature of a mortal*)—Ver. 591. "Homuncio." He uses this word the better to contrast his abject nature as a poor mortal with the majesty of Jupiter. St. Augustin refers to this passage. The preceding line is said by Donatus to be a parody on a passage by Ennius.

[2] *Take this fan*)—Ver. 595. As to the fans of the ancients, see the Trinummus of Plautus, l. 252, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's Translation. See also the Amours of Ovid, B. iii., El. 2, l. 38.

[3] *Chattered aloud*)—Ver. 600. This line bears a strong resemblance to two lines found in Anstey's new Bath Guide:

"And how the young ladies all set up their clacks,
All the while an old woman was rubbing their backs."

[4] *I slily looked askance*)—Ver. 601. This way of looking aside, "limis," is mentioned in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, where Milphidippa tells Acroteleutium to look at the Captain sideways, "Aspicito limis," l. 1217; also in the Bacchides, l. 1131. Those familiar with the works of Hogarth will readily call to mind the picture of Bedlam

through the fan;[1] this way (*showing how*): at the same time I looked round in all directions, to see whether all was quite safe. I saw that it was. I bolted the door.

Ant. What then?

Chæ. Eh? What then, *you* simpleton?

Ant. I own I am.

Chæ. Was I to let slip the opportunity offered me, so excellent, so short-lived,[2] so longed for, so unexpected. In that case, i'faith, I really should have been the person I was pretending to be.

Ant. Troth, you certainly are in the right; but, meantime, what has been arranged about the club-entertainment?

Chæ. All's ready.

Ant. You are a clever hand; but where? At your house?

Chæ. No, at Discus's, our freedman.

Ant. That's a long way off.

Chæ. Then let's make so much the greater haste.

Ant. Change your dress.

Chæ. Where am I to change it? I'm at a loss; for at present I'm an exile from home; I'm afraid of my brother, lest he should be in-doors: and then again of my father, lest he should have returned from the country by this.

Ant. Let's go to my house; there is the nearest place for you to change.

Chæ. You say right. Let's be off; besides, I want to take counsel with you about this girl, by what means I may be able to secure the future possession of her.

Ant. Very well. (*Exeunt.*

in the Rake's Progress, where the young woman is looking askance through her fan at the madman in his cell.

[1] *Through the fan*)—Ver. 602. This shows that the fan was probably one made of thin boards, and not of feathers.

[2] *So short-lived*)—Ver. 605. Colman has the following Note here: "Short indeed, considering the number of incidents, which, according to Chærea's relation, are crowded into it. All the time allowed for this adventure is the short space between the departure of Thais and Thraso and the entrance of Chærea; so that all this variety of business of sleeping, bathing, ravishing, &c., is dispatched during the two soliloquies of Antipho and Chærea, and the short Scene between Chremes and Pythias. The truth is, that a very close adherence to the unities often drives the Poet into as great absurdities as the perfect violation of them."

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Dorias, *with a casket in her hand.*

Dorias (*to herself.*) So may the Gods bless me, but from what I have seen, I'm terribly afraid that this mad fellow will be guilty of some disturbance to-day or of some violence to Thais. For when this young man, the brother of the damsel, arrived, she begged the Captain to order him to be admitted; he immediately began to get into a passion, and yet didn't dare refuse; Thais still insisted that he would invite the man in. This she did for the sake of detaining him; because there was no opportunity *just then* of telling him what she wanted to disclose about her sister. He was invited in, and took his seat. Then she entered into discourse with him. But the Captain, fancying it was a rival brought before his *very* eyes, wanted in his turn to mortify her: "Hark you, boy," said he, "go fetch Pamphila, that she may amuse us here." She exclaimed, "At a banquet! Certainly not." The Captain still persisted to a downright quarrel. Meanwhile my mistress secretly took off her golden *jewels*,[1] and gave them to me to take away: this is a sign, I'm sure, that she'll betake herself from there as soon as she possibly can.

(*Goes into the house.*)

[1] *Took off her golden jewels*)—Ver. 627. This was probably because it was contrary to the laws of Athens for a Courtesan to appear with gold or jewels in the street. Madame Dacier suggests another reason, in which there is some force, although it is ridiculed by Cooke. Thais may have supposed that the Captain, when irritated, might not have scrupled to take them away from her. Indeed, nothing would be more probable, than that he would be ready to take them by way of security for the return of the slave, whom he had thus, to no purpose, presented to her. In reference to the preceding line, we may remark that it was not customary among the Greeks for females of good character to appear at table with strangers.

Scene II.

Enter Phædria.

Phæd. (*to himself.*) While I was going[1] into the country I began on the road, as it mostly happens when there is an anxiety on the mind, to reflect with myself upon one thing after another, and upon every thing in the worst light. What need of words? While I was musing thus, inadvertently I passed my country-house. I had already got some distance from it, when I perceived this; I returned again, really feeling quite uneasy; when I came to the very turning that leads to *the house*, I came to a stop, *and* began to reason with myself; "What! must I stay here alone for two days without her? Well, and what then? It's nothing at all. What? Nothing at all? Well now, if I haven't the privilege of touching her, am I not even to have that of seeing her? If I may not do the one, at least I may the other. Surely to love at a distance[2] *even*, is better than nothing at all." I purposely passed the house. But how's this, that Pythias is suddenly hurrying out in such a fright? (*Stands apart.*)

Scene III.

Enter Pythias *and* Dorias *in haste from the house of* Thais.

Pyth. (*aloud.*) Where, wretch that I am, shall I find this wicked and impious fellow? Or where look for him? That

[1] *While I was going*)—Ver. 629. Donatus remarks that here the Poet artfully finds a reason to bring Phædria back again; as he at first with equal art sent him out of the way, to give probability to those incidents necessary to happen in his absence.

[2] *At a distance*)—Ver. 640. "Extremâ lineâ." There have been many suggestions offered for the origin of this figurative expression. Some suggest that it alludes to the last or lowest stage of the supposed ladder of love; others that it refers to the first or elementary line traced by the student, when beginning to learn the art of painting. It is however more generally thought to be a metaphor taken from the chariot-races in the Circus, where, in going round the turning-place, he who was nearest was said "currere in primâ lineâ;" the next, "in secundâ;" and so on to the last, who took the widest range, and was said to run "in extremâ lineâ."

e should dare to commit so audacious a crime as this! I'm uined outright!

PHÆD. (*apart.*) I dread what this may be.

PYTH. Besides, too, the villain, after he had abused the irl, rent all the poor thing's clothes, and tore her hair as vell.

PHÆD. (*apart, in surprise.*) Ha!

PYTH. If he were just now in my reach, how eagerly would fly at that villain's eyes with my nails!

PHÆD. (*apart.*) Really I can't imagine what disturbance as happened to us at home in my absence. I'll accost them. (*Going up to them.*) What's the matter? Why in such haste? Or whom are you looking for, Pythias?

PYTH. Why, Phædria, whom should I be looking for? Away with you, as you deserve, with such fine presents of ours.

PHÆD. What is the matter?

PYTH. What, do you ask? The Eunuch you gave us, what confusion he has caused. He has ravished the girl whom the Captain made present of to my mistress.

PHÆD. What is it you say?

PYTH. I'm ruined outright!

PHÆD. You are drunk.

PYTH. I wish that they were so, who wish ill to me.

DORIAS. Oh, prithee, my *dear* Pythias, what a monstrous hing this is!

PHÆD. You are out of your senses. How could a Eunuch ossibly do this?

PYTH. I know nothing about him: as to what he has done, he thing speaks for itself. The girl is in tears; and when ou ask her what's the matter, she does not dare tell. But e, a precious fellow, is nowhere to be seen. To my sorrow suspect too, that when he took himself off he carried some- hing away from the house.

PHÆD. I can not enough wonder, whither this varlet can ossibly have betaken himself to any distance from here; un- ss perhaps he has returned home to our house.

PYTH. Pray, go and see whether he is there.

PHÆD. I'll let you know immediately. (*Goes into the house f* LACHES.)

Dorias. Ruined outright! Prithee, my dear, I never d so much as hear of a deed so abominable!

Pyth. Why, faith, I had heard that they were extreme fond of the women, but were incapable; unfortunately *wh has happened* never came into my mind; otherwise I shou have shut him up somewhere, and not have intrusted the gi to him.

Scene IV.

Enter Phædria *from the house of* Laches, *with* Dorus *i* Chærea's *clothes.*

Phæd. (*dragging him out.*) Come out, you villain! Wha do you lag behind, you runaway? Out with you, you sorr bargain!

Dorus (*crying out.*) Mercy, I do entreat you!

Phæd. Oh, do look at that! How the villain distorts hi face. What means your coming back hither? Why thi change of dress? What have you to say? If I had delaye a moment, Pythias, I shouldn't have found him at home: h had just prepared, in this fashion, for flight. (*Pointing at h dress.*)

Pyth. Have you caught the fellow, pray?

Phæd. Caught him, why not?

Pyth. O well done!

Dorias. Upon my faith that really is capital!

Pyth. Where is he?

Phæd. Do you ask the question? Don't you see him? (*Pointing to the* Eunuch.)

Pyth. (*staring about.*) See whom, pray?

Phæd. This fellow, to be sure (*pointing*).

Pyth. What person is this?

Phæd. The same that was brought to your house to-day.

Pyth. Not one of our people has ever beheld this perso with her eyes, Phædria.

Phæd. Not beheld him?

Pyth. Prithee, did you fancy that this was he who wa brought to our house?

Phæd. Why, I had no other.

PYTH. O dear! this one really isn't to be compared with ie other. He was of a handsome and genteel appearnce.

PHÆD. He seemed *so*, just then, because he was decked out ı party-colored clothes:[1] now he appears ugly, for this reaon—because he hasn't got them on.

PYTH. Prithee, do hold your tongue; as though indeed the ifference was so trifling. A young man was brought to our ouse to-day, whom, really, Phædria, you would have liked o look upon. This is a withered, antiquated, lethargic, old ellow, with a speckled complexion.[2]

PHÆD. (*starting.*) Hah! What tale is this? You'll so bepol me that I sha'n't know what I bought. (*To* DORUS.) Iow now, sirrah, did I not buy you?

DORUS. You did buy *me*.

PYTH. Bid him answer me in my turn.

PHÆD. Question *him*.

PYTH. (*to* DORUS.) Did you come here to-day to our house? DORUS *shakes his head.*) He says, no. But it was the other ne that came, about sixteen years of age; whom Parmeno rought with him.

PHÆD. (*to* DORUS.) Well now, in the first place tell me his, where did you get that dress that you have on? What, re you silent? Monster of a fellow, are you not going to peak? (*Shakes him.*)

DORUS. Chærea came.

PHÆD. What, my brother?

DORUS. Yes.

PHÆD. When?

DORUS. To-day.

PHÆD. How long since?

DORUS. Just now.

PHÆD. With whom?

DORUS. With Parmeno.

[1] *In party-colored clothes*)—Ver. 683. It was the custom to dress unuchs in party-colored clothes of bright hue. Most probably it was om them that the "motley" descended to the fools and buffoons of the Iiddle Ages.

[2] *With a speckled complexion*)—Ver. 689. "Colore stellionino;" robably having spots or freckles on his face like a "stellio" or lizard."

Phæd. Did you know him before?

Dorus. No.

Phæd. How did you know he was my brother?

Dorus. Parmeno said he was. He gave me these clothes.

Phæd. I'm undone!

Dorus. He himself put on mine; afterward, they both went out together.

Pyth. Now are you quite satisfied that I am sober, and that we have told you no falsehood? Is it now sufficiently evident that the girl has been ravished?

Phæd. Avaunt, you beast, do you believe what he says?

Pyth. What is there to believe? The thing speaks for itself.

Phæd. (*apart to* Dorus.) Step aside a little this way. Do you hear? (Dorus *steps aside.*) A little further still. That will do. Now tell me this once more; did Chærea take your clothes off you?

Dorus. He did.

Phæd. And did he put them on?

Dorus. He did.

Phæd. And was he brought here instead of you?

Dorus. Yes.

Phæd. Great Jupiter! O wicked and audacious fellow!

Pyth. Woe unto me! Now at last will you believe that we have been insulted in a disgraceful manner?

Phæd. It is no wonder that you believe what the fellow says. (*Aside.*) What I'm to do I know not. (*Aside to* Dorus.) Hark you, deny *it all* again. (*Aloud.*) Can I not this day extract the truth from you? Did you *really* see my brother Chærea?

Dorus. No.

Phæd. He can't be brought to confess without being punished, I see: follow me this way. At one moment he affirms, at another denies. (*Aside.*) Ask pardon of me.

Dorus. Indeed, I do entreat you, Phædria.

Phæd. (*kicking him.*) Be off in-doors.

Dorus. Oh! oh!

Phæd. (*aside.*) How in any other fashion to get decently out of this I don't know; for really it's all up *with me.* (*Aloud, with pretended indignation.*) Will you be trifling with me even here, you knave? (*Follows* Dorus *into the house.*)

Scene V.

Pythias *and* Dorias.

Pyth. I'm as certain that this is the contrivance of Parmeo as that I'm alive.

Dorias. So it is, *no doubt.*

Pyth. I'faith, I'll find out a method to-day to be even with him. But now, what do you think ought to be done, Dorias?

Dorias. Do you mean with regard to this girl?

Pyth. Yes; whether I ought to mention it or be silent?

Dorias. Upon my word, if you are prudent, you won't know what you do know, either about the Eunuch or the girl's misfortune. By this method you'll both rid yourself of all perplexity, and have done a service to her.[1] Say this only. That Dorus has run away.

Pyth. I'll do so.

Dorias. But don't I see Chremes? Thais will be here just now.

Pyth. Why so?

Dorias. Because when I came away from there, a quarrel had just commenced between them.

Pyth. Take in these golden *trinkets;* I shall learn from him what's the matter. (Dorias *takes the casket into the house.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Chremes, *somewhat drunk.*

Chrem. Heyday! upon my faith, I've been bamboozled: the wine that I've drunk has got the upper hand. But, so long as I was reclining, how extremely sober I did seem to myself to be; when I got up, neither feet nor senses were quite equal to their duty.

Pyth. Chremes!

[1] *Have done a service to her*)—Ver. 722. Though some would have "illi" here to refer to the damsel, and others again to Phædria, it is pretty clear that Madame Dacier is right in suggesting that Thais is the person meant.

Chrem. (*turning round.*) Who's that? What, Pythias, dear me, how much more charming you now seem to me than a short time since!

Pyth. Troth now, you are much more merry, that's certain.

Chrem. Upon my faith, it is a true saying, that "Venus grows cold without Ceres and Bacchus." But has Thais got here long before me?

Pyth. Has she already come away from the Captain's?

Chrem. A long time ago; an age since. There has been a most violent quarrel between them.

Pyth. Did she say nothing about you following her?

Chrem. Nothing at all; only, on going away, she gave me a nod.

Pyth. Well now, wasn't that enough?

Chrem. Why, I didn't know that she meant that, until the Captain gave me an explanation, because I was dull of comprehension; for he bundled me out of the house. But look, here she is; I wonder how it was I got here before her.

Scene VII.

Enter Thais.

Thais. (*to herself.*) I really do believe that he'll be here presently, to force her away from me. Let him come; but if he touches her with a single finger, that instant his eyes shall be torn out. I can put up with his impertinences and his high-sounding words, as long as they remain words: but if they are turned into realities, he shall get a drubbing.

Chrem. Thais, I've been here some time.

Thais. O my *dear* Chremes, you are the very person I was wanting. Are you aware that this quarrel took place on your account, and that the whole of this affair, in fact, bore reference to yourself?

Chrem. To me? How so, pray?

Thais. Because, while I've been doing my best to recover and restore your sister to you, this and a great deal more like it I've had to put up with.

Chrem. Where is she?

Thais. At home, at my house.

CHREM. (*starting.*) Hah!

THAIS. What's the matter? She has been brought up in a anner worthy of yourself and of her.

CHREM. What is it you say?

THAIS. That which is the fact. Her I present to you, nor o I ask of you any return for her.

CHREM. Thanks are both felt and shall be returned in such ay, Thais, as you deserve.

THAIS. But still, take care, Chremes, that you don't lose er, before you receive her from me; for it is she, whom the aptain is now coming to take away from me by force. Do ou go, Pythias, and bring out of the house the casket with ie tokens.[1]

CHREM. (*looking down the side Scene.*) Don't you see him, hais?

PYTH. (*to* THAIS.) Where is it put?

THAIS. In the clothes' chest. Tiresome *creature*, why do ou delay? (PYTHIAS *goes into the house.*)

CHREM. What a large body of troops the Captain is bring- ig with him against you. Bless me!

THAIS. Prithee, are you frightened, my *dear* sir?

CHREM. Get out with you. What, I frightened? There's ot a man alive less so.

THAIS. Then now is the time to prove it.

CHREM. Why, I wonder what sort of a man you take me o be.

THAIS. Nay, and consider this too; the person that you ave to deal with is a foreigner;[2] of less influence than you, ss known, and one that has fewer friends here.

CHREM. I'm aware of that; but it's foolish to run the risk f what you are able to avoid. I had rather we should pre- nt it, than, having received an injury, avenge ourselves

[1] *Casket with the tokens*)—Ver. 752. It was the custom with the cients when they exposed their children, to leave with them some edge or token of value, that they might afterward be recognized by eans of them. The catastrophes of the Curculio, the Rudens, and her Plays of Plautus, are brought about by taking advantage of this rcumstance. The reasons for using these tokens will be stated in a ture Note.

[2] *Is a foreigner*)—Ver. 758. And therefore the more unlikely to ob- in redress from an Athenian tribunal. See the Andria, l. 811, and e Note to the passage.

upon him. Do you go in and fasten the door, while I run across hence to the Forum; I should like us to have the aid of some legal adviser in this disturbance. (*Moves, as if going.*)

Thais. (*holding him.*) Stay.

Chrem. Let me go, I'll be here presently.

Thais. There's no occasion, Chremes. Only say that she is your sister, and that you lost her *when* a little girl, *and* have now recognized her; *then* show the tokens.

Re-enter Pythias *from the house, with the trinkets.*

Pyth. (*giving them to* Thais.) Here they are.

Thais. (*giving them to* Chremes.) Take them. If he offers any violence, summon the fellow to justice; do you understand me?

Chrem. Perfectly.

Thais. Take care and say this with presence of mind.

Chrem. I'll take care.

Thais. Gather up your cloak. (*Aside.*) Undone! the very person whom I've provided as a champion, wants one himself. (*They all go into the house.*)

Scene VIII.

Enter Thraso, *followed by* Gnatho, Sanga, *and other Attendants.*

Thra. Am I to submit, Gnatho, to such a glaring affront as this being put upon me? I'd die sooner. Simalio, Donax, Syriscus, follow me! First, I'll storm the house.

Gna. Quite right.

Thra. I'll carry off the girl.

Gna. Very good.

Thra. I'll give her own self a mauling.

Gna. Very proper.

Thra. (*arranging the men.*) Advance hither to the main body, Donax, with your crowbar; you, Simalio, to the left wing; you, Syriscus, to the right. Bring up the rest; where's the centurion Sanga, and his maniple[1] of rogues?

[1] *And his maniple*)—Ver. 775. We learn from the Fasti of Ovid, B. iii., l. 117–8, that in early times the Roman armies carried bundles or wisps of hay upon poles by way of standards. "A long pole used to

San. (*coming forward.*) See, here he is.

Thra. What, you booby, do you think of fighting with a sh-clout,[1] to be bringing that here?

San. What, I? I knew the valor of the general, and the owess of the soldiers; *and* that this could not possibly go on ithout bloodshed; how was I to wipe the wounds?

Thra. Where are the others?

San. Plague on you, what others? Sannio is the only one ft on guard at home.

Thra. (*to* Gnatho.) Do you draw up your men in battle der; I'll be behind the second rank;[2] from that position ll give the word to all. (*Takes his place behind the second nk.*)

Gna. (*aside.*) That's showing prudence; as soon as he has awn them up, he secures a retreat for himself.

Thra. (*pointing to the arrangements.*) This is just the way yrrhus used to proceed.[3]

Chremes *and* Thais *appear above at a window.*

Chrem. Do you see, Thais, what plan he is upon? As-

ar the elevated wisps, from which circumstance the manipular soldier rives his name." It appears from this passage, and from other au- ors, that to every troop of one hundred men a "manipulus" or wisp hay (so called from "manum implere," to "fill the hand," as being handful"), was assigned as a standard, and hence in time the com- ny itself obtained the name of "manipulus," and the soldier, a mem- r of it, was called "manipularis." The "centurio," or "leader of a ndred," was the commanding officer of the "manipulus."

[1] *With a dish-clout*)—Ver. 776. "Peniculo." This word meant a onge fastened to a stick, or the tail of a fox or an ox, which was used dusters or dish-clouts are at the present day for cleaning tables, dish- or even shoes. See the Menæchmi of Plautus, ver. 77 and 391.

[2] *Be behind the second rank*)—Ver. 780. "Post principia." The Cap- n, with that discretion which is the better part of valor, chooses the est place in his army. The "principes" originally fought in the van, nting the enemy, and behind them were the "hastati" and the riarii." In later times the "hastati" faced the enemy, and the rincipes" were placed in the middle, between them and the "triarii;" t though no longer occupying the front place, they still retained the me. Thraso, then, places himself behind the middle line.

[3] *Pyrrhus used to proceed*)—Ver. 782. He attempts to defend his vardice by the example of Pyrrhus, the powerful antagonist of the mans, and one of the greatest generals of antiquity. He might have re correctly cited the example of Xerxes, who, according to Justin, l occupy that position in his army.

suredly, that advice of mine about closing the door wa good.

Thais. He who now seems to you to be a hero, is in rea ity a mere vaporer; don't be alarmed.

Thra. (*to* Gnatho.) What seems *best to you?*

Gna. I could very much[1] like a sling to be given you ju now, that you might pelt them from here on the sly at a di tance; they would be taking to flight.

Thra. (*to* Gnatho.) But look (*pointing*), I see Thais ther herself.

Gna. How soon are we to fall to?

Thra. Hold (*holding him back*); it behooves a pruden person to make trial of every thing before arms. How d you know but that she may do what I bid her without com pulsion?

Gna. Ye Gods, by our trust in you, what a thing it is t be wise! I never come near you but what I go away fro you the wiser.

Thra. Thais, in the first place, answer me this. When presented you that girl, did you not say that you would giv yourself up to me alone for some days to come?

Thais. Well, what then?

Thra. Do you ask the question? You, who have bee and brought your lover under my very eyes? What busines had you with him? With him, too, you clandestinely betoo yourself away from me.

Thais. I chose *to do so.*

Thra. Then give me back Pamphila; unless you had rathe she were taken away by force.

Chrem. Give her back to you, or you lay hands upon her Of all the——

Gna. Ha! What are you about? Hold your tongue.

Thra. What do you mean? Am I not to touch my own

Chrem. Your own, indeed, *you* gallows-bird![2]

[1] *I could very much*)—Ver. 785. Although Vollbehr gives these word to Gnatho, yet, judging from the context, and the words "ex occulto," and remembering that Thais and Chremes are up at the window, there is the greatest probability that these are really the words of Thais ad dressed aside to Chremes.

[2] *You gallows-bird*)—Ver. 797. "Furcifer;' literally, "bearer of the furca."

GNA. (*to* CHREMES.) Have a care, if you please. You don't ow what kind of man you are abusing now.

CHREM. (*to* GNATHO.) Won't you be off from here? Do u know how matters stand with you? If you cause any sturbance here to-day, I'll make you remember the place, d day, and me too, for the rest of your life.

GNA. I pity you, who are making so great a man as this ur enemy.

CHREM. I'll break your head this instant if you are not off.

GNA. Do you really say so, puppy? Is it that you are at?

THRA. (*to* CHREMES.) What fellow are you? What do you ean? What business have you with her?

CHREM. I'll let you know: in the first place, I assert that e is a freeborn woman.

THRA. (*starting.*) Ha!

CHREM. A citizen of Attica.

THRA. Whew!

CHREM. My own sister.

THRA. Brazen face!

CHREM. Now, therefore, Captain, I give you warning; n't you use any violence toward her. Thais, I'm going to phrona, the nurse, that I may bring her here and show her ese tokens.

THRA. What! Are you to prevent me from touching iat's my own?

CHREM. I will prevent it, I tell you.

GNA. (*to* THRASO.) Do you hear him? He is convicting nself of theft. Is not that enough for you?

THRA. Do you say the same, Thais?

THAIS. Go, find some one to answer you. (*She and* REMES *go away from the window.*)

THRA. (*to* GNATHO.) What are we to do now?

GNA. Why, go back again: she'll soon be with you, of her n accord, to entreat forgiveness.

THRA. Do you think so?

GNA. Certainly, yes. I know the disposition of women: ien you will, they won't; when you won't, they set their arts upon you of their own inclination.

THRA. You judge right.

GNA. Shall I dismiss the army then?

THRA. Whenever you like.

Gna. Sanga, as befits gallant soldiers,[1] take care in yo turn to remember your homes and hearths.

San. My thoughts have been for some time among t sauce-pans.

Gna. You are a worthy fellow.

Thra. (*putting himself at their head.*) You follow me th way. (*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Thais *from her house, followed by* Pythias.

Thais. What! do you persist, hussy, in talking ambig ously to me? "I do know;" "I don't know;" "he h gone off;" "I have heard;" "I wasn't there." Don't yo mean to tell me plainly, whatever it is? The girl in tear with her garments torn, is mute; the Eunuch is off: for wh reason? What has happened? Won't you speak?

Pyth. Wretch that I am, what am I to say to you They declare that he was not a Eunuch.

Thais. What was he then?

Pyth. That Chærea.

Thais. What Chærea?

Pyth. That stripling, the brother of Phædria.

Thais. What's that you say, you hag?

Pyth. And I am satisfied of it.

Thais. Pray, what business had he at my house? Wh brought him there?

Pyth. I don't know; unless, as I suppose, he was in lo with Pamphila.

Thais. Alas! to my confusion, unhappy woman that I am I'm undone, if what you tell me is true. Is it about this th the girl is crying?

Pyth. I believe so.

[1] *As befits gallant soldiers*)—Ver. 814. Beaumont and Fletcher n improbably had this scene in view in their picture of the mob regime in Philaster. The ragged regiment which Shakspeare places under t command of Falstaff was not very unlike it, nor that which owned t valiant Bombastes Furioso as its Captain.

[Thais. How say you, you arch-jade? Did I not warn . about this very thing, when I was going away from e?

Pyth. What could I do? Just as you ordered, she was usted to his eare only.

[Thais. Hussy, I've been intrusting the sheep to the wolf. quite ashamed to have been imposed upon in this way. hat sort of man was he?

Pyth. Hush! hush! mistress, pray; we are all right. Here have the very man.

[Thais. Where is he?

Pyth. Why there, to the left. Don't you see?

[Thais. I see.

Pyth. Order him to be seized as quickly as possible.

[Thais. What can we do to him, simpleton?

Pyth. What do to him, do you ask? Pray, do look at ; if his face doesn't seem an impudent one.

[Thais. Not at all.

Pyth. Besides, what effrontery he has.

Scene II.

Enter Chærea, *in the* Eunuch's *dress, on the other side of the stage.*

Chæ. (*to himself.*) At Antipho's,[1] both of them, father and ther, just as if on purpose, were at home, so that I couldn't way get in, but that they must have seen me. In the an time, while I was standing before the door, a certain uaintance *of mine* was coming full upon me. When I ied him, I took to my heels as fast as I could down a ew unfrequented alley; thence again to another, *and* nce to another; thus have I been most dreadfully harassed h running about, that no one might recognize me. But t this Thais that I see? It is she. I'm at a stand. hat shall I do? But what need I care? What can she do me?

At Antipho's)—Ver. 839. Madame Dacier here observes that Chærea es very natural reasons for not having changed his dress; in which rt of Terence is evident, since the sequel of the Play makes it ab- ely necessary that Chærea should appear again before Thais in the it which he wore while in the house.

Thais. (*to* Pythias.) Let's accost him. (*To* Chærea.) Good Mister Dorus, welcome; tell me, have you been running away?

Chæ. Madam, I did so.

Thais. Are you quite pleased with it?

Chæ. No.

Thais. Do you fancy that you'll get off with impunity?

Chæ. Forgive this one fault; if I'm ever guilty of another *then* kill me.

Thais. Were you in fear of my severity?

Chæ. No.

Thais. No? What then?

Chæ. (*pointing at* Pythias.) I was afraid of her, lest she might be accusing me to you.

Thais. What had you done?

Chæ. A mere trifle.

Pyth. Come now, a trifle, you impudent fellow. Does this appear a trifle to you, to ravish a virgin, a citizen?

Chæ. I took her for my fellow-servant.

Pyth. Fellow-servant? I can hardly restrain myself from flying at his hair. A miscreant! Even of his own free will he comes to make fun of us.

Thais. (*to* Pythias.) Won't you begone from here, you mad woman?

Pyth. Why so? Really, I do believe I should be something in this hang-dog's debt, if I were to do so; especially as he owns that he is your servant.

Thais. We'll pass that by. Chærea, you have behaved unworthily of yourself; for if I am deserving in the highest degree of this affront, still it is unbecoming of you to be guilty of it. And, upon my faith, I do not know what method now to adopt about this girl: you have so confounded all my plans, that I can not possibly return her to her friends in such a manner as is befitting and as I had intended; in order that, by this means, I might, Chærea, do a real service to myself.

Chæ. But now, from henceforth, I hope, Thais, that there will be lasting good-will between us. Many a time, from some affair of this kind and from a bad beginning, great friendships have sprung up. What if some Divinity has willed this?

THAIS. I'faith, for my own part I both take it in that view
d wish *to do so.*
CHÆ. Yes, prithee, do so. Be sure of this one thing, that
lid not do it for the sake of affronting you, but in conse-
ence of passion.
THAIS. I understand, and, i'faith, for that reason do I now
more readily forgive you. I am not, Chærea, of a dis-
sition so ungentle, or so inexperienced, as not to know what
the power of love.
CHÆ. So may the Deities kindly bless me, Thais; I am
w smitten with you as well.
PYTH. Then, i'faith, mistress, I foresee you must have a
e of him.
CHÆ. I would not dare——
PYTH. I won't trust you at all in any thing.
THAIS. (*to* PYTHIAS.) Do have done.
CHÆ. Now I entreat you that you will be my assistant in
s affair. I intrust and commit myself to your care; I take
, Thais, as my protectress; I implore you; I shall die if I
n't have her for my wife.
THAIS. But if your father *should say* any thing——
CHÆ. Oh, he'll consent, I'm quite sure of that, if she is
y a citizen.
THAIS. If you will wait a little, the brother himself of
young woman will be here presently; he has gone to
ch the nurse, who brought her up when a little child;
yourself, shall be present Chærea, at his recognition of
.
CHÆ. I certainly will stay.
THAIS. In the mean time, until he comes, would you prefer
t we should wait for him in the house, rather than here
ore the door?
CHÆ. Why yes, I should like it much.
PYTH. (*to* THAIS.) Prithee, what are you going to do?
THAIS. Why, what's the matter?
PYTH. Do you ask? Do you think of admitting him after
s into your house?
THAIS. Why not?
PYTH. Trust my word for it, he'll be creating some new
urbance.
THAIS. O dear, prithee, do hold your tongue.

Pyth. You seem to me to be far from sensible of his assu-
ance.

Chæ. I'll not do any thing, Pythias.

Pyth. Upon my faith, I don't believe you, Chærea, excep
in case you are not trusted.

Chæ. Nay but, Pythias, do you be my keeper.

Pyth. Upon my faith, I would neither venture to give an
thing to you to keep, nor to keep you *myself*: away with you

Thais. Most opportunely the brother himself is coming.

Chæ. Pfaith, I'm undone. Prithee, let's be gone in-doors
Thais. I don't want him to see me in the street with thi
dress on.

Thais. For what reason, pray? Because you are ashamed

Chæ. Just so.

Pyth. Just so? But the young woman——

Thais. Go first; I'll follow. You stay here, Pythias, tha
you may show Chremes in. (Thais *and* Chærea *go into th*
house.)

Scene III.

Enter Chremes *and* Sophrona.

Pyth. (*to herself.*) Well! what now can suggest itself t
my mind? What, I wonder, in order that I may repay th
favor to that villain who palmed this *fellow* off upon us?

Chrem. Really, do bestir yourself more quickly, nurse.

Soph. I am bestirring.

Chrem. *So* I see; but you don't stir forward.

Pyth. (*to* Chremes.) Have you yet shown the tokens t
the nurse?

Chrem. All of them.

Pyth. Prithee, what does she say? Does she recogniz
them?

Chrem. Yes, with a full recollection of them.

Pyth. Upon my faith, you do bring good news; for
really wish well to this young woman. Go in-doors: m
mistress has been for some time expecting you at home
(Chremes *and* Sophrona *go into* Thais's *house.*) But look
yonder I espy *that* worthy fellow, Parmeno, coming: just see
for heaven's sake, how leisurely he moves along. I hope
have it in my power to torment him after my own fashion

l go in-doors, that I may know for certain about the discovery; afterward I'll come out, and give this villain a terrible fright. (*Goes into the house.*)

Scene IV.

Enter Parmeno.

Par. (*to himself.*) I've just come back to see what Chærea has been doing here. If he has managed the affair with exterity, ye Gods, by our trust in you, how great and genuine applause will Parmeno obtain! For not to mention at a passion, full of difficulty and expense, with which he as smitten for a virgin, belonging to an extortionate courtan, I've found means of satisfying for him, without molestion, without outlay, *and* without cost; then, this other oint—that is really a thing that I consider my crowning erit, to have found out the way by which a young man may enabled to learn the dispositions and manners of courtans, so that by knowing them betimes, he may detest them er after. (Pythias *enters from the house unperceived.*) For hile they are out of doors, nothing seems more cleanly, othing more neat or more elegant; and when they dine with gallant, they pick daintily about:[1] to see the filth, the dirtiss, the neediness of these women; how sluttish they are hen at home, and how greedy after victuals; in what a shion they devour the black bread with yesterday's broth: -to know all this, is salvation to a young man.

Scene V.

Enter Pythias *from the house.*

Pyth. (*apart, unseen by* Parmeno.) Upon my faith, you illain, I'll take vengeance upon you for these sayings and ings; so that you sha'n't make sport of us with impunity.

[1] *Pick daintily about*)—Ver. 935. He seems here to reprehend the me practice against which Ovid warns his fair readers, in his Art of ve, B. iii. l. 75. He says, "Do not first take food at home," when out to go to an entertainment. Westerhovius seems to think that igurio" means, not to "pick daintily," but "to be fond of good eat-;" and refers to the Bacchides of Plautus as portraying courtesans he "ligurient" kind, and finds another specimen in Bacchis in the eautontimorumenos.

(*Aloud, coming forward.*) O, by our trust in the Gods, what disgraceful action! O hapless young man! O wicked Parmeno, to have brought him here!

Par. What's the matter?

Pyth. I do pity him; and so that I mightn't see it, wretched creature that I am, I hurried away out of doors. What dreadful example they talk of making him!

Par. O Jupiter! What is this tumult? Am I then undone? I'll accost her. What's all this, Pythias? What are you saying? An example made of whom?

Pyth. Do you ask the question, you most audacious fellow? You've proved the ruin of the young man whom you brought hither for the Eunuch, while you were trying to put a trick upon us.

Par. How so, or what has happened? Tell me.

Pyth. I'll tell you: that young woman who was to-day made a present to Thais, are you aware that she is a citizen of this place, and that her brother is a person of very high rank?

Par. I didn't know *that*.

Pyth. But so she has been discovered *to be;* he, unfortunate *youth*, has ravished her. When the brother came to know of this being done, in a most towering rage, *he*——

Par. Did what, pray?

Pyth. First, bound him in a shocking manner.

Par. Bound him?

Pyth. And even though Thais entreated him that he wouldn't do so——

Par. What is it you tell me?

Pyth. Now he is threatening that he *will* also *do* that which is usually done to ravishers; a thing that I never saw done nor wish to.

Par. With what assurance does he dare *perpetrate* a crime so heinous?

Pyth. How "so heinous?"

Par. Is it not most heinous? Who ever saw any one taken up as a ravisher in a courtesan's house?

Pyth. I don't know.

Par. But that you mayn't be ignorant of this, Pythias, I tell you, *and* give you notice that he is my master's son.

Pyth. How! Prithee, is it he?

Par. Don't let Thais suffer any violence to be done to him. But why don't I go in myself?

Pyth. Take care, Parmeno, what you are about, lest you both do him no good and come to harm yourself; for it is their notion, that whatever has happened, has originated in you.

Par. What then, wretch that I am, shall I do, or how resolve? But look, I see the old gentleman returning from the country; shall I tell him or shall I not? By my troth, I will tell him; although I am certain that a heavy punishment is in readiness for me; but it's a matter of necessity, in order that he may rescue him.

Pyth. You are wise. I'm going in-doors; do you relate to him every thing exactly as it happened. (*Goes into the house.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Laches.

Lach. (*to himself.*) I have this advantage[1] from my country-house being so near at hand; no weariness, either of country or of town, ever takes possession of me; when satiety begins to come on, I change my locality. But is not that our Parmeno? Surely it is he. Whom are you waiting for, Parmeno, before the door here?

Par. (*pretends not to see him.*) Who is it? (*Turning round.*) Oh, I'm glad that you have returned safe.

Lach. Whom are you waiting for?

Par. (*aside.*) I'm undone: my tongue cleaves *to my mouth* through fright.

Lach. Why, what is it you are trembling about? Is all quite right? Tell me.

Par. Master, in the first place, I would have you persuaded of what is the fact; whatever has happened in this affair has happened through no fault of mine.

Lach. What *is it?*

[1] *This advantage*)—Ver. 970. Donatus here observes that the Poet introduces Laches, as he has Parmeno just before, in a state of perfect tranquillity, that their sudden change of feeling may be the more diverting to the Audience.

Par. Really you have reason to ask. I ought first to have told you the circumstances. Phædria purchased a certain Eunuch, to make a present of to this woman here.

Lach. To what woman?

Par. To Thais.

Lach. Bought? Good heavens, I'm undone! For how much?

Par. Twenty minæ.

Lach. Done for, quite.

Par. Then, Chærea is in love with a certain music-girl here. (*Pointing to* Thais's *house.*)

Lach. How! What? In love? Does he know already what a courtesan means? Is he come to town? One misfortune close upon another.

Par. Master, don't look *so* at me; he didn't do these things by my encouragement.

Lach. Leave off talking about yourself. If I live, you hang-dog, I'll—— But first give me an account of it, whatever it is.

Par. He was taken to the house of Thais in place of the Eunuch.

Lach. In place of the Eunuch?

Par. Such is the fact. They have since apprehended him in the house as a ravisher, and bound him.

Lach. Death!

Par. Mark the assurance of courtesans.

Lach. Is there any other calamity or misfortune besides, that you have not told me of?

Par. That's all.

Lach. Do I delay rushing in here? (*Runs into the house of* Thais.)

Par. (*to himself.*) There's no doubt but that I shall have a heavy punishment for this affair, only that I was obliged to act thus. I'm glad of this, that some mischief will befall these women here through my agency, for the old man has, for a long time, been on the look-out for some occasion[1] to do them a bad turn; at last he has found it.

[1] *For some occasion*)—Ver. 999. We learn from Donatus that Menander was more explicit concerning the resentment of Laches against Thais, on account of her having corrupted Phædria.

Scene VII.

Enter Pythias *from the house of* Thais, *laughing.*

Pyth. (*to herself, on entering.*) Never, upon my faith, for a long time past, has any thing happened to me that I could have better liked to happen, than the old gentleman just now, full of his mistake, coming into our house. I had the joke all to myself, as I knew[1] what it was he feared.

Par. (*apart.*) Why, what's all this?

Pyth. Now I'm come out to meet with Parmeno. But, prithee, where is he? (*Looking around.*)

Par. (*apart.*) She's looking for me.

Pyth. And there he is, I see; I'll go up to him.

Par. What's the matter, simpleton? What do you mean? What are you laughing about? Still going on?

Pyth. (*laughing.*) I'm dying; I'm wretchedly tired with laughing at you.

Par. Why so?

Pyth. Do you ask? Upon my faith, I never did see, nor shall see, a more silly fellow. Oh dear, I can not well express what amusement you've afforded in-doors. And still I formerly took you to be a clever and shrewd person. Why, was there any need for you instantly to believe what I told you? Or were you not content with the crime, which by your advice the young man had been guilty of, without betraying the poor fellow to his father as well? Why,

[1] *As I knew*) — Ver. 1003. She enjoyed it the more, knowing that the old man had nothing to fear, as he had just heard the fiction which she had imparted to Parmeno. Donatus observes that the terror of Laches accounts for his sudden consent to the union of Chærea with Pamphila; for though he could not settle the matter any other way with credit, he was glad to find that his son had made an unequal match rather than endangered his life. Colman, however, observes with considerable justice: "I think Chærea apologizes still better for this arrangement in the Scene with Thais at the opening of this Act, where he says that he is confident of obtaining his father's consent, provided Pamphila proves to be a citizen; and, indeed, the match between them is rather a reparation of an injury done to her than a degradation of himself."

what do you suppose his feelings must have been at the moment when his father saw him clothed in that dress? Well, do you now understand that you are done for? (*Laughing.*)

Par. Hah! what is it you say, you hussy? Have you been telling me lies? What, laughing still? Does it appear so delightful to you, you jade, to be making fools of us?

Pyth. (*laughing.*) Very much so.

Par. Yes, indeed, if you can do it with impunity.

Pyth. Exactly so.

Par. By heavens, I'll repay you!

Pyth. I believe you; but, perhaps, that which you are threatening, Parmeno, will need a *future* day; you'll be trussed up directly, for rendering a silly young man remarkable for disgraceful conduct, and *then* betraying him to his father; they'll both be making an example of you. (*Laughing.*)

Par. I'm done for!

Pyth. This reward has been found you in return for that present *of yours*;[1] I'm off. (*Goes into the house.*)

Par. (*to himself.*) Wretch that I am; just like a rat, this day I've come to destruction through betrayal of myself.[2]

Scene VIII.

Enter Thraso *and* Gnatho.

Gna. (*to* Thraso.) Well now? With what hope, or what design, are we come hither? What do you intend to do, Thraso?

Thra. What, I? To surrender myself to Thais, and do what she bids me.

Gna. What is it you say?

Thra. Why any the less so, than Hercules served Omphale.[3]

[1] *In return for that present of yours*)—Ver. 1022. By the present she means Chærea in the disguise of the Eunuch.

[2] *Through betrayal of myself*)—Ver. 1023. Which betrays itself by its own squeaking.

[3] *Hercules served Omphale*)—Ver. 1026. He alludes to the story of Omphale, Queen of Lydia, and Hercules. Being violently in love with her, the hero laid aside his club and boar's skin, and in the habit of a woman plied the spindle and distaff with her maids. See a curious story of Omphale, Hercules, and Faunus, in the Fasti of Ovid, B. ii.

GNA. The precedent pleases me. (*Aside.*) I only wish I may see your head stroked down with a slipper;[1] but her door makes a noise.

THRA. Confusion! Why, what mischief's this? I never saw this person before; why, I wonder, is he rushing out in such a hurry? (*They stand aside.*)

SCENE IX.

Enter CHÆREA *from the house of* THAIS, *on the other side of the stage.*

CHÆ. (*to himself, aloud.*) O fellow-townsmen, is there any one alive more fortunate than me this day? Not any one, upon my faith: for clearly in me have the Gods manifested all their power, on whom, thus suddenly, so many blessings are bestowed.

PAR. (*apart.*) Why is he *thus* overjoyed?

CHÆ. (*seeing* PARMENO, *and running up to him.*) O my dear Parmeno, the contriver, the beginner, the perfecter of all my delights, do you know what are my transports? Are you aware that my Pamphila has been discovered to be a citizen?

PAR. I have heard *so.*

CHÆ. Do you know that she is betrothed to me?

PAR. So may the Gods bless me, happily done.

GNA. (*apart to* THRASO.) Do you hear what he says?

CHÆ. And then, besides, I am delighted that my brother's mistress is secured to him; the family is united. Thais has committed herself to the patronage of my father;[2] she has put herself under our care and protection.

. 305. As to the reappearance of Thraso here, Colman has the following remarks: "Thraso, says Donatus, is brought back again in order to be admitted to some share in the good graces of Thais, that he may not be made unhappy at the end of the Play; but surely it is an essential part of the poetical justice of Comedy to expose coxcombs to ridicule and to punish them, though without any shocking severity, for their follies."

[1] *With a slipper*)—Ver. 1027. He doubtless alludes to the treatment of Hercules by Omphale; and, according to Lucian, there was a story that Omphale used to beat him with her slipper or sandal. On that article of dress, see the Notes to the Trinummus of Plautus, l. 252.

[2] *To the patronage of my father*)—Ver. 1038. It was the custom at

Par. Thais, then, is wholly your brother's.

Chæ. Of course.

Par. Then this is another reason for us to rejoice, that the Captain will be beaten out of doors.

Chæ. Wherever my brother is, do you take care that he hears this as soon as possible.

Par. I'll go look for him at home. (*Goes into the house of* Laches.)

Thra. (*apart to* Gnatho.) Do you at all doubt, Gnatho, but that I am now ruined everlastingly?

Gna. (*to* Thraso.) Without doubt, I do think so.

Chæ. (*to himself.*) What am I to make mention of first, or commend in especial? Him who gave me the advice to do so, or myself, who ventured to undertake it? Or ought I to extol fortune, who has been my guide, and has so opportunely crowded into a single day events so numerous, so important; or my father's kindness and indulgence? Oh Jupiter, I entreat you, do preserve these blessings unto us!

Scene X.

Enter Phædria *from the house of* Laches.

Phæd. (*to himself.*) Ye Gods, by our trust in you, what incredible things has Parmeno just related to me! But where is my brother?

Chæ. (*stepping forward.*) Here he is.

Phæd. I'm overjoyed.

Chæ. I quite believe you. There is no one, brother, more worthy to be loved than this Thais of yours: so much is she a benefactress to all our family.

Phæd. Whew! are you commending her *too* to me?

Thra. (*apart.*) I'm undone; the less the hope I have,

Athens for strangers, such as Thais was, to put themselves under the protection (in clientelam) of some wealthy citizen, who, as their patron, was bound to protect them against injury. An exactly parallel case to the present is found in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, l. 799, where the wealthy Periplecomenus says, "Habeo, ecillam, meam clientam, meretricem adolescentulam." "Why, look, I have one, a dependent of mine, a courtesan, a very young woman."

he more I am in love. Prithee, Gnatho, my hope is in ou.

GNA. (*apart.*) What do you wish me to do?

THRA. (*apart.*) Bring this about, by entreaties *or* with noney, that I may at least share Thais's favors in some egree.

GNA. (*apart.*) It's a hard task.

THRA. (*apart.*) If you set your mind on any thing, I know ou *well.* If you manage this, ask me for any present you ke as your reward; you shall have what you ask.

GNA. (*apart.*) Is it so?

THRA. (*apart.*) It shall be so.

GNA. (*apart.*) If I manage this, I ask that your house, whether you are present or absent, may be open to me; that, without invitation, there may always be a place for me.

THRA. (*apart.*) I pledge my honor that it shall be *so.*

GNA. (*apart.*) I'll set about it *then.*

PHÆD. Who is it I hear so close at hand? (*Turning ound.*) O Thraso——

THRA. (*coming forward.*) Save you *both*——

PHÆD. Perhaps you are not aware what has taken place ere.

THRA. I am quite aware.

PHÆD. Why, then, do I see you in this neighborhood?

THRA. Depending on your *kindness.*

PHÆD. Do you know what sort of dependence you have? aptain, I give you notice, if ever I catch you in this street gain, even if you should say to me, "I was looking for anther person, I was on my road this way," you are undone.

GNA. Come, come, that's not handsome.

PHÆD. I've said it.

GNA. I didn't know you gave yourself such airs.

PHÆD. So it shall be.

GNA. First hear a few words from me; and when I have aid the thing, if you approve of it, do it.

PHÆD. Let's hear.

GNA. Do you step a little that way, Thraso. (THRASO *ands aside.*) In the first place, I wish you both implicitly believe me in this, that whatever I do in this matter, I do entirely for my own sake; but if the same thing is of adntage to yourselves, it would be folly for you not to do it.

Phæd. What is it?

Gna. I'm of opinion that the Captain, your rival, should be received *among you.*

Phæd. (*starting.*) Hah!

Chæ. Be received?

Gna. (*to* Phædria.) Only consider. I'faith, Phædria, at the free rate you are living with her, and indeed very freely you are living, you have but little to give; and it's necessary for Thais to receive a good deal. That all this may be supplied for your amour and not at your own expense, there is not an individual better suited or more fitted for your purpose *than the Captain.* In the first place, he both has got enough to give, and no one does give more profusely. He is a fool, a dolt, a blockhead; night and day he snores away; and you need not fear that the lady will fall in love with him; you may easily have him discarded whenever you please.

Chæ. (*to* Phædria.) What shall we do?

Gna. And this besides, which I deem to be of even greater importance,—not a single person entertains in better style or more bountifully.

Chæ. It's a wonder if this sort of man can not be made use of in some way or other.

Phæd. I think so too.

Gna. You act properly. One thing I have still to beg of you,—that you'll receive me into your fraternity; I've been rolling that stone[1] for a considerable time past.

Phæd. We admit you.

Chæ. And with all my heart.

Gna. Then I, in return for this, Phædria, and you, Chærea, make him over to you[2] to be eaten and drunk to the dregs.

Chæ. Agreed.

Phæd. He quite deserves it.[3]

[1] *Been rolling that stone*)—Ver. 1084. Donatus thinks that he alludes to the story of Sisyphus, who, in the Infernal Regions, was condemned eternally to roll a stone up a hill, which, on arriving at the summit, immediately fell to the bottom.

[2] *Make him over to you*)—Ver. 1086. "Vobis propino." The word "propino" was properly applied to the act of tasting a cup of wine, and then handing it to another; he means that he has had his taste of the Captain, and is now ready to hand him over to them.

[3] *He quite deserves it*)—Ver 1087. Cooke has the following appropri-

Gna. (*calling to* Thraso.) Thraso, whenever you please, step this way.

Thra. Prithee, how goes it?

Gna. How? *Why*, these people didn't know you; after I had discovered to them your qualities, and had praised you as your actions and your virtues deserved, I prevailed upon them.

Thra. You have managed well; I give you my best thanks. Besides, I never was any where but what all were extremely fond of me.

Gna. (*to* Phædria *and* Chærea.) Didn't I tell you that he was a master of the Attic elegance?

Phæd. He is no other than you mentioned. (*Pointing to his* Father's *house.*) Walk this way. (*To the* Audience.) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

ate remark: "I can not think that this Play, excellent as it is in almost all other respects, concludes consistently with the manners of gentlemen; there is a meanness in Phædria and Chærea consenting to take Thraso into their society, with a view of fleecing him, which the Poet should have avoided."

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS;

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHREMES,[1] an old gentleman, living in the country.
MENEDEMUS,[2] an old gentleman, his neighbor.
CLINIA,[3] son of Menedemus.
CLITIPHO,[4] son of Chremes.
DROMO,[5] son of Clinia.
SYRUS,[6] servant of Clitipho.

SOSTRATA,[7] wife of Chremes.
ANTIPHILA,[8] a young woman beloved by Clinia.
BACCHIS,[9] a Courtesan, the mistress of Clitipho.
The Nurse of Antiphila.
PHRYGIA,[10] maid-servant to Bacchis.

Scene.—In the country, near Athens; before the houses of CHREMES and MENEDEMUS.

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[1] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Andria.
[2] From *μενὸς*, "strength," and *δῆμος*, "the people."
[3] From *κλίνω*, "to incline," or from *κλινὴ*, "the marriage-bed."
[4] From *κλειτὸς*, "illustrious," and *φῶς*, "light."
[5] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Andria.
[6] From Syria, his native country.
[7] From *σωξῶ*, "to preserve," or "save."
[8] From *ἀντὶ*, "in return," and *φιλῶ*, "to love."
[9] From Bacchus, the God of Wine.
[10] From Phrygia, her native country.

THE SUBJECT.

CHREMES commands his wife, when pregnant, if she is delivered of a girl immediately to kill the child. Having given birth to a girl, Sostrata delivers her to an old woman named Philtera to be exposed. Instead of doing this, Philtera calls her Antiphila, and brings her up as her own. Clinia, the son of Menedemus, falls in love with her, and treats her as though his wife. Menedemus, on learning this, is very angry, and by his harsh language drives away his son from home. Taking this to heart, and in order to punish himself for his ill-timed severity, Menedemus, though now an aged man, fatigues himself by laboring at agricultural pursuits from morning till night. At the period when the Play commences, Clinia has just returned to Attica, but not daring to go to his father's house, is entertained by Clitipho, the son of Chremes, who is the neighbor of Menedemus. Clitipho then sends for Antiphila, whose supposed mother has recently died, to come and meet her lover. On the same day, Chremes learns from Menedemus how anxious he is for his son's return; and on hearing from his son of the arrival of Clinia, he defers informing Menedemus of it until the next day. Syrus, the servant who has been sent to fetch Antiphila, also brings with him Bacchis, an extravagant Courtesan, the mistress of Clitipho. To conceal the truth from Chremes, they represent to him that Bacchis is the mistress of Clinia, and that Antiphila is one of her maids. Next morning Chremes informs Menedemus of his son's arrival, and of the extravagant conduct of his mistress, but begs that he will conceal from Clinia his knowledge of this fact. Bacchis requiring ten minæ, Syrus devises a plan for obtaining the money from Chremes, while the latter is encouraging him to think of a project against Menedemus. Syrus tells him a story, that the mother of Antiphila had borrowed a thousand drachmæ of Bacchis, and being dead, the girl is left in her hands as a pledge for the money. While these things are going on, Sostrata discovers in Antiphila her own daughter. In order to obtain the money which Bacchis persists in demanding, Syrus suggests to Chremes that it should be represented to Menedemus that Bacchis is the mistress of Clitipho, and that he should be requested to conceal her in his house for a few days; it is also arranged that Clinia shall pretend to his father to be in love with Antiphila, and to beg her as his wife. He is then to ask for money, as though for the wedding, which is to be handed over to Bacchis. Chremes does not at first approve of the plan suggested by Syrus; but he pays down the money for which he has been informed his daughter is a pledge in the hands of Bacchis. This, with his knowledge, is given to Clitipho, who, as Syrus says, is to convey it to Bacchis, who is now in the house of Menedemus, to make the latter more readily believe that she is his mistress. Shortly after this, the plot is discovered by Chremes, who threatens to punish Clitipho and Syrus. The Play concludes with Chremes giving his consent to the marriage of Clinia with Antiphila, and pardoning Clitipho, who promises to abandon the Courtesan, and marry. Unlike the other Plays of Terence and Plautus, the Plot of this Play extends over two days.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

It is from the Greek of Menander. Performed at the Megalensian Games; Lucius Cornelius Lentulus and Lucius Valerius Flaccus being Curule Ædiles. Ambivius Turpio performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music. The first time it was performed to the music of treble and bass flutes; the second time, of two treble flutes. It was acted three times; Marcus Juventius and Titus Sempronius being Consuls.[1]

[1] *Being Consuls*)—M. Juventius Thalna and Ti. Sempronius Gracchus were Consuls in the year from the Building of the City 589, and B.C. 164.

HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS;

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

A SEVERE father compels his son Clinia, in love with Antiphila, to go abroad to the wars; and repenting of what has been done, torments himself in mind. Afterward, when he has returned, unknown to his father, he is entertained at the house of Clitipho. The latter is in love with Bacchis, a Courtesan. When Clinia sends for his much-loved Antiphila, Bacchis comes, as though his mistress, and Antiphila, wearing the garb of her servant; this is done in order that Clitipho may conceal it from his father. He, through the stratagems of Syrus, gets ten minæ from the old man for the Courtesan. Antiphila is discovered to be the sister of Clitipho. Clinia receives her, *and* Clitipho, another woman, for his wife.

THE PROLOGUE.

LEST it should be a matter of surprise to any one of you, why the Poet has assigned to an old man[1] a part that belongs to the young, that I will first explain to you;[2] and then, the reason

[1] *Assigned to an old man*)—Ver. 1. He refers to the fact that the Prologue was in general spoken by young men, whereas it is here spoken by L. Ambivius Turpio, the leader of the Company, a man stricken in years. The Prologue was generally not recited by a person who performed a character in the opening Scene.

[2] *That I will first explain to you*)—Ver. 3. His meaning seems to be, that he will first tell them the reason why he, who is to take a part in the opening Scene, speaks the Prologue, which is usually spoken by a young man who does not take part in that Scene; and that he will then proceed to speak in character (eloquor), as Chremes, in the first Scene. His reason for being chosen to speak the Prologue, is that he may be a pleader (orator) for the Poet, a task which would be likely to be better performed by him than by a younger man.

for my coming I will disclose. An entire Play from an entire Greek one,[1] the Heautontimorumenos, I am to-day about to represent, which from a two-fold plot[2] has been made but one. I have shown that it is new, and what it is: next I would mention who it was that wrote it, and whose in Greek it is, if I did not think that the greater part of you are aware. Now, for what reason I have learned this part, in a few words I will explain. *The Poet* intended me to be a Pleader,[3] not the Speaker of a Prologue; your decision he asks, *and* has appointed me the advocate; if this advocate can avail as much by his oral powers as he has excelled in inventing happily, who composed this speech which I am about to recite. For as to malevolent rumors spreading abroad that he has mixed together many Greek Plays while writing a few Latin ones, he does not deny that this is the case, and that he does not repent *of so doing;* and he affirms that he will do so again. He has the example of good *Poets;* after which example he thinks it is allowable for him to do what

[1] *From an entire Greek one*)—Ver. 4. In contradistinction to such Plays as the Andria, as to which it was a subject of complaint that it had been formed out of a mixture (contaminatus) of the Andrian and Perinthian of Menander.

[2] *Which from a two-fold plot*)—Ver. 6. Vollbehr suggests that the meaning of this line is, that though it is but one Play, it has a two-fold plot—the intrigues of two young men with two mistresses, and the follies of two old men. As this Play is supposed to represent the events of two successive days, the night intervening, it has been suggested that the reading is "duplex—ex argumento—simplici;" the Play is "two-fold, with but one plot," as extending to two successive days. The Play derives its name from the Greek words, ἑαυτὸν, "himself," and τιμωρουμενὸς, "tormenting."

[3] *To be a Pleader*)—Ver. 11. He is to be the pleader and advocate of the Poet, to influence the Audience in his favor, and against his adversaries; and not to explain the plot of the Play. Colman has the following observation: "It is impossible not to regret that there are not above ten lines of the Self-Tormentor preserved among the Fragments of Menander. We are so deeply interested by what we see of that character in Terence, that one can not but be curious to inquire in what manner the Greek Poet sustained it through five Acts. The Roman author, though he has adopted the title of the Greek Play, has so altered the fable, that Menedemus is soon thrown into the back-ground, and Chremes is brought forward as the principal object; or, to vary the allusion a little, the Menedemus of Terence seems to be a drawing in miniature copied from a full length, as large as the life, by Menander."

ey have done. Then, as to a malevolent old Poet[1] saying at he has suddenly applied himself to dramatic pursuits, lying on the genius of his friends,[2] *and* not his own natural ilities; *on that* your judgment, your opinion, will prevail. herefore I do entreat you all, that the suggestions of our tagonists may not avail more than *those* of our favorers. o you be favorable; grant the means of prospering to ose who afford you the means of being spectators of new ays; *those, I mean*, without faults: that he may not suppose is said in his behalf who lately made the public give way a slave as he ran along in the street;[3] why should he take madman's part? About his faults he will say more when brings out some other new ones, unless he puts an end to s caviling. Attend with favorable feelings; grant me the portunity that I may be allowed to act a quiet Play[4] in

[1] *A malevolent old Poet*)—Ver. 22. He alludes to his old enemy, Lusius Lavinius, referred to in the preceding Prologue.

[2] *The genius of his friends*)—Ver. 24. He alludes to a report which d been spread, that his friends Lælius and Scipio had published their n compositions under his name. Servilius is also mentioned by igraphius as another of his patrons respecting whom similar stories ere circulated.

[3] *As he ran along in the street*)—Ver. 31. He probably does not inad to censure this practice entirely in Comedy, but to remind the idience that in some recent Play of Luscus Lavinius this had been e sole stirring incident introduced. Plautus introduces Mercury runng in the guise of Sosia, in the fourth Scene of the Amphitryon, l. 7, and exclaiming, "For surely, why, faith, should I, a God, be any ss allowed to threaten the public, if it doesn't get out of my way, than slave in the Comedies?" This practice can not, however, be intendto be here censured by Plautus, as he is guilty of it in three other stances. In the Mercator, Acanthio runs to his master Charinus, to l him that his mistress Pasicompsa has been seen in the ship by his her Demipho; in the Stichus, Pinacium, a slave, runs to inform his stress Philumena that her husband has arrived in port, on his return m Asia; and in the Mostellaria, Tranio, in haste, brings informaon of the unexpected arrival of Theuropides. The "currens servus" also mentioned in the Prologue to the Andria, l. 36. See the soliloay of Stasimus, in the Trinummus of Plautus, l. 1007.

[4] *A quiet Play*)—Ver. 36. "Statariam." See the spurious Prologue the Bacchides of Plautus, l. 10, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's anslation. The Comedy of the Romans was either "stataria," "motoria," or "mixta." "Stataria" was a Comedy which was calm and eeable, such as the Cistellaria of Plautus; "motoria" was one full action and disturbance, like his Amphitryon; while the "Comœdia xta" was a mixture of both, such as the Eunuchus of Terence

silence; that the servant everlastingly running about, the angry old man, the gluttonous parasite, the impudent sharper, *and* the greedy procurer, may not have always to be performed by me with the utmost expense of voice, *and* the greatest exertion. For my sake come to the conclusion that this request is fair, that so some portion of my labor may be abridged. For nowadays, those who write new *Plays* do not spare an aged man. If there is any *piece* requiring exertion, they come running to me; but if it is a light one, it is taken to another Company. In the present one the style is pure. Do you make proof, what, in each character,[1] my ability can effect. If I have never greedily set a *high* price upon my skill, and have come to the conclusion that this is my greatest gain, as far as possible to be subservient to your convenience, establish in me a precedent, that the young may be anxious rather to please you than themselves.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Chremes, *and* Menedemus *with a spade in his hand, who falls to digging.*

Chrem. Although this acquaintanceship between us is of very recent date, from the time in fact of your purchasing an estate here in the neighborhood, yet either your good qualities, or our being neighbors (which I take to be a sort of friendship), induces me to inform you, frankly and familiarly, that you appear to me to labor beyond your years, and beyond what your affairs require. For, in the name of God and men, what would you have? What can be your aim? You are, as I conjecture, sixty years of age, or more. No man in these parts has a better or a more valuable estate, nor one more servants; and yet you discharge their duties just as diligently as if there were none at all. However early in the morning I go out, and however late in the evening I return

[1] *What in each character*)—Ver. 47. "In utramque partem ingenium quid possit meum." This line is entirely omitted in Vollbehr's edition, but it appears to be merely a typographical error.

me, I see you either digging, or plowing, or doing some-
ing, in fact, in the fields. You take respite not an instant,
d are quite regardless of yourself. I am very sure that this
not done for your amusement. But really I am vexed how
tle work is done here.[1] If you were to employ the time
u spend in laboring yourself, in keeping your servants at
ork, you would profit much more.

MEN. Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own
fairs, that you can attend to those of others—those which
n't concern you?

CHREM. I am a man,[2] *and* nothing that concerns a man do
deem a matter of indifference to me. Suppose that I wish

[1] *How little work is done here*)—Ver. 72. Vollbehr thinks that his
eaning is, that he is quite vexed to see so little progress made, in spite
his neighbor's continual vexation and turmoil, and that, as he says in
e next line, he is of opinion that if he were to cease working himself,
d were to overlook his servants, he would get far more done. It is
ore generally thought to be an objection which Chremes suggests that
enedemus may possibly make.

[2] *I am a man*)—Ver. 77. "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum
to." St. Augustine says, that at the delivery of this sentiment, the
heatre resounded with applause; and deservedly, indeed, for it is re-
ete with the very essence of benevolence and disregard of self. Cicero
otes the passage in his work De Officiis, B. i., c. 9. The remarks of
r Richard Steele upon this passage, in the Spectator, No. 502, are
rthy to be transcribed at length. "The Play was the Self-Tor-
entor. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of
man life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could
ise a laugh. How well-disposed must that people be, who could be
ntertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth! In the
st Scene of the Comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other
impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, 'I am a
an, and can not help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man.' It
said this sentence was received with an universal applause. There
n not be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a
ople, than their sudden consent to give their approbation of a senti-
ent which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with ever so great
ill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have
thing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest human-
y—nay, people elegant and skillful in observation upon it. It is possi-
e that he may have laid his hand on his heart, and with a winning
sinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbor that he was a
an who made his case his own; yet I will engage, a player in Covent
arden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would
ve been regarded."

either to advise *you* in this matter, or to be informed *myself*: if *what you do* is right, that I may do the same; if it is not, *then* that I may dissuade you.

Men. It's requisite for me *to do* so; do you as it is necessary for you to do.

Chrem. Is it requisite for any person to torment himself?

Men. *It is* for me.

Chrem. If you have any affliction, I could wish it otherwise. But prithee, what sorrow is this *of yours?* How have you deserved so *ill* of yourself?

Men. Alas! alas! (*He begins to weep.*)

Chrem. Do not weep, but make me acquainted with it, whatever it is. Do not be reserved; fear nothing; trust me, I tell you. Either by consolation, or by counsel, or by any means, I will aid you.

Men. Do you wish to know this matter?

Chrem. Yes, and for the reason I mentioned to you.

Men. I will tell you.

Chrem. But still, in the mean time, lay down that rake; don't fatigue yourself.

Men. By no means.

Chrem. What can be your object? (*Tries to take the rake from him.*)

Men. Do leave me alone, that I may give myself no respite from my labor.

Chrem. I will not allow it, I tell you. (*Taking the rake from him.*)

Men. Ah! that's not fair.

Chrem. (*poising the rake.*) Whew! such a heavy one as this, pray!

Men. Such are my deserts.

Chrem. Now speak. (*Laying down the rake.*)

Men. I have an only son,—a young man,—alas! why did I say—"I have?"—rather *I should say*, "I had" *one*, Chremes:—whether I have him now, or not, is uncertain.

Chrem. Why so?

Men. You shall know:—There is a poor old woman here, a stranger from Corinth:—her daughter, a young woman, he fell in love with, insomuch that he almost regarded her as his wife; all this *took place* unknown to me. When I

scovered the matter, I began to reprove him, not with ntleness, nor in the way suited to the love-sick mind of a uth, but with violence, and after the usual method of fa- ers. I was daily reproaching him,—"Look you, do you pect to be allowed any longer to act thus, myself, your fa- er, being alive; to be keeping a mistress pretty much as ough your wife? You are mistaken, Clinia, and you don't now me, if you fancy that. I am willing that you should called my *son*, just as long as you do what becomes you; it if you do not do so, I shall find out how it becomes me to t toward you. This arises from nothing, in fact, but too uch idleness. At your time of life, I did not devote my ne to dalliance, but, in consequence of my poverty, departed nce for Asia, and there acquired in arms both riches and ilitary glory." At length the matter came to this,—the uth, from hearing the same things so often, and with such verity, was overcome. He supposed that I, through age and rection, had more judgment and foresight for him than him- lf. He went off to Asia, Chremes, to serve under the king.

CHREM. What is it you say?

MEN. He departed without my knowledge—*and* has been ne these three months.

CHREM. Both are to be blamed—although *I* still *think* this p shows an ingenuous and enterprising disposition.

MEN. When I learned *this* from those who were in the ret, I returned home sad, and with feelings almost over- elmed and distracted through grief. I sit down; my vants run to me; they take off my shoes:[1] then some ake all haste to spread the couches,[2] and to prepare a re- st; each according to his ability did zealously *what he ld*, in order to alleviate my sorrow. When I observed is, I began to reflect thus:—"What! are so many persons xious for my sake alone, to pleasure myself only? Are so

[1] *Take off my shoes*)—Ver. 124. As to the "socci," or low shoes of ancients, see the Notes to the Trinummus of Plautus, l. 720, in n's Translation. It was the especial duty of certain slaves to take the shoes of their masters.

[2] *To spread the couches*)—Ver. 125. The "lecti" or "couches" upon ch the ancients reclined at meals, have been enlarged upon in the es to Plautus, where full reference is also made to the "cœna," dinner," and other meals of the Romans.

many female servants to provide me with dress?[1] Shall alone keep up such an expensive establishment, while m only son, who ought equally, or even more so, to enjoy thes things—inasmuch as his age is better suited for the enjoy ment of them—him, poor *youth*, have I driven away fro home by my severity! Were I to do this, really I shoul deem myself deserving of any calamity. But so long as h leads this life of penury, banished from his country throug my severity, I will revenge his wrongs upon myself, toiling making money, saving, and laying up for him." At once set about it; I left nothing in the house, neither movables[2] nor clothing; every thing I scraped together. Slaves, mal and female, except those who could easily pay for their kee by working in the country, all of them I set up to auctio and sold. I at once put up a bill to sell my house.[3] I col lected somewhere about fifteen talents, and purchased thi farm; here I fatigue myself. I have come to this conclu sion, Chremes, that I do my son a less injury, while I am un happy; and that it is not right for me to enjoy any pleasur here, until such time as he returns home safe to share *it* wit me.

Chrem. I believe you to be of an affectionate disposition

[1] *Provide me with dress*)—Ver. 130. It was the custom for the mis tress and female servants in each family to make the clothes of th master. Thus in the Fasti of Ovid, B. ii., l. 746, Lucretia is foun amidst her female servants, making a cloak, or "lacerna," for her hus band. Suetonius says that Augustus refused to wear any garments no woven by his female relations. Cooke seems to think that "vestiant alludes to the very act of putting the clothes upon a person. He says "The better sort of people had eating-dresses, which are here allude to. These dresses were light garments, to put on as soon as they ha bathed. They commonly bathed before eating, and the chief meal wa in the evening." This, however, does not seem to be the meaning o the passage, although Colman has adopted it. We may here remar that the censure here described is not unlike that mentioned in the Pro logue to the Mercator of Plautus, as administered by Demænetus to hi son Charinus.

[2] *Neither movables*)—Ver. 141. "Vas" is here used as a gener name for articles of furniture. This line appears to be copied almo literally from one of Menander, which still exists.

[3] *To sell my house*)—Ver. 145. On the mode of advertising house to let or be sold among the Romans, see the Trinummus of Plautus, 168, and the Note to the passage in Bohn's Translation.

oward your children,[1] and him to be an obedient *son*, if one vere to manage him rightly or prudently. But neither did ou understand him sufficiently well, nor he you—a thing that appens where persons don't live on terms of frankness to-ether. You never showed him how highly you valued him, or did he *ever* dare put that confidence in you which is due o a father. Had this been done, these *troubles* would never ave befallen you.

MEN. Such is the fact, I confess; the greatest fault is on ny side.

CHREM. But still, Menedemus, I hope for the best, and I rust that he'll be here safe before long.

MEN. Oh that the Gods would grant it!

CHREM. They will do *so*. Now, if it is convenient *to you*—he festival of Bacchus[2] is being kept here to-day—I wish you o give me your company.

[1] *Toward your children*)—Ver. 151. The plural "liberos" is here used o signify the one son which Menedemus has. So in the Hecyra, l. 217, ne same word is used to signify but one daughter. This was a common node of expression in the times of the earlier Latin authors.

[2] *Festival of Bacchus, "Dionysia"*)—Ver. 162. It is generally sup-osed that there were four Festivals called the Dionysia, during the ear, at Athens. The first was the Rural, or Lesser Dionysia, *κατ' γρους*, a vintage festival, which was celebrated in the "Demi" or bor-oughs of Attica, in honor of Bacchus, in the month Poseidon. This as the most ancient of the Festivals, and was held with the greatest nerriment and freedom; the slaves then enjoyed the same amount of berty as they did at the Saturnalia at Rome. The second Festival, hich was called the Lenæa, from *ληνός*, a wine-press, was celebrated n the month Gamelion, with Scenic contests in Tragedy and Comedy. he third Dionysian Festival was the Anthesteria, or "Spring feast," eing celebrated during three days in the month Anthesterion. The rst day was called *πιθοίγια*, or "the Opening of the casks," as on that ay the casks were opened to taste the wine of the preceding year. The econd day was called *χοες*, from *χοῦς*, "a cup," and was probably de-oted to drinking. The third day was called *χυτροί*, from *χυτρός*, "a ot," as on it persons offered pots with flower-seeds or cooked vegeta-les to Dionysus or Bacchus. The fourth Attic festival of Dionysius as celebrated in the month Elaphebolion, and was called the Dionysia *ν ἄστει*, Αστικὰ, or *Μεγάλα*, the "City" or "great" festival. It was elebrated with great magnificence, processions and dramatic represent-ions forming part of the ceremonial. From Greece, by way of Sicily, he Bacchanalia, or festivals of Bacchus, were introduced into Rome, here they became the scenes of and pretext for every kind of vice and

Men. I can not.

Chrem. Why not? Do, pray, spare yourself a little while. Your absent son would wish you do so.

Men. It is not right that I, who have driven him hence to endure hardships, should now shun them myself.

Chrem. Is such your determination?

Men. It is.

Chrem. *Then* kindly fare you well.

Men. And you *the same.* (*Goes into his house.*)

Scene II.

Chremes, *alone.*

Chrem. (*to himself.*) He has forced tears from me, and I do pity him. But as the day is far gone, I must remind Phania, this neighbor *of mine*, to come to dinner. I'll go see whether he is at home. (*Goes to* Phania's *door, makes the inquiry, and returns.*) There was no occasion for me to remind him: they tell me he has been some time already at my house; it's I myself am making my guests wait. I'll go in-doors immediately. But what means the noise at the door of my house? I wonder who's coming out! I'll step aside here. (*He stands aside.*)

Scene III.

Enter Clitipho, *from the house of* Chremes.

Clit. (*at the door, to* Clinia *within.*) There is nothing, Clinia, for you to fear as yet: they have not been long by any means: and I am sure that she will be with you presently along with the messenger. Do at once dismiss these causeless apprehensions which are tormenting you.

debauchery, until at length they were put down in the year B.C. 187, with a strong hand, by the Consuls Spurius Posthumius Albinus and Q. Marcius Philippus; from which period the words "bacchor" and "bacchator" became synonymous with the practice of every kind of vice and turpitude that could outrage common decency. See a very full account of the Dionysia and the Bacchanalia in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

CHREM. (*apart.*) Who is my son talking to? (*Makes his appearance.*)

CLIT. (*to himself.*) Here comes my father, whom I wished *to see:* I'll accost him. Father, you have met me opportunely.

CHREM. What is the matter?

CLIT. Do you know this neighbor of ours, Menedemus?

CHREM. Very well.

CLIT. Do you know that he has a son?

CHREM. I have heard that he has; in Asia.

CLIT. He is not *in Asia*, father; he is at our house.

CHREM. What is it you say?

CLIT. Upon his arrival, after he had *just* landed from the ship, I immediately brought him to dine with us; for from our very childhood upward I have always been on intimate terms with him.

CHREM. You announce *to me* a great pleasure. How much I wish that Menedemus had accepted my invitation to make one of us: that at my house I might have been the first to surprise him, when not expecting it, with this delight!—and even yet there's time enough——

CLIT. Take care what you do; there is no necessity, father, *for doing so.*

CHREM. For what reason?

CLIT. Why, because he is as yet undetermined what to do with himself. He is but just arrived. He fears every thing; his father's displeasure, and how his mistress may be disposed toward him. He loves her to distraction: on her account, his trouble and going abroad took place.

CHREM. I know it.

CLIT. He has just sent a servant into the city to her, and I *ordered* our Syrus *to go* with him.

CHREM. What does *Clinia* say?

CLIT. What *does* he *say?* That he is wretched.

CHREM. Wretched? Whom could we less suppose so? What is there wanting for him to enjoy every thing that among men, in fact, are esteemed as blessings? Parents, a country in prosperity, friends, family, relations, riches? And yet, *all* these are just according to the disposition of him who possesses them. To him who knows how to use them, they are blessings; to him who does not use them rightly, *they are* evils.

Clit. Aye, but he always was a morose old man; and now I dread nothing more, father, than that in his displeasure he'll be doing something to him more than is justifiable.

Chrem. What, he? (*Aside.*) But I'll restrain myself; for that the other one should be in fear of *his rather* is of service to him.[1]

Clit. What is it you are saying to yourself?

Chrem. I'll tell you. However the case stood, *Clinia* ought still to have remained *at home*. Perhaps his father was a little stricter than he liked: he should have put up with it. For whom ought he to bear with, if he would not bear with his own father? Was it reasonable that he should live after his *son's* humor, or *his son* after his? And as to charging him with harshness, it is not the fact. For the severities of fathers are generally of one character, those *I mean* who are in some degree reasonable men.[2] They do not wish their sons to be always wenching; they do not wish them to be always carousing; they give a limited allowance; and yet all this tends to virtuous conduct. But when the mind, Clitipho, has once enslaved itself by vicious appetites, it must of necessity follow similar pursuits. This is a wise maxim, "to take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

Clit. I believe so.

Chrem. I'll now go hence in-doors, to see what we have for dinner. Do you, seeing what is the time of day, mind and take care not to be any where out of the way. (*Goes into his house, and exit* Clitipho.)

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. (*to himself.*) What partial judges are all fathers in regard to all *of us* young men, in thinking it reasonable for

[1] *Is of service to him*)—Ver. 199. He means that it is to the advantage of Clitipho that Clinia should be seen to stand in awe of his father.

[2] *Reasonable men*)—Ver. 205. "Homo," "a man," is here put for men in general who are fathers.

us to become old men all at once from boys, and not to participate in those things which youth is *naturally* inclined to. They regulate us by their own desires,—such as they now are,—not as they once were. If ever I have a son, he certainly shall find in me an indulgent father. For the means both of knowing and of pardoning[1] his faults shall be found *by me;* not like mine, who by means of another person, discloses to me his own sentiments. I'm plagued to death, —when he drinks a little more *than usual*, what pranks of his own he does relate to me! Now he says, "Take warning from others of what may be to your advantage." How shrewd! He certainly does not know how deaf I am at the moment when he's telling his stories. Just now, the words of my mistress make more impression upon me. "Give me *this*, and bring me *that*," *she cries;* I have nothing to say to her in answer, and no one is there more wretched than myself. But this Clinia, although he, as well, has cares enough of his own, still has *a mistress* of virtuous and modest breeding, and a stranger to the arts of a courtesan. Mine is a craving, saucy, haughty, extravagant *creature*, full of lofty airs. Then *all* that I have to give her is—fair words[2]—for I make it a point not to tell her that I have nothing. This misfortune I met with not long since, nor does my father as yet know *any thing of the matter.* (*Exit.*

Scene II.

Enter Clinia *from the house of* Chremes.

Clin. (*to himself.*) If my love-affairs had been prosperous for me, I am sure she would have been here by this; but I'm afraid that the damsel has been led astray here in my absence. Many things combine to strengthen this opinion in my mind; opportunity, the place, her age, a worthless moth-

[1] *Of knowing and of pardoning*)—Ver. 218. There is a jingle intended here in the resemblance of the words "cognoscendi," "knowing," and "ignoscendi," "pardoning."

[2] *Is—fair words*)—Ver. 228. "Recte est." It is supposed that he pauses before uttering these words, which mean "very well," or "very good," implying the giving an assent without making a promise; he tells the reason, in saying that he has scruples or prejudices against confessing that he has got nothing to give her.

er, under whose control she is, with whom nothing but gain is precious.

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. Clinia!

Clin. Alas! wretched me!

Clit. Do, pray, take care that no one coming out of your father's house sees you here by accident.

Clin. I will do *so;* but really my mind presages I know not what misfortune.

Clit. Do you persist in making up your mind upon that, before you know what is the fact?

Clin. Had no misfortune happened, she would have been here by this.

Clit. She'll be here presently.

Clin. When will that presently be?

Clit. You don't consider that it is a great way from here.[1] Besides, you know the ways of women, while they are bestirring themselves, *and* while they are making preparations a *whole* year passes by.

Clin. O Clitipho, I'm afraid——

Clit. Take courage. Look, here comes Dromo, together with Syrus: they are close at hand. (*They stand aside.*)

Scene III.

Enter Syrus *and* Dromo, *conversing at a distance.*

Syr. Do you say so?

Dro. 'Tis as *I told you,*—but in the mean time, while we've been carrying on our discourse, these women have been left behind.

Clit. (*apart.*) Don't you hear, Clinia? Your mistress is close at hand.

Clin. (*apart.*) Why yes, I do hear now at last, and I see and revive, Clitipho.

Dro. No wonder; they are so encumbered; they are bringing a troop of female attendants[2] with them.

[1] *Great way from here*)—Ver. 239. That is, from the place where they are, in the country, to Athens.

[2] *Troop of female attendants*)—Ver. 245. The train and expenses of a courtesan of high station are admirably depicted in the speech of Lysiteles, in the Trinummus of Plautus, l. 252.

Clin. (*apart.*) I'm undone! Whence come these female attendants?

Clit. (*apart.*) Do you ask me?

Syr. We ought not to have left them; what a quantity of things they are bringing!

Clin. (*apart.*) Ah me!

Syr. Jewels of gold, *and* clothes; it's growing late too, and they don't know the way. It was very foolish of us *to leave them.* Just go back, Dromo, and meet them. Make haste—why do you delay? (*Exit* Dromo.

Clin. (*apart.*) Woe unto wretched me!—from what high hopes am I fallen!

Clit. (*apart.*) What's the matter? Why, what is it that troubles you?

Clin. (*apart.*) Do you ask what it is? Why, don't you see? Attendants, jewels of gold, *and* clothes, her *too*, whom I left here with *only* one little servant girl. Whence do you suppose that they come?

Clit. (*apart.*) Oh! now at last I understand you.

Syr. (*to himself.*) Good Gods! what a multitude there is! Our house will hardly hold them, I'm sure. How much they will eat! how much they will drink! what will there be more wretched than our old gentleman? (*Catching sight of* Clinia *and* Clitipho.) But look, I espy the persons I was wanting.

Clin. (*apart.*) Oh Jupiter! Why, where is fidelity *gone?* While I, distractedly wandering, have abandoned my country for your sake, you, in the mean time, Antiphila, have been enriching yourself, and have forsaken me in these troubles, *you* for whose sake I am in extreme disgrace, and have been disobedient to my father; on whose account I am now ashamed and grieved, that he who used to lecture me about the manners of these women, advised me in vain, and was not able to wean me away from her:—which, however, I shall now do; *whereas* when it might have been advantageous to me *to do so*, I was unwilling. There is no being more wretched than I.

Syr. (*to himself.*) He certainly has been misled by our words which we have been speaking here. (*Aloud.*) Clinia, you imagine your mistress quite different from what she really is. For both her mode of life is the same, and her disposition

toward you is the same as it *always* was; so far as we could form a judgment from the circumstances themselves.

Clin. How so, prithee? For nothing in the world could I rather wish for just now, than that I have suspected this without reason.

Syr. This, in the first place, *then* (that you may not be ignorant of any thing that concerns her); the old woman, who was formerly said to be her mother, was not *so*.—She is dead: this I overheard by accident from her, as we came along, while she was telling the other one.

Clit. Pray, who is the other one?

Syr. Stay; what I have begun I wish first to relate, Clitipho; I shall come to that afterward.

Clit. Make haste, *then*.

Syr. First of all, then, when we came to the house, Dromo knocked at the door; a certain old woman came out; when she opened the door, he directly rushed in; I followed; the old woman bolted the door, *and* returned to her wool. On this occasion might be known, Clinia, or else on none, in what pursuits she passed her life during your absence; when we *thus* came upon a female unexpectedly. For this circumstance then gave *us an* opportunity of judging of the course of her daily life; *a thing* which especially discovers what is the disposition of each individual. We found her industriously plying at the web: plainly clad in a mourning dress,[1] on account of this old woman, I suppose, who was *lately* dead; without golden ornaments, dressed, besides, just like those who *only* dress for themselves, *and* patched up with no worthless woman's trumpery.[2] Her hair was loose, long,

[1] *In a mourning dress*)—Ver. 286. Among the Greeks, in general, mourning for the dead seems to have lasted till the thirtieth day after the funeral, and during that period black dresses were worn. The Romans also wore mourning for the dead, which seems, in the time of the Republic, to have been black or dark blue for either sex. Under the Empire the men continued to wear black, but the women wore white. No jewels or ornaments were worn upon these occasions.

[2] *With no worthless woman's trumpery*)—Ver. 289. By "nullâ malâ re mulicbri" he clearly means that they did not find her painted up with the cosmetics which some women were in the habit of using. Such preparations for the face as white-lead, wax, antimony, or vermilion, well deserve the name of "mala res." A host of these cosmetics will be found described in Ovid's Fragment "On the Care of the Com-

and thrown back negligently about her temples. (*To* Clinia.) Do you hold your peace.[1]

Clin. My *dear* Syrus, do not without cause throw me into ecstasies, I beseech you.

Syr. The old woman was spinning the woof:[2] there was one little servant girl besides;—she was weaving[3] together with them, covered with patched clothes, slovenly, *and* dirty with filthiness.

Clit. If this is true, Clinia, as I believe it is, who is there more fortunate than you? Do you mark this *girl* whom he speaks of, as dirty and drabbish? This, too, is a strong indication that the mistress is out of harm's way, when her confidant is in such ill plight; for it is a rule with those who wish to gain access to the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

Clin. (*to* Syrus.) Go on, I beseech you; and beware of endeavoring to purchase favor by telling an untruth. What did she say, when you mentioned me?

Syr. When we told her that you had returned, and had requested her to come to you, the damsel instantly put away the web, and covered her face all over with tears; so that

plexion," and much information upon this subject is given in various passages in the Art of Love. In the Remedy of Love, l. 351, Ovid speaks of these practices in the following terms: "At the moment, too, when she shall be smearing her face with the cosmetics laid up on it, you may come into the presence of your mistress, and don't let shame prevent you. You will find there boxes, and a thousand colors of objects; and you will see 'œsypum,' the ointment of the fleece, trickling down and flowing upon her heated bosom. These drugs, Phineus, smell like thy tables; not once alone has sickness been caused by this to my stomach." Lucretius also, in his Fourth Book, l. 1168, speaks of a female who "covers herself with noxious odors, and whom her female attendants fly from to a distance, and chuckle by stealth." See also the Mostellaria of Plautus, Act I., Scene 3, l. 135, where Philematium is introduced making her toilet on the stage.

[1] *Do hold your peace*)—Ver. 291. "Pax," literally "peace!" in the sense of "Hush!" "Be quiet!" See the Notes to the Trinummus of Plautus, ll. 889-891, in Bohn's Translation.

[2] *The woof*)—Ver. 293. See an interesting passage on the ancient weaving, in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, B. vi., l. 54, *et seq.* See also the Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses, in the Heroides of Ovid, l. 10, and the Note in Bohn's English Translation.

[3] *She was weaving*)—Ver. 294. This line and part of the next are supposed to have been translated almost literally from some lines, the composition of Menander, which are still extant.

you might easily perceive that it really was caused by her affection for you.

Clin. So may the Deities bless me, I know not where I am for joy! I was so alarmed *before*.

Clit. But I was sure that there was no reason, Clinia. Come now, Syrus, tell *me*, in my turn, who this other lady is.

Syr. Your Bacchis, *whom* we are bringing.[1]

Clit. Ha! What! Bacchis? How now, you rascal! whither are you bringing her?

Syr. Whither *am* I *bringing* her? To our house, to be sure.

Clit. What! to my father's?

Syr. To the very same.

Clit. Oh, the audacious impudence of the fellow!

Syr. Hark'ye, no great and memorable action is done without some risk.

Clit. Look *now;* are you seeking to gain credit for yourself, at the hazard of my character, you rascal, in a point, where, if you only make the slightest slip, I am ruined? What would you be doing with her?

Syr. But still——

Clit. Why "still?"

Syr. If you'll give me leave, I'll tell you.

Clin. Do give him leave.

Clit. I give him leave *then*.

Syr. This affair is now just as though when——

Clit. Plague on it, what roundabout story is he beginning to tell me?

Clin. Syrus, he says what's right — do omit *digressions;* come to the point.

Syr. Really I can not hold my tongue. Clitipho, you are every way unjust, and can not possibly be endured.

Clin. Upon my faith, he ought to have a hearing. (*To* Clitipho.) Do be silent.

Syr. You wish to indulge in your amours; you wish to possess *your mistress;* you wish that to be procured where-

[1] *Your Bacchis, whom we are bringing*)—Ver. 310. Colman has the following remark: "Here we enter upon the other part of the table, which the Poet has most artfully complicated with the main subject by making Syrus bring Clitipho's mistress along with Antiphila. This part of the story, we know, was not in Menander."

withal to make her presents; in getting *this*, you do not wish the risk to be your own. You are not wise to no purpose, —if indeed it is being wise to wish for that which can not happen. Either the one must be had with the other, or the one must be let alone with the other. Now, of these two alternatives, consider which one you would prefer; although this project which I have formed, I know to be both a wise and a safe one. For there is an opportunity for your mistress to be with you at your father's house, without fear *of a discovery;* besides, by these self-same means, I shall find the money which you have promised her—to effect which, you have already made my ears deaf with entreating me. What would you have more?

CLIT. If, indeed, this could be brought about——

SYR. If, indeed? You shall know *it* by experience.

CLIT. Well, well, disclose this project of yours. What is it?

SYR. We will pretend that your mistress is his (*pointing to* CLINIA).

CLIT. Very fine! Tell me, what is he to do with his own? Is she, too, to be called his, as if one was not a sufficient discredit?

SYR. No—she shall be taken to your mother.

CLIT. Why there?

SYR. It would be tedious, Clitipho, if I were to tell you why I do so; I have a good reason.

CLIT. Stuff! I see no grounds sufficiently solid why it should be for my advantage to incur this risk.[1] (*Turning as if going.*)

SYR. Stay; if there is this risk, I have another *project*, which you must both confess to be free from danger.

CLIT. Find out something of that description, I beseech you.

SYR. By all means; I'll go meet her, *and* tell her to return home.

CLIT. Ha! what was it you said?

SYR. I'll rid you at once of all fears, so that you may sleep at your ease upon either ear.[2]

[1] *Incur this risk*)—Ver. 337. As to his own mistress.

[2] *Upon either ear*)—Ver. 342. "In aurem utramvis," a proverbial expression, implying an easy and secure repose. It is also used by

Clit. What am I to do now?

Clin. What are you *to do?* The goods that——

Clit. Only tell me the truth, Syrus.

Syr. Dispatch quickly; you'll be wishing just now too late and in vain. (*Going.*)

Clin. The Gods provide, enjoy while *yet* you may; for you know not——

Clit. (*calling.*) Syrus, I say!

Syr. (*moving on.*) Go on; I shall still do that *which I said.*[1]

Clin. Whether you may have another opportunity hereafter or ever again.

Clit. I'faith, that's true. (*Calling.*) Syrus, Syrus, I say, harkye, harkye, Syrus!

Syr. (*aside.*) He warms *a little.* (*To* Clitipho.) What is it you want?

Clit. Come back, come back.

Syr. (*coming back to him.*) Here I am; tell me what you would have. You'll be presently saying that this, too, doesn't please you.

Clit. Nay, Syrus, I commit myself, and my love, and *my* reputation *entirely* to you: you are the seducer; take care you don't deserve any blame.

Syr. It is ridiculous for you to give me that caution, Clitipho, as if my interest was less at stake in this affair than yours. Here, if any ill luck should perchance befall us, words will be in readiness for you, *but* for this individual blows (*pointing to himself*). For that reason, this matter is by no means to be neglected on my part: but do prevail upon him (*pointing to* Clinia) to pretend that she is his own *mistress.*

Clin. You may rest assured I'll do so. The matter has now come to that pass, that it is a case of necessity.

Clit. 'Tis with good reason that I love you, Clinia.

Plautus, and is found in a fragment of the Πλοκιὸν, or Necklace, a Comedy of Menander.

[1] *Still do that which I said*)—Ver. 346. "Perge porro, tamen istuc ago." Stallbaum observes that the meaning is: "Although I'm going off, I'm still attending to what you're saying." According to Schmieder and others, it means: "Call on just as you please, I shall persist in sending Bacchis away."

Clin. But she mustn't be tripping at all.

Syr. She is thoroughly tutored in her part.

Clit. But this I wonder at, how you could so easily prevail upon her, who is wont to treat such *great people*[1] with scorn.

Syr. I came to her at the *proper* moment, which in all things is of the first importance: for there I found a certain wretched captain soliciting her favors: she artfully managed the man, so as to inflame his eager passions by denial; and this, too, that it might be especially pleasing to yourself. But hark you, take care, will you, not to be imprudently impetuous. You know your father, how quick-sighted he is in these matters; and I know you, how unable you are to command yourself. Keep clear of words of double meaning,[2] your sidelong looks, sighing, hemming, coughing, tittering.

Clit. You shall have to commend *me*.

Syr. Take care of that, please.

Clit. You yourself shall be surprised at me.

Syr. But how quickly the ladies have come up with us!

Clit. Where are they? (Syrus *stands before him.*) Why do you hold me back?

Syr. For the present she is nothing to you.

Clit. I know it, before my father; but now in the mean time——

Syr. Not a bit the more.

Clit. Do let me.

Syr. I will not let you, I tell you.

Clit. But only for a moment, pray.

[1] *Such great people*)—Ver. 363. "Quos," literally, "What persons!"

[2] *Words of double meaning*)—Ver. 372. "Inversa verba, eversas cervices tuas." "Inversa verba" clearly means, words with a double meaning, or substituted for others by previous arrangement, like correspondence by cipher. Lucretius uses the words in this sense, B. i., l. 643. A full account of the secret signs and correspondence in use among the ancients will be found in the 16th and 17th Epistles of the Heroides of Ovid, in his Amours, B. i., El. 4, and in various passages of the Art of Love. See also the Asinaria of Plautus, l. 780. It is not known for certain what "eversa cervix" here means; it may mean the turning of the neck in some particular manner by way of a hint or to give a sidelong look, or it may allude to the act of snatching a kiss on the sly, which might lead to a discovery.

Syr. I forbid it.
Clit. Only to salute her.
Syr. If you are wise, get you gone.
Clit. I'm off. *But* what's he *to do?* (*Pointing at* Clinia.)
Syr. He will stay *here.*
Clit. O happy man!
Syr. Take yourself off. (*Exit* Clitipho.

Scene IV.

Enter Bacchis *and* Antiphila *at a distance.*

Bacchis. Upon my word, my *dear* Antiphila, I commend you, and think you fortunate in having made it your study that your manners should be conformable to those good looks *of yours:* and so may the Gods bless me, I do not at all wonder if every man is in love with you. For your discourse has been a proof to me what kind of disposition you possess. And when now I reflect in my mind upon your way of life, and *that* of all of you, in fact, who keep the public at a distance from yourselves, it is not surprising both that you are of that *disposition*, and that we are not; for it is your interest to be virtuous; those, with whom we are acquainted, will not allow us *to be so.* For *our* lovers, allured *merely* by our beauty, court us *for that;* when that has faded, they transfer their affections elsewhere; *and* unless we have made provision in the mean time for the future, we live in destitution. *Now* with you, when you have once resolved to pass your life with one man whose manners are especially kindred to your own, those persons[1] become attached to you. By this kindly feeling, you are truly devoted to each other; and no calamity can ever possibly interrupt your love.

Anti. I know nothing about other women: I'm sure that I have, indeed, always used every endeavor to derive my own happiness from his happiness.

Clin. (*apart, overhearing* Antiphila.) Ah! 'tis for that reason, my Antiphila, that you alone have now caused me to return to my native country; for while I was absent from

[1] *A man whose manners—those persons*)—Ver. 393. "Cujus—hi;" a change of number by the use of the figure Enallage.

you, all *other* hardships which I encountered were light to me, save the being deprived of you.

SYR. (*apart.*) I believe it.

CLIN. (*apart.*) Syrus, I can scarce endure it![1] Wretch that I am, that I should not be allowed to possess one of such a disposition at my own discretion!

SYR. Nay, so far as I understand your father, he will for a long time yet be giving you a hard task.

BACCH. Why, who is that young man that's looking at us?

ANTI. (*seeing* CLINIA.) Ah! do support me, I entreat you!

BACCH. Prithee, what is the matter with you?

ANTI. I shall die, alas! I shall die!

BACCH. Why are you *thus* surprised, Antiphila?

ANTI. Is it Clinia that I see, or not?

BACCH. Whom do you see?

CLIN. (*running to embrace* ANTIPHILA.) Blessings on you, my life!

ANTI. Oh my long-wished for Clinia, blessings on you!

CLIN. How fare you, *my love?*

ANTI. I'm overjoyed that you have returned safe.

CLIN. And do I embrace you, Antiphila, *so* passionately longed for by my soul?

SYR. Go in-doors; for the old gentleman has been waiting for us some time. (*They go into the house of* CHREMES.)

[1] *I can scarce endure it*)—Ver. 400. Colman has the following remark on this passage: "Madame Dacier, contrary to the authority of all editions and MSS., adopts a conceit of her father's in this place, and places this speech to Clitipho, whom she supposes to have retired to a hiding-place, where he might overhear the conversation, and from whence he peeps out to make this speech to Syrus. This she calls an agreeable *jeu de théâtre*, and doubts not but all lovers of Terence will be obliged to her father for so ingenious a remark; but it is to be feared that critical sagacity will not be so lavish of acknowledgments to his filial piety. There does not appear the least foundation for this remark in the Scene, nor has the Poet given us the least room to doubt of Clitipho being actually departed. To me, instead of an agreeable *jeu de théâtre*, it appears a most absurd and ridiculous device; particularly vicious in this place, as it most injudiciously tends to interrupt the course of Clinia's more interesting passion, so admirably delineated in this little Scene."

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Chremes *from his house.*

Chrem. (*to himself.*) It is now daybreak.[1] *Why* do I delay to knock at my neighbor's door, that he may learn from me the first that his son has returned? Although I am aware that the youth would not prefer this. But when I see him tormenting himself *so* miserably about his absence, can I conceal a joy so unhoped for, *especially* when there can be no danger to him from the discovery? I will not do *so;* but as far as I can I will assist the old man. As I see my son aiding his friend and year's-mate, and acting as his confidant in his concerns, it is *but* right that we old men as well should assist each other.

Enter Menedemus *from his house.*

Men. (*to himself.*) Assuredly I was either born with a disposition peculiarly suited for misery, or else that *saying* which I hear commonly repeated, that "time assuages human sorrow," is false. For really my sorrow about my son increases daily; and the longer he is away from me, the more anxiously do I wish for him, and the more I miss him.

Chrem. (*apart.*) But I see him coming out of his house; I'll go speak to him. (*Aloud.*) Menedemus, good-morrow; I bring you news, which you would especially desire to be imparted.

Men. Pray, have you heard any thing about my son, Chremes?

Chrem. He's alive, and well.

Men. Why, where is he, pray?

[1] *It is now daybreak*) —Ver. 410. Though this is the only Play which includes more than one day in the action, it is not the only one in which the day is represented as breaking. The Amphitryon and the Curculio of Plautus commence before daybreak, and the action is carried on into the middle of the day. Madame Dacier absolutely considers it *as a fact beyond all doubt*, that the Roman Audience went home after the first two Acts of the Play, and returned for the representation of the third the next morning at daybreak. Scaliger was of the same opinion; but it is not generally entertained by Commentators.

CHREM. Here, at my house, at home.

MEN. My son?

CHREM. Such is the fact.

MEN. Come *home?*

CHREM. Certainly.

MEN. My son, Clinia, come *home?*

CHREM. I say *so.*

MEN. Let us go. Lead me to him, I beg of you.

CHREM. He does not wish you yet to know of his return, nd he shuns your presence; he's afraid that, on account of iat fault, your former severity may even be increased.

MEN. Did you not tell him how I was affected?[1]

CHREM. No——

MEN. For what reason, Chremes?

CHREM. Because there you would judge extremely ill both or yourself and for him, if you were to show yourself of a pirit so weak and irresolute.

MEN. I can not *help it:* enough already, enough, have I roved a rigorous father.

CHREM. Ah Menedemus! you are too precipitate in either xtreme, either with profuseness or with parsimony too great. nto the same error will you fall from the one side as from ie other. In the first place, formerly, rather than allow our son to visit a young woman, who was then content with very little, and to whom any thing was acceptable, you ightened him away from here. After that, she began, quite gainst her inclination, to seek a subsistence upon the town. ow, when she can not be supported without a great expense, ou are ready to give any thing. For, that you may know ow perfectly she is trained to extravagance, in the first place, ie has already brought with her more than ten female at-ndants, *all* laden with clothes and jewels of gold; if a satrap[2] ad been her admirer, he never could support her expenses, uch less can you.

MEN. Is she at your house?

CHREM. Is she, do you ask? I have felt it; for I have

[1] *How I was affected*)—Ver. 436. "Ut essem," literally, "How I as."

[2] *If a satrap*)—Ver. 452. "Satrapa" was a Persian word signifying a ruler of a province." The name was considered as synonymous th "possessor of wealth almost inexhaustible."

given her and her retinue one dinner; had I to give them another such, it would be all over *with me;* for, to pass by other matters, what a quantity of wine she did consume for me in tasting only,[1] saying thus, "This *wine* is *too* acid, respected sir,[3] do please look for something more mellow." I opened all the casks, all the vessels;[4] she kept all on the stir: and this *but* a single night. What do you suppose will become of you when they are constantly preying upon you? So may the Gods prosper me, Menedemus, I do pity your lot.

Men. Let him do what he will; let him take, waste, *and* squander; I'm determined to endure it, so long as I only have him with me.

[1] *In tasting only*)—Ver. 457. "Pytiso" was the name given to the nasty practice of tasting wine, and then spitting it out; offensive in a man, but infinitely more so in a woman. It seems in those times to have been done by persons who wished to give themselves airs in the houses of private persons; at the present day it is probably confined to wine-vaults and sale-rooms where wine is put up to auction, and even there it is practiced much more than is either necessary or agreeable. Doubtless Bacchis did it to show her exquisite taste in the matter of wines.

[2] *Is too acid*)—Ver. 458. "Asperum;" meaning that the wine was not old enough for her palate. The great fault of the Greek wines was their tartness, for which reason sea-water was mixed with them all except the Chian, which was the highest class of wine.

[3] *Respected sir*)—Ver. 459. "Pater," literally "father;" a title by which the young generally addressed aged persons who were strangers to them.

[4] *All the casks, all the vessels*)—Ver. 460. "Dolia omnia, omnes serias." The finer kinds of wine were drawn off from the "dolia," or large vessels, into the "amphoræ," which, like the "dolia," were made of earth, and sometimes of glass. The mouths of the vessels were stopped tight by a plug of wood or cork, which was made impervious to the atmosphere by being rubbed over with a composition of pitch, clay, wax, or gypsum. On the outside, the title of the wine was painted, and among the Romans the date of the vintage was denoted by the names of the Consuls then in office. When the vessels were of glass, small tickets or labels, called "pittacia," were suspended from them, stating to a similar effect. The "seriæ" were much the same as the "dolia," perhaps somewhat smaller; they were both long, bell-mouthed vessels of earthen-ware, formed of the best clay, and lined with pitch while hot from the furnace. "Seriæ" were also used to contain oil and other liquids; and in the Captivi of Plautus the word is applied to pans used for the purpose of salting meat. "Relino" signifies the act of taking the seal of pitch or wax off the stopper of the wine-vessel.

CHREM. If it is your determination thus to act, I hold it to e of very great moment that he should not be aware that ith a full knowledge you grant him this.

MEN. What shall I do?

CHREM. Any thing, rather than what you are thinking of; upply him *with money* through some other person; suffer ourself to be imposed upon by the artifices of his servant: lthough I have smelt out this too, that they are about that, *nd* are secretly planning it among them. Syrus is *always* hispering with that *servant* of yours;[1] they impart their lans to the young men; and it were better for you to lose a alent this way, than a mina the other. The money is not ne question now, but this—in what way we can supply it to ne young man with the least danger. For if he once knows ne state of your feelings, that you would sooner part with our life, and sooner with all your money, than allow your n to leave you; whew! what an inlet[2] will you be opening r his debauchery! aye, and so much so, that henceforth to ve can not be desirable to you. For we all become worse rough indulgence. Whatever comes into his head, he'll be ishing for; nor will he reflect whether that which he desires right or wrong. You will not be able to endure your es- te and him going to ruin. You will refuse to supply him: e will immediately have recourse to the means by which he nds that he has the greatest hold upon you, *and* threaten at he will immediately leave you.

MEN. You seem to speak the truth, and just what is the ct.

CHREM. I'faith, I have not been sensible of sleep this night ith my eyes,[3] for thinking of this—how to restore your son you.

[1] *With that servant of yours*)—Ver. 473. Dromo.

[2] *What an inlet*)—Ver. 482. "Fenestram;" literally, "a window."

[3] *This night with my eyes*)—Ver. 491. Colman has the following Note re: "Hedelin obstinately contends from this passage, that neither hremes nor any of his family went to bed the whole night; the con- ary of which is evident, as Menage observes, from the two next enes. For why should Syrus take notice of his being up so early, if had never retired to rest? Or would Chremes have reproached itipho for his behavior the night before, had the feast never been in- rrupted? Eugraphius's interpretation of these words is natural and vious, who explains them to signify that the anxiety of Chremes to store Clinia to Menedemus broke his rest."

Men. (*taking his hand.*) Give *me your* right hand. I reques that you will still act in a like manner, Chremes.

Chrem. I am ready *to serve you.*

Men. Do you know what it is I now want you to do?

Chrem. Tell *me.*

Men. As you have perceived that they are laying a plan to deceive me, that they may hasten to complete it. I long to give him whatever he wants: I am now longing to behold him.

Chrem. I'll lend my endeavors. This little business is in my way. Our neighbors Simus and Crito are disputing here about boundaries; they have chosen me for arbitrator. I'll go and tell them that I can not possibly give them my attention to-day as I had stated I would. I'll be here immediately. (*Exit.*

Men. Pray do. (*To himself.*) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! That the nature of all men should be so constituted that they can see and judge of other men's affairs better than their own! Is it because in our own concerns we are biased either with joy or grief in too great a degree? How much wiser now is he for me, than I *have been* for myself!

Re-enter Chremes.

Chrem. I have disengaged myself, that I might lend you my services at my leisure. Syrus must be found and instructed by me *in this business.* Some one, I know not who, is coming out of my house: do you step hence home, that they may not perceive[1] that we are conferring together. (Menedemus *goes into his house.*)

Scene II.

Enter Syrus *from the house of* Chremes.

Syr. (*aloud to himself.*) Run to and fro in every direction still, money, you must be found: a trap must be laid for the old man.

[1] *That they may not perceive*)—Ver. 511. Madame Dacier observes that Chremes seizes this as a very plausible and necessary pretense to engage Menedemus to return home, and not to his labors in the field as he had at first intended.

CHREM. (*apart, overhearing him.*) Was I deceived *in saying* at they were planning this? That servant of Clinia's is mewhat dull; therefore *that* province has been assigned to is one of ours.

SYR. (*in a low voice.*) Who's that speaking? (*Catches sight* CHREMES.) I'm undone! Did he hear it, I wonder?

CHREM. Syrus.

SYR. Well——

CHREM. What are you doing here?

SYR. All right. Really, I am quite surprised at you, remes, up so early, after drinking so much yesterday.

CHREM. Not too much.

SYR. Not *too much*, say you? Really, you've seen the old e of an eagle,[1] as the saying is.

CHREM. Pooh, pooh!

SYR. A pleasant and agreeable woman this Courtesan.

CHREM. Why, so she seemed to me, in fact.

SYR. And really of handsome appearance.

CHREM. Well enough.

SYR. Not like *those* of former days,[2] but as *times are* now, ry passable: nor do I in the least wonder that Clinia doats on her. But he has a father—a certain covetous, miserable, d niggardly person—this neighbor *of ours* (*pointing to the use*). Do you know him? Yet, as if he was not abound- g in wealth, his son ran away through want. Are you ware that it is the fact, as I am saying?

CHREM. How should I not be aware? A fellow that de- rves the mill.

SYR. Who?

[1] *Old age of an eagle*)—Ver. 521. This was a proverbial expression, nifying a hale and vigorous old age. It has been suggested, too, that dludes to the practice of some old men, who drink more than they t. It was vulgarly said that eagles never die of old age, and that ien, by reason of their beaks growing inward, they are unable to feed on their prey, they live by sucking the blood.

[2] *Not like those of former days*)—Ver. 524. Syrus, by showing him- f an admirer of the good old times, a "laudator temporis acti," is shful to flatter the vanity of Chremes, as it is a feeling common to age, perhaps by no means an unamiable one, to think former times ter than the present. Aged people feel grateful to those happy hours en their hopes were bright, and every thing was viewed from the ny side of life.

Chrem. That servant of the young gentleman, I mean.

Syr. (*aside.*) Syrus! I was sadly afraid for you.

Chrem. To suffer it to come to this!

Syr. What was he to do?

Chrem. Do you ask the question? He ought to hav found some expedient, contrived *some* stratagem, by means o which there might have been something for the young man t give to his mistress, and *thus* have saved this crabbed old fe low in spite of himself.

Syr. You are *surely* joking.

Chrem. This ought to have been done by him, Syrus.

Syr. How now—pray, do you commend *servants*, who de ceive their masters?

Chrem. Upon occasion—I certainly do commend *them.*

Syr. Quite right.

Chrem. Inasmuch as it often is the remedy for great dis turbances. Then would this man's only son have staid a home.

Syr. (*aside.*) Whether he says this in jest or in earnest, I don't know; only, in fact, that he gives me additional zest fo longing still more *to trick* him.

Chrem. And what is he now waiting for, Syrus? Is i until *his father* drives him away from here a second time when he can no longer support her expenses?[1] Has he n plot on foot against the old gentleman?

Syr. He is a stupid fellow.

Chrem. Then you ought to assist him—for the sake of th young man.

Syr. For my part, I can do *so* easily, if you command me for I know well in what fashion it is usually done.

Chrem. So much the better, i' faith.

Syr. 'Tis not my way to tell an untruth.

Chrem. Do it then.

Syr. But hark you! Just take care and remember this in case any thing of this sort should perchance happen at a future time, such are human affairs!—your son might do *th same.*

Chrem. The necessity will not arise, I trust.

Syr. I' faith, and I trust so too: nor do I say so now

[1] *Can no longer support her expenses*)—Ver. 544. He refers to Men demus and Bacchis.

cause I have suspected him in any way; but in case, none e more[1]——You see what his age is; (*aside*) and truly, remes,[2] if an occasion does happen, I may be able to handle u right handsomely.

CHREM. As to that, we'll consider what is requisite when e occasion does happen. At present do you set about this atter. (*Goes into his house.*)

SYR. (*to himself.*) Never on any occasion did I hear my aster talk more to the purpose; nor *at any time* could I be- ve that I was authorized to play the rogue with greater npunity. I wonder who it is coming out of our house? (*stands aside.*)

SCENE III.

(*Enter* CHREMES *and* CLITIPHO *from the house of the former.*

CHREM. Pray, what does this mean? What behavior is is, Clitipho? Is this acting as becomes you?

CLIT. What have I done?

CHREM. Did I not see you just now putting your hand into is Courtesan's bosom?

SYR. (*apart.*) It's all up with us—I'm utterly undone!

CLIT. What, I?

CHREM. With these self-same eyes *I saw it*——don't deny Besides, you wrong him unworthily in not keeping your nds off: for indeed it is a gross affront to entertain a per- n, your friend, at your house, and to take liberties with s mistress. Yesterday, for instance, at wine, how rude you re——

SYR. (*apart.*) 'Tis the truth.[3]

[1] *But in case, none the more*)—Ver. 555. "Sed si quid, ne quid." instance of Aposiopesis, signifying "But if any thing does happen, n't you blame me."

[2] *And truly, Chremes*)—Ver. 557. Some suppose that this is said in arent candor by Syrus, in order the more readily to throw Chremes his guard. Other Commentators, again, fancy these words to be d by Syrus in a low voice, aside, which seems not improbable; it ng a just retribution on Chremes for his recommendation, however il intended: in that case, Chremes probably overhears it, if we may lge from his answer.

[3] *'Tis the truth*)—Ver. 568. "Factum." "Done for" is another nslation which this word will here admit of.

Chrem. How annoying *you were!* So much so, that for my part, as the Gods may prosper me, I dreaded what in the end might be *the consequence.* I understand lovers. They resent highly things that you would not imagine.

Clit. But he has *full* confidence in me, father, that I would not do any thing of that kind.

Chrem. Be it so; still, at least, you ought to go somewhere for a little time away from their presence. Passion prompts to many a thing; your presence acts as a restraint upon doing them. I form a judgment from myself. There's not one of my friends this day to whom I would venture, Clitipho, to disclose all my secrets. With one, *his* station forbids it; with another, I am ashamed of the action itself; lest I may appear a fool or devoid of shame; do you rest assured that he does the same.[1] But it is our part to be sensible of *this;* and, when and where it is requisite, to show due complaisance.

Syr. (*coming forward and whispering to* Clitipho.) What is it he is saying?

Clit. (*aside, to* Syrus.) I'm utterly undone!

Syr. Clitipho, these same injunctions I gave you. You have acted the part of a prudent and discreet person.[2]

Clit. Hold your tongue, I beg.

Syr. Very good.

Chrem. (*approaching them.*) Syrus, I am ashamed *of him.*

Syr. I believe it; and not without reason. Why, he vexes myself even.

Clit. (*to* Syrus.) Do you persist, then?

Syr. I' faith, I'm saying the truth, as it appears *to me.*

Clit. May I not go near them?

Chrem. How now—pray, is there but one way[3] of going near *them?*

Syr. (*aside.*) Confusion! He'll be betraying himself before I've got the money. (*Aloud.*) Chremes, will you give attention to me, who am but a silly person?

Chrem. What am I to do?

Syr. Bid *him* go somewhere *out of the way.*

[1] *That he does the same*)—Ver. 577. Clinia.

[2] *Of a prudent and discreet person*)—Ver. 580. This is said ironically.

[3] *Is there but one way*)—Ver. 583. And that an immodest one.

Clit. Where am I to go?

Syr. Where you please; leave the place to them; be off
id take a walk.

Clit. Take a walk! where?

Syr. Pshaw! Just as if there was no place *to walk in.*
hy, then, go this way, that way, where you will.

Chrem. He says right, I'm of his opinion.

Clit. May the Gods extirpate you, Syrus, for thrusting me
vay from here.

Syr. (*aside to* Clitipho.) Then do you for the future keep
ose hands *of yours* within bounds. (*Exit* Clitipho.) Really
w (*to* Chremes), what do you think? What do you im-
ine will become of him next, unless, so far as the Gods
ford you the means, you watch him, correct *and* admonish
m?

Chrem. I'll take care of that.

Syr. But now, master, he must be looked after by you.

Chrem. It shall be done.

Syr. If you are wise,—for now he minds me less and less
ery *day.*

Chrem. What *say* you? What have you done, Syrus,
out that matter which I was mentioning to you a short
ne since? Have you any *plan* that suits *you*, or not yet
en?

Syr. You mean the design *upon Menedemus?* I have; I
ve just hit upon one.

Chrem. You are a clever fellow; what is it? Tell me.

Syr. I'll tell *you;* but, as one matter arises out of an-
her——

Chrem. Why, what is it, Syrus?

Syr. This Courtesan is a very bad woman.

Chrem. So she seems.

Syr. Aye, if you did but know. O shocking! just see
at she is hatching. There was a certain old woman
e from Corinth,—this *Bacchis* lent her a thousand silver
achmæ.

Chrem. What then?

Syr. She is *now* dead: she has left a daughter, a young
l. She has been left with this *Bacchis* as a pledge for that
n.

Chrem. I understand *you.*

Syr. She has brought her hither along with her, her *I mean* who is now with your wife.[1]

Chrem. What then?

Syr. She is soliciting Clinia at once to advance her this *money;* she says, however, that this *girl* is to be a security, that, at a future time, she will repay the thousand pieces of money.

Chrem. And would she really be a security?[2]

Syr. Dear me, is it to be doubted? I think so.

Chrem. What then do you intend doing?

Syr. What, I? I shall go to Menedemus; I'll tell him she is a captive from Caria, rich, and of noble family; if he redeems her, there will be a considerable profit in this transaction.

Chrem. You are in an error.

Syr. Why so?

Chrem. I'll now answer you for Menedemus—I will not purchase her.

Syr. What is it you say? Do speak more agreeably to our wishes.

Chrem. But there is no occasion.

Syr. No occasion?

Chrem. Certainly not, i' faith.

Syr. How so, I wonder?

Chrem. You shall soon know.[3]

[1] *With your wife*)—Ver. 604. Madame Dacier remarks, that as Antiphila is shortly to be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes, she is not therefore in company with the other women at the feast, who are Courtesans, but with the wife of Chremes, and consequently free from reproach or scandal.

[2] *Would she really be a security*)—Ver. 606. The question of Chremes seems directed to the fact whether the girl is of value sufficient to be good security for the thousand drachmæ.

[3] *You shall soon know*)—Ver. 612. Madame Dacier suggests that Chremes is prevented by his wife's coming from making a proposal to advance the money himself, on the supposition that it will be a lucrative speculation. This notion is contradicted by Colman, who adds the following note from Eugraphius: "Syrus pretends to have concerted this plot against Menedemus, in order to trick him out of some money to be given to Clinia's supposed mistress. Chremes, however, does not approve of this: yet it serves to carry on the plot; for when Antiphila proves afterward to be the daughter of Chremes, he necessarily becomes the debtor of Bacchis, and is obliged to lay down the sum for which he imagines his daughter is pledged."

Syr. Stop, stop; what is the reason that there is such a great noise at our door? (*They retire out of sight.*)

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Sostrata *and a* Nurse *in haste from the house of* Chremes, *and* Chremes *and* Syrus *on the other side of the stage unperceived.*

Sos. (*holding up a ring and examining it.*) Unless my fancy deceives me, surely this is the ring which I suspect it to be, the same with which my daughter was exposed.

Chrem. (*apart.*) Syrus, what is the meaning of these expressions?

Sos. *Nurse*, how is it? Does it not seem to you the same?

Nur. As for me, I said it was the same the very instant that you showed it me.

Sos. But have you now examined it thoroughly, my *dear* nurse?

Nur. Thoroughly.

Sos. Then go in-doors at once, and if she has now done bathing, bring me word. I'll wait here in the mean time for my husband.

Syr. (*apart.*) She wants you, see what it is she wants; she is in a serious mood, I don't know why; it is not without a cause——I fear what it may be.

Chrem. What it may be? I' faith, she'll now surely be announcing some important trifle, with a great parade.

Sos. (*turning round.*) Ha! my husband!

Chrem. Ha! my wife!

Sos. I was looking for you.

Chrem. Tell me what you want.

Sos. In the first place, this I beg of you, not to believe that I have ventured to do any thing contrary to your commands.

Chrem. Would you have me believe you in this, although so incredible? *Well*, I will believe you.

Syr. (*aside.*) This excuse portends I know not what offense.

Sos. Do you remember me being pregnant, and yourself declaring to me, most peremptorily, that if I should bring forth a girl, you would not have it brought up.

Chrem. I know what you have done, you have brought it up.

Syr. (*aside.*) Such is the fact, *I'm sure:* my young master has gained a loss[1] in consequence.

Sos. Not at all; but there was here an elderly woman of Corinth, of no indifferent character; to her I gave it to be exposed.

Chrem. O Jupiter! that there should be such extreme folly in *a person's* mind.

Sos. Alas! what have I done?

Chrem. And do you ask the question?

Sos. If I have acted wrong, my *dear* Chremes, I have done *so* in ignorance.

Chrem. This, indeed, I know for certain, even if you were to deny it, that in every thing you both speak and act ignorantly and foolishly: how many blunders you disclose in this *single* affair! For, in the first place, then, if you had been disposed to obey my orders, *the child* ought to have been dispatched; *you ought* not in words to have feigned her death, *and* in reality to have left hopes of her surviving. But that I pass over; compassion, maternal affection, I allow it. But how finely you did provide for the future! What was your meaning? Do reflect. It's clear, beyond a doubt, that your daughter was betrayed by you to this old woman, either that through you she might make a living by her, or that she might be sold in open market *as a slave.* I suppose you reasoned thus: "any thing is enough, if only her life is saved:" what are you to do with those who understand neither law, nor right and justice? *Be it* for better *or* for worse, be it for them or against them, they see nothing except just what they please.

Sos. My *dear* Chremes, I have done wrong, I own; I am convinced. Now this I beg of you; inasmuch as you are

[1] *Has gained a loss*)—Ver. 628. He alludes to Clitipho, who, by the discovery of his sister, would not come in for such a large share of his father's property, and would consequently, as Syrus observes, gain a loss.

more advanced in years than I, be so much the more ready to forgive; so that your justice may be some protection for my weakness.

Chrem. I'll readily forgive you doing this, of course; but, Sostrata, my easy temper prompts you to do amiss. But, whatever this *circumstance* is, by reason of which this was begun upon, proceed to tell it.

Sos. As we *women* are all foolishly and wretchedly superstitious, when I delivered *the child* to her to be exposed, I drew a ring from off my finger, and ordered her to expose it, together with the child; *that* if she should die, she might not be without[1] some portion of our possessions.

Chrem. That *was* right; *thereby* you proved the saving of yourself and her.[2]

Sos. (*holding out the ring.*) This is that ring.

Chrem. Whence did you get it?

Sos. From the young woman whom Bacchis brought here with her.

Syr. (*aside.*) Ha!

Chrem. What does she say?

Sos. She gave it me to keep for her, while she went to bathe. At first I paid no attention *to it;* but after I looked at it, I at once recognized it, *and* came running to you.

Chrem. What do you suspect now, or have you discovered, relative to her?

Sos. I don't know; unless you inquire of herself whence she got it, if *that* can possibly be discovered.

[1] *That she might not be without*)—Ver. 652. Madame Dacier observes upon this passage, that the ancients thought themselves guilty of a heinous offense if they suffered their children to die without having bestowed on them some of their property; it was consequently the custom of the women, before exposing children, to attach to them some jewel or trinket among their clothes, hoping thereby to avoid incurring the guilt above mentioned, and to ease their consciences.

[2] *Saving of yourself and her*)—Ver. 653. Madame Dacier says that the meaning of this passage is this: Chremes tells his wife that by having given this ring, she has done two good acts instead of one—she has both cleared her conscience and saved the child; for had there been no ring or token exposed with the infant, the finder would not have been at the trouble of taking care of it, but might have left it to perish, never suspecting it would be inquired after, or himself liberally rewarded for having preserved it.

Syr. (*aside.*) I'm undone! I see more hopes[1] *from this incident* than I desire. If it is so, she *certainly* must be ours.

Chrem. Is this *woman* living to whom you delivered *the child?*

Sos. I don't know.

Chrem. What account did she bring you at the time?

Sos. That she had done as I had ordered her.

Chrem. Tell me what is the woman's name, that she may be inquired after.

Sos. Philtere.

Syr. (*aside.*) 'Tis the very same. It's a wonder if she isn't found, and I lost.

Chrem. Sostrata, follow me this way in-doors.

Sos. How much beyond my hopes has *this matter* turned out! How dreadfully afraid I was, Chremes, that you would now be of feelings as unrelenting as formerly you were on exposing *the child.*

Chrem. Many a time a man can not be[2] such as he would be, if circumstances do not admit of it. Time has now so brought it about, that I should be glad of a daughter; formerly *I wished for* nothing less.

(Chremes *and* Sostrata *go into the house.*)

Scene II.

Syrus *alone.*

Syr. Unless my fancy deceives me,[3] retribution[4] will not

[1] *I see more hopes*)—Ver. 659. Syrus is now alarmed that Antiphila should so soon be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes, lest he may lose the opportunity of obtaining the money, and be punished as well, in case the imposition is detected, and Bacchis discovered to be the mistress of Clitipho and not of Clinia.

[2] *A man can not be*)—Ver. 666. This he says by way of palliating the cruelty he was guilty of in his orders to have the child put to death.

[3] *Unless my fancy deceives me*)—Ver. 668. "Nisi me animus fallit." He comically repeats the very same words with which Sostrata commenced in the last Scene.

[4] *Retribution*)—Ver. 668. "Infortunium!" was the name by which the slaves commonly denoted a beating. Colman has the following remark here: "Madame Dacier, and most of the later critics who have implicitly followed her, tell us that in the interval between the third

be very far off from me; so much by this incident are my forces now utterly driven into straits; unless I contrive by some means that the old man mayn't come to know that this *damsel* is his son's mistress. For as to entertaining any hopes about the money, or supposing I could cajole him, it's useless; I shall be *sufficiently* triumphant, if I'm allowed to escape with my sides covered.[1] I'm vexed that such a *tempting* morsel has been so suddenly snatched away from my jaws. What am I to do? Or what shall I devise? I must begin upon my plan over again. Nothing is so difficult, but that it may be found out by seeking. What now if I set about it after this fashion. (*He considers.*) That's of no use. What, if after this fashion? I effect just about the same. But this I think will do. It can not. Yes! excellent. Bravo! I've found out the best of all—I' faith, I do believe that after all I shall lay hold of this same runaway money.[2]

Scene III.

Enter Clinia *at the other side of the stage.*

Clin. (*to himself.*) Nothing can possibly henceforth befall

and fourth Acts, Syrus has been present at the interview between Chremes and Antiphila within. The only difficulty in this doctrine is how to reconcile it to the apparent ignorance of Syrus, which he discovers at the entrance of Clinia. But this objection, says she, is easily answered. Syrus having partly heard Antiphila's story, and finding things likely to take an unfavorable turn, retires to consider what is best to be done. But surely this is a most unnatural impatience at so critical a conjuncture; and, after all, would it not be better to take up the matter just where Terence has left it, and to suppose that Syrus knew nothing more of the affair than what might be collected from the late conversation between Chremes and Sostrata, at which we know he was present? This at once accounts for his apprehensions, which he betrayed even during that Scene, as well as for his imperfect knowledge of the real state of the case, till apprised of the whole by Clinia."

[1] *With my sides covered*)—Ver. 673. He most probably alludes to the custom of tying up the slaves by their hands, after stripping them naked, when of course their "latera" or "sides" would be exposed, and come in for a share of the lashes.

[2] *Runaway money*)—Ver. 678. "Fugitivum argentum." Madame Dacier suggests that this is a bad translation of the words of Menander, which were "ἀποστρέψειν τὸν δραπέταν χρυσὸν," where "χρυσὸς" signified both "gold" and the name of a slave.

me of such consequence as to cause *me* uneasiness; so extreme is this joy that has surprised me. Now then I shall give myself up entirely to my father, to be more frugal than *even* he could wish.

Syr. (*apart.*) I wasn't mistaken; she has been discovered, so far as I understand from these words of his. (*Advancing.*) I am rejoiced that this matter has turned out for you so much to your wish.

Clin. O my *dear* Syrus, have you heard of it, pray?

Syr. How shouldn't I, when I was present all the while?

Clin. Did you *ever* hear of any thing falling out so fortunately for any one?

Syr. Never.

Clin. And, so may the Gods prosper me, I do not now rejoice so much on my own account as hers, whom I know to be deserving of any honor.

Syr. I believe it: but now, Clinia, come, attend to me in my turn. For your friend's business as well,—it must be seen to—that it is placed in a state of security, lest the old gentleman should now *come to know* any thing about his mistress.

Clin. O Jupiter!

Syr. Do be quiet.

Clin. My Antiphila will be mine.

Syr. Do you *still* interrupt me thus?

Clin. What can I do? My *dear* Syrus, I'm transported with joy! Do bear with me.

Syr. I' faith, I really do bear with you.

Clin. We are blest with the life of the Gods.

Syr. I'm taking pains to no purpose, I doubt.

Clin. Speak; I hear you.

Syr. But still you'll not mind it.

Clin. I will.

Syr. This must be seen to, I say, that your friend's business as well is placed in a state of security. For if you now go away from us, and leave Bacchis here, our *old man* will immediately come to know that she is Clitipho's mistress; if you take her away *with you*, it will be concealed just as much as it has been hitherto concealed.

Clin. But still, Syrus, nothing can make more against my

marriage than this; for with what face am I to address my father *about it?* You understand what I mean?

Syr. Why not?

Clin. What can I say? What excuse can I make?

Syr. Nay, I don't want you to dissemble; tell him the whole case just as it really is.

Clin. What is it you say?

Syr. I bid you *do this; tell him* that you are in love with her, and want her for a wife: that this *Bacchis* is Clitipho's *mistress.*

Clin. You require a thing that is fair and reasonable, and easy to be done. And I suppose, then, you would have me request my father to keep it a secret from your old man.

Syr. On the contrary; to tell him directly the matter just as it is.

Clin. What? Are you quite in your senses or sober? Why, you were for ruining him outright. For how could he be in a state of security? Tell me *that.*

Syr. For my part, I yield the palm to this device. Here I do pride myself exultingly, in having in myself such exquisite resources, and power of address so great, as to deceive them both by telling the truth: so that when your old man tells ours that she is his son's mistress, he'll still not believe him.

Clin. But yet, by these means you again cut off all hopes of my marriage; for as long as *Chremes* believes that she is my mistress, he'll not give me his daughter. Perhaps you care little what becomes of me, so long as you provide for him.

Syr. What the plague, do you suppose I want this pretense to be kept up for an age? 'Tis but for a single day, *only* till I have secured the money: you be quiet; *I ask* no more.

Clin. Is that sufficient? If his father should come to know of it, pray, what then?

Syr. What if I have recourse to those who say, "What now if the sky were to fall?"[1]

[1] *If the sky were to fall*)—Ver. 719. He means those who create unnecessary difficulties in their imagination. Colman quotes the following remark from Patrick: "There is a remarkable passage in Arrian's Account of Alexander, lib. iv., where he tells us that some embassadors

Clin. I'm afraid to go about it.

Syr. You, afraid! As if it was not in your power to clear yourself at any time you like, *and* discover the *whole* matter.

Clin. Well, well; let Bacchis be brought over *to our house.*

Syr. Capital! she is coming out of doors.

Scene IV.

Enter Bacchis *and* Phrygia, *from the house of* Chremes.

Bacch. (*pretending not to see* Clinia *and* Syrus.) To a very fine purpose,[1] upon my faith, have the promises of Syrus brought me hither, who agreed to lend me ten minæ. If now he deceives me, oft as he may entreat me to come, he shall come in vain. Or else, when I've promised to come, and fixed the time, when he has carried word back for certain, *and* Clitipho is on the stretch of expectation, I'll disappoint him and not come. Syrus will make atonement to me with his back.

Clin. (*apart, to* Syrus.) She promises you very fairly.

from the Celtæ, being asked by Alexander what in the world they dreaded most, answered, 'That they feared lest the sky should fall [upon them].' Alexander, who expected to hear himself named, was surprised at an answer which signified that they thought themselves beyond the reach of all human power, plainly implying that nothing could hurt them, unless he would suppose impossibilities, or a total destruction of nature." Aristotle, in his Physics, B. iv., informs us that it was the early notion of ignorant nations that the sky was supported on the shoulders of Atlas, and that when he let go of it, it would fall.

[1] *To a very fine purpose*)—Ver. 723. "Satis pol proterve," &c. C. Lælius was said to have assisted Terence in the composition of his Plays, and in confirmation of this, the following story is told by Cornelius Nepos: "C. Lælius, happening to pass the Matronalia [a Festival on the first of March, when the husband, for once in the year, was bound to obey the wife] at his villa near Puteoli, was told that dinner was waiting, but still neglected the summons. At last, when he made his appearance, he excused himself by saying that he had been in a particular vein of composition, and quoted certain lines which occur in the Heautontimorumenos, namely, those beginning 'Satis pol proterve me Syri promissa huc induxerunt.'"

Syr. (*to* Clinia.) But do you think she is in jest? She'll do it, if I don't take care.

Bacch. (*aside.*) They're asleep[1]—I'faith, I'll rouse them. (*Aloud.*) My *dear* Phrygia, did you hear about the country-seat of Charinus, which that man was showing us just now?

Phry. I heard of it.

Bacch. (*aloud.*) That it was the next to the farm here on the right-hand side.[2]

Phry. I remember.

Bacch. (*aloud.*) Run thither post-haste; the Captain is keeping the feast of Bacchus[3] at his house.

Syr. (*apart.*) What is she going to be at?

Bacch. (*aloud.*) Tell him I am here very much against my inclination, and am detained; but that by some means or other I'll give them the slip and come *to him.* (Phrygia *moves.*)

Syr. (*coming forward.*) Upon my faith, I'm ruined! Bacchis, stay, stay; prithee, where are you sending her? Order her to stop.

Bacch. (*to* Phrygia.) Be off.

Syr. Why, the money's ready.

Bacch. Why, then I'll stay. (Phrygia *returns.*)

Syr. And it will be given you presently.

Bacch. Just when you please; do I press you?

Syr. But do you know what *you are to do,* pray?

Bacch. What?

Syr. You must now go over to the house of Menedemus, and your equipage must be taken over thither.

Bacch. What scheme are you upon, *you* rascal?

Syr. What, I? Coining money to give you.

Bacch. Do you think me a proper person *for you* to play upon?

[1] *They're asleep*)—Ver. 730. "Dormiunt." This is clearly used figuratively, though Hedelin interprets it literally.

[2] *Farm here on the right-hand side*)—Ver. 732. Cooke suggests that the Poet makes Bacchis call the house of Charinus "villa," and that of Chremes "fundus" (which signifies "a farm-house," or "farm"), for the purpose of exalting the one and depreciating the other in the hearing of Syrus.

[3] *The feast of Bacchus*)—Ver. 733. This passage goes far to prove that the Dionysia here mentioned as being celebrated, were those κάτ' ἀγρους, or the "rural Dionysia."

Syr. It's not without a purpose.

Bacch. (*pointing to the house.*) Why, have I any business then with you here?

Syr. O no; I'm only going to give you what's your own.

Bacch. *Then* let's be going.[1]

Syr. Follow this way. (*Goes to the door of* Menedemus, *and calls.*) Ho there! Dromo.

Enter Dromo *from the house.*

Dro. Who is it wants me?

Syr. Syrus.

Dro. What's the matter?

Syr. Take over all the attendants of Bacchis to your house here immediately.

Dro. Why so?

Syr. Ask no questions. Let them take what they brought here with them. The old gentleman will hope his expenses are lightened by their departure; for sure he little knows how much loss this trifling gain will bring him. You, Dromo, if you are wise, know nothing of what you do know.

Dro. You shall own that I'm dumb. (Clinia, Bacchis, *and* Phrygia *go into the house of* Menedemus, *and* Dromo *follows with* Bacchis's *retinue and baggage.*)

Scene V.

Enter Chremes *from his house.*

Chrem. (*to himself.*) So may the Deities prosper me, I am now concerned for the fate of Menedemus, that so great a misfortune should have befallen him. To be maintaining that woman with such a retinue! Although I am well aware he'll not be sensible of it for some days to come, his son was so greatly missed by him; but when he sees such a vast expense incurred by him every day at home, and no limit to

[1] *Let's be going*)—Ver. 742. Colman here remarks to the following effect: "There is some difficulty in this and the next speech in the original, and the Commentators have been puzzled to make sense of them. It seems to me that the Poet's intention is no more than this: Bacchis expresses some reluctance to act under the direction of Syrus, but is at length prevailed on, finding that he can by those means contrive to pay her the money which he has promised her."

it, he'll wish that this son would leave him a second time. See—here comes Syrus most opportunely.

Syr. (*to himself, as he comes forward.*) *Why* delay to accost him?

Chrem. Syrus.

Syr. Well.

Chrem. How go matters?

Syr. I've been wishing for some time for you to be thrown in my way.

Chrem. You seem, then, to have effected something, I know not what, with the old gentleman.

Syr. As to what we were talking of a short time since? No sooner said than done.

Chrem. In real earnest?

Syr. In real.

Chrem. Upon my faith, I can not forbear patting your head *for it.* Come here, Syrus; I'll do you some good turn for this matter, and with pleasure. (*Patting his head.*)

Syr. But if you knew how cleverly it came into my head——

Chrem. Pshaw! Do you boast because it has turned out according to your wishes?

Syr. On my word, not I, indeed; I am telling the truth.

Chrem. Tell *me* how it is.

Syr. Clinia has told Menedemus, that this Bacchis is your Clitipho's mistress, and that *he* has taken her thither with him in order that you might not come to know of it.

Chrem. Very good.

Syr. Tell me, please, *what you think of it.*

Chrem. Extremely *good*, I declare.

Syr. Why yes, pretty fair. But listen, what a piece of policy still remains. He is then to say that he has seen your daughter—that her beauty charmed him as soon as he beheld her; *and* that he desires her for a wife.

Chrem. What, her that has just been discovered?

Syr. The same; and, in fact, he'll request that she may be asked for.

Chrem. For what purpose, Syrus? For I don't altogether comprehend it.

Syr. O dear, you are *so* dull.

Chrem. Perhaps so.

Syr. Money will be given him for the wedding—with which golden trinkets and clothes ——do you understand me?

Chrem. To buy *them*——?

Syr. Just so.

Chrem. But I neither give nor betroth my daughter *to him*.

Syr. But why?

Chrem. Why, do you ask me? To a fellow——

Syr. Just as you please. I don't mean that in reality you should give her to him, but that you should pretend it.

Chrem. Pretending is not in my way; do you mix up these *plots* of yours, so as not to mix me up *in them*. Do you think that I'll betroth my daughter to a person to whom I will not marry her?

Syr. I imagined *so*.

Chrem. By no means.

Syr. It might have been cleverly managed; and I undertook this affair for the very reason, that a short time since you so urgently requested it.

Chrem. I believe you.

Syr. But for my part, Chremes, I take it well and good, *either way*.

Chrem. But still, I especially wish you to do your best for it to be brought about; but in some other way.

Syr. It shall be done: some other *method* must be thought of; but as to what I was telling you of,—about the money which she owes to Bacchis,—that must now be repaid her. And you will not, of course, now be having recourse to this method; "What have I to do with it? Was it lent to me? Did I give any orders? Had she the power to pawn my daughter without my consent?" They quote that saying, Chremes, with good reason, "Rigorous law[1] is often rigorous injustice."

Chrem. I will not do *so*.

Syr. On the contrary, though others were at liberty, you are not at liberty; all think that you are in good and very easy circumstances.

[1] *Rigorous law*)—Ver. 796. Cicero mentions the same proverb in his work De Officiis, B. i., ch. 10, substituting the word "injuria" for "malitia." "'Extreme law, extreme injustice,' is now become a stale proverb in discourse." The same sentiment is found in the Fragments of Menander.

Chrem. Nay rather, I'll at once carry it to her myself.

Syr. Why no; request your son in preference.

Chrem. For what reason?

Syr. Why, because the suspicion of being in love with her has been transferred to him *with Menedemus.*

Chrem. What then?

Syr. Because it will seem to be more like probability when he gives it her; and at the same time I shall effect more easily what I wish. Here he comes too; go, *and* bring out the money.

Chrem. I'll bring it. (*Goes into his house.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. (*to himself.*) There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance. As this walk of mine, for instance, though not fatiguing, it has reduced me to weariness. And now I dread nothing more than that I should be packed off somewhere hence once again, that I may not have access to Bacchis. May then all the Gods and Goddesses, as many as exist, confound you, Syrus, with these stratagems and plots of yours. You are always devising something of this kind, by means of which to torture me.

Syr. Will you not away with you—to where you deserve? How nearly had your forwardness proved my ruin!

Clit. Upon my faith, I wish it had been *so;* just what you deserve.

Syr. Deserve? How so? Really, I'm glad that I've heard this from you before you had the money which I was just going to give you.

Clit. What then would you have me to say to you? You've made a fool of me; brought my mistress hither, whom I'm not allowed to touch——

Syr. *Well,* I'm not angry then. But do you know where Bacchis is just now?

Clit. At our house.

Syr. No.

Clit. Where then?

Syr. At Clinia's.

Clit. I'm ruined!

Syr. Be of good heart; you shall presently carry to her the money that you promised her.

Clit. You do prate away.—Where from?

Syr. From your own father.

Clit. Perhaps you are joking with me.

Syr. The thing itself will prove it.

Clit. Indeed, then, I am a lucky man. Syrus, I do love you from my heart.

Syr. But *your* father's coming out. Take care not to express surprise at any thing, for what reason it is done; give way at the proper moment; do what he orders, *and* say but little.

Scene VII.

Enter Chremes *from the house, with a bag of money.*

Chrem. Where's Clitipho now?

Syr. (*aside to* Clitipho.) Say—here I am.

Clit. Here am I.

Chrem. (*to* Syrus.) Have you told him how it is?

Syr. I've told him pretty well every thing.

Chrem. Take this money, and carry it. (*Holding out the bag.*)

Syr. (*aside to* Clitipho.) Go—why do you stand still, *you* stone; why don't you take it?

Clit. Very well, give it me. (*Receives the bag.*)

Syr. (*to* Clitipho.) Follow me this way directly. (*To* Chremes.) You in the mean while will wait here for us till we return; for there's no occasion for us to stay there long. (Clitipho *and* Syrus *go into the house of* Menedemus.)

Chrem. (*to himself.*) My daughter, in fact, has now had ten minæ from me, which I consider as paid for her board; another *ten* will follow these for clothes; and then she will require two talents for her portion. How many things, *both* just *and* unjust, are sanctioned by custom![1] Now I'm

[1] *Are sanctioned by custom*)—Ver. 839. He inveighs, perhaps justly, against the tyranny of custom; but in selecting this occasion for doing so, he does not manifest any great affection for his newly-found daughter.

obliged, neglecting my business, to look out for some one on whom to bestow my property, that has been acquired by my labor.

Scene VIII.

Enter Menedemus *from his house.*

Men. (*to* Clinia *within.*) My son, I now think myself the happiest of all men, since I find that you have returned to a rational mode of life.

Chrem. (*aside.*) How much he is mistaken!

Men. Chremes, you are the very person I wanted; preserve, so far as in you lies, my son, myself, and my family.

Chrem. Tell me what you would have me do.

Men. You have this day found a daughter.

Chrem. What then?

Men. Clinia wishes her to be given him for a wife.

Chrem. Prithee, what kind of a person are you?

Men. Why?

Chrem. Have you already forgotten what passed between us, concerning a scheme, that by that method some money might be got out of you?

Men. I remember.

Chrem. That self-same thing they are now about.

Men. What do you tell *me*, Chremes? Why surely, this Courtesan, who is at my house, is Clitipho's mistress.

Chrem. So they say, and you believe it all; and they say that he is desirous of a wife, in order that, when I have betrothed her, you may give him *money*, with which to provide gold trinkets and clothing, and other things that are requisite.

Men. That is it, no doubt; that money will be given to his mistress.

Chrem. Of course it is to be given.

Men. Alas! in vain then, unhappy man, have I been overjoyed; still however, I had rather any thing than be deprived of him. What answer now shall I report from you, Chremes, so that he may not perceive that I have found it out, and take it to heart?

Chrem. To heart, *indeed!* you are too indulgent to him, Menedemus.

Men. Let me go on; I have *now* begun: assist me in this throughout, Chremes.

Chrem. Say then, that you have seen me, *and* have treated about the marriage.

Men. I'll say *so*—what then?

Chrem. That I will do every thing; that as a son-in-law he meets my approbation; in fine, too, if you like, tell him also that she has been promised him.

Men. Well, that's what I wanted——

Chrem. That he may the sooner ask of you, and you may as soon as possible give him what you wish.

Men. It is my wish.

Chrem. Assuredly, before very long, according as I view this matter, you'll have enough of him. But, however that may be, if you are wise, you'll give to him cautiously, and a little at a time.

Men. I'll do *so*.

Chrem. Go in-doors *and* see how much he requires. I shall be at home, if you should want me for any thing.

Men. I certainly do want you; for I shall let you know whatever I do. (*They go into their respective houses.*)

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Menedemus *from his house.*

Men. (*to himself.*) I am *quite* aware that I am not so over-wise, or so very quick-sighted; but this assistant, prompter, and director[1] of mine, Chremes, outdoes me in that. Any one of those epithets which are applied to a fool is suited to myself, such as dolt, post, ass,[2] lump of lead; to him not one can *apply;* his stupidity surpasses them all.

[1] *Assistant, prompter, and director*)—Ver. 875. The three terms here used are borrowed from the stage. "Adjutor" was the person who assisted the performers either by voice or gesture; "monitor" was the prompter; and "præmonstrator" was the person who in the rehearsal trained the actor in his part.

[2] *Dolt, post, ass*)—Ver. 877. There is a similar passage in the Bac-

Enter CHREMES, *speaking to* SOSTRATA *within.*

CHREM. Hold now, do, wife, leave off dinning the Gods with thanksgivings that your daughter has been discovered; unless you judge of them by your own disposition, and think that they understand nothing, unless the same thing has been told them a hundred times. But, in the mean time, why does my son linger there so long with Syrus?

MEN. What persons do you say are lingering?

CHREM. Ha! Menedemus, you have come opportunely. Tell me, have you told Clinia what I said?

MEN. Every thing.

CHREM. What did he say?

MEN. He began to rejoice, just like people do who wish to be married.

CHREM. (*laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

MEN. Why are you laughing?

CHREM. The sly tricks of my servant, Syrus, *just* came into my mind.

MEN. Did they?

CHREM. The rogue can even mould the countenances of people.[1]

MEN. That my son is pretending that he is overjoyed, is it that you mean?

CHREM. Just so. (*Laughing.*)

MEN. The very same thing came into my mind.

CHREM. A crafty knave!

MEN. Still more would you think such to be the fact, if you knew more.

CHREM. Do you say so?

MEN. Do you give attention then?

CHREM. Just stop—first I want to know this, what *money* you have squandered; for when you told your son that she was promised, of course Dromo would at once throw in a word

chides of Plautus, l. 1087. "Whoever there are in any place whatsoever, whoever have been, and whoever shall be in time to come, fools, blockheads, idiots, dolts, sots, oafs, lubbers, I singly by far exceed them all in folly and absurd ways."

[1] *Mould the countenances of people*)—Ver. 887. He means that Syrus not only lays his plots well, but teaches the performers to put on countenances suitable to the several parts they are to act.

that golden jewels, clothes, *and* attendants would be needed for the bride, in order that you might give the money.

Men. No.

Chrem. How, no?

Men. No, I tell you.

Chrem. Nor yet your son himself?

Men. Not in the slightest, Chremes. He was only the more pressing on *this* one point, that the match might be concluded to-day.

Chrem. You say what's surprising. What did my *servant* Syrus do? Didn't even he *say* any thing?

Men. Nothing at all.

Chrem. For what reason, I don't know.

Men. For my part, I wonder at *that*, when you know other things so well. But this same Syrus has moulded your son,[1] too, to such perfection, that there could not be even the slightest suspicion that she is *Clinia's* mistress!

Chrem. What do you say?

Men. Not to mention, then, their kissing and embracing; that I count nothing.

Chrem. What more could be done to carry on the cheat?

Men. Pshaw!

Chrem. What do you mean?

Men. Only listen. In the inner part of my house there is a certain room at the back; into this a bed was brought, *and* was made up with bed-clothes.

Chrem. What took place after this?

Men. No sooner said than done, thither went Clitipho.

Chrem. Alone?

Men. Alone.

Chrem. I'm alarmed.

Men. Bacchis followed directly.

Chrem. Alone?

Men. Alone.

Chrem. I'm undone!

Men. When they had gone into *the room*, they shut the door.

Chrem. Well—did Clinia see *all* this going on?

[1] *Has moulded your son*)—Ver. 898. "Mire finxit." He sarcastically uses the same word, "fingo," which Chremes himself employed in l. 887.

Men. How shouldn't he? He was with me.

Chrem. Bacchis is my son's mistress, Menedemus—I'm undone.

Men. Why so?

Chrem. I have hardly substance to suffice for ten days.[1]

Men. What! are you alarmed at it, because he is paying attention to his friend?

Chrem. His "she-friend" rather.[2]

Men. If he *really* is paying it.

Chrem. Is it a matter of doubt to you? Do you suppose that there is any person of so accommodating and tame a spirit as to suffer his own mistress, himself looking on, to——

Men. (*chuckling and speaking ironically.*) Why not? That I may be imposed upon the more easily.

Chrem. Do you laugh at me? You have good reason. How angry I now am with myself! How many things gave *proof*, whereby, had I not been a stone, I might have been fully sensible *of this?* What was it I saw? Alas! wretch that I am! But assuredly they shall not escape my vengeance if I live; for this instant——

Men. Can you not contain yourself? Have you no respect for yourself? Am I not a sufficient example to you?

Chrem. For *very* anger, Menedemus, I am not myself.

Men. For you to talk in that manner! Is it not a shame for you to be giving advice to others, to show wisdom abroad *and yet* be able to do nothing for yourself?

Chrem. What shall I do?

Men. That which you said I failed to do: make him sensible that you are his father; make him venture to intrust every thing to you, to seek and to ask of you; so that he may look for no other resources and forsake you.[3]

[1] *Substance to suffice for ten days*)—Ver. 909. "Familia" here means "property," as producing sustenance. Colman, however, has translated the passage: "Mine is scarce a ten-days' family."

[2] *His she-friend rather*)—Ver. 911. Menedemus speaks of "amico," a male friend, which Chremes plays upon by saying "amicæ," which literally meant a she-friend, and was the usual name by which decent people called a mistress.

[3] *And forsake you*)—Ver. 924. Madame Dacier observes here, that one of the great beauties of this Scene consists in Chremes retorting on Menedemus the very advice given by himself at the beginning of the Play.

Chrem. Nay, I had much rather he would go any where in the world, than by his debaucheries here reduce his father to beggary! For if I go on supplying his extravagance, Menedemus, in that case my circumstances will undoubtedly be *soon* reduced to the level of your rake.

Men. What evils you will bring upon yourself in this affair, if you don't act with caution! You'll show yourself severe, and still pardon him at last; that too with an ill grace.

Chrem. Ah! you don't know how vexed I am.

Men. Just as you please. What about that which I desire —that she may be married to my *son?* Unless there is any other step that you would prefer.

Chrem. On the contrary, both the son-in-law and the connection are to my taste.

Men. What portion shall I say that you have named for your daughter? Why are you silent?

Chrem. Portion?

Men. I say so.

Chrem. Alas!

Men. Chremes, don't be at all afraid *to speak*, if it is but a small one. The portion is no consideration at all with us.

Chrem. I did think that two talents were sufficient, according to my means. But if you wish me to be saved, and my estate and my son, you must say to this effect, that I have settled all my property on her as her portion.

Men. What scheme are you upon?

Chrem. Pretend that you wonder at this, and at the same time ask him the reason why I do so.

Men. Why, really, I can't conceive the reason for your doing so.

Chrem. Why *do I do so?* To check his feelings, which are now hurried away by luxury and wantonness, and to bring him down so as not to know which way to turn himself.

Men. What is your design?

Chrem. Let me alone, and give me leave to have my own way in this matter.

Men. I do give you leave: is this your desire?

Chrem. It is so.

Men. *Then* be it so.

Chrem. And now let your son prepare to fetch the bride. The other one shall be schooled in *such* language as befits children. But Syrus——

Men. What of him?

Chrem. What? If I live, I will have him so handsomely dressed, so well combed out, that he shall always remember me as long as he lives; to imagine that I'm to be a laughing-stock and a plaything for him! So may the Gods bless me! he would not have dared to do to a widow-woman the things which he has done to me.[1] (*They go into their respective houses.*)

Scene II.

Enter Menedemus, *with* Clitipho *and* Syrus.

Clit. Prithee, is it really the fact, Menedemus, that my father can, in so short a space *of time*, have cast off all the *natural* affection of a parent for me? For what crime? What so great enormity have I, to my misfortune, committed? *Young men* generally do *the same.*

Men. I am aware that this must be much more harsh and severe to you, on whom it falls; but *yet* I take it no less amiss *than you.* How it is so I know not, nor can I account for it, except that from my heart I wish you well.

Clit. Did not you say that my father was waiting here?

Enter Chremes *from his house.*

Men. See, here he is. (Menedemus *goes into his house.*)

[1] *Which he has done to me*)—Ver. 954. Colman has the following Note: "The departure of Menedemus here is very abrupt, seeming to be in the midst of a conversation; and his re-entrance with Clitipho, already supposed to be apprised of what has passed between the two old gentlemen, is equally precipitate. Menage imagines that some verses are lost here. Madame Dacier strains hard to defend the Poet, and fills up the void of time by her old expedient of making the Audience wait to see Chremes walk impatiently to and fro, till a sufficient time is elapsed for Menedemus to have given Clitipho a summary account of the cause of his father's anger. The truth is, that a too strict observance of the unity of place will necessarily produce such absurdities; and there are several other instances of the like nature in Terence."

Chrem. Why are you blaming me, Clitipho? Whatever I have done in this matter, I had a view to you and your imprudence. When I saw that you were of a careless disposition, and held the pleasures of the moment of the first importance, and did not look forward to the future, I took measures that you might neither want nor be able to waste this *which I have*. When, through your own *conduct*, it was not allowed me to give it you, to whom I ought before all, I had recourse to those who were your nearest relations; to them I have made over and intrusted every thing.[1] There you'll always find a refuge for your folly; food, clothing, and a roof under which to betake yourself.

Clit. Ah me!

Chrem. It is better than that, you being my heir, Bacchis should possess this *estate of mine*.

Syr. (*apart.*) I'm ruined irrevocably!—Of what mischief have I, wretch that I am, unthinkingly been the cause?

Clit. Would I were dead!

Chrem. Prithee, first learn what it is to live. When you know that, if life displeases you, then try the other.

Syr. Master, may I be allowed——?

Chrem. Say on.

Syr. But *may I* safely?

Chrem. Say on.

Syr. What injustice or what madness is this, that that in which I have offended, should be to his detriment?

Chrem. It's all over.[2] Don't you mix yourself up *in it;* no one accuses you, Syrus, nor need you look out for an altar,[3] or for an intercessor for yourself.

Syr. What is your design?

Chrem. I am not at all angry either with you (*to* Syrus), or with you (*to* Clitipho); nor is it fair that you

[1] *Intrusted every thing*)—Ver. 966. This is an early instance of a trusteeship and a guardianship.

[2] *It's all over*)—Ver. 974. "Ilicet," literally, "you may go away." This was the formal word with which funeral ceremonies and trials at law were concluded.

[3] *Look out for an altar*)—Ver. 975. He alludes to the practice of slaves taking refuge at altars when they had committed any fault, and then suing for pardon through a "precator" or "mediator." See the Mostellaria of Plautus, l. 1074, where Tranio takes refuge at the altar from the vengeance of his master, Theuropides.

should be so with me for what I am doing. (*He goes into his house.*)

Syr. He's gone. I wish I had asked him——

Clit. What, Syrus?

Syr. Where I am to get my subsistence; he has so utterly cast us adrift. You are to have it, for the present, at your sister's, I find.

Clit. Has it then come to this pass, Syrus—that I am to be in danger even of starving?

Syr. So we only live, there's hope——

Clit. What *hope?*

Syr. That we shall be hungry enough.

Clit. Do you jest in a matter so serious, and not give me any assistance with your advice?

Syr. On the contrary, I'm both now thinking of that, and have been about it all the time your father was speaking just now; and so far as I can perceive——

Clit. What?

Syr. It will not be wanting long. (*He meditates.*)

Clit. What is it, then?

Syr. It is this—I think that you are not their *son.*

Clit. How's that, Syrus? Are you quite in your senses?

Syr. I'll tell you what's *come* into my mind; be you the judge. While they had you alone, while they had no other source of joy more nearly to affect them, they indulged you, they lavished upon you. Now a daughter has been found, a pretense has been found in fact on which to turn you adrift.

Clit. It's very probable.

Syr. Do you suppose that he is so angry on account of this fault?

Clit. I do not think *so.*

Syr. Now consider another thing. All mothers are wont to be advocates for their sons when in fault, *and* to aid them against a father's severity; 'tis not so *here.*

Clit. You say true; what then shall I now do, Syrus?

Syr. Question them on this suspicion; mention the matter without reserve; either, if it is not true, you'll soon bring them both to compassion, or else you'll *soon* find out whose *son* you are.

Clit. You give good advice; I'll do *so*. (*He goes into the house of* Chremes.)

Syr. (*to himself.*) Most fortunately did this come into my mind. For the less hope the young man entertains, the greater the difficulty with which he'll bring his father to his own terms. I'm not sure even, that he may not take a wife, and *then* no thanks for Syrus. But what is this? The old man's coming out of doors; I'll be off. What has so far happened, I am surprised at, that he didn't order me to be carried off from here: now I'll away to Menedemus here, I'll secure him as my intercessor; I can put no trust in our old man. (*Goes into the house of* Menedemus.)

Scene III.

Enter Chremes *and* Sostrata *from the house.*

Sos. Really, sir, if you don't take care, you'll be causing some mischief to your son; and indeed I do wonder at it, my husband, how any thing so foolish could ever come into your head.

Chrem. Oh, you persist in being the woman? Did I ever wish for any one thing in *all* my life, Sostrata, but that you were my contradicter on that occasion? And yet if I were now to ask you what it is that I have done amiss, or why you act thus, you would not know in what point you are now so obstinately opposing me in your folly.

Sos. I, not know?

Chrem. Yes, rather, *I should have said* you do know; inasmuch as either expression amounts to the same thing.[1]

Sos. Alas! you are unreasonable to expect me to be silent in a matter of such importance.

Chrem. I don't expect it; talk on then, I shall still do it not a bit the less.

Sos. Will you do it?

Chrem. Certainly.

Sos. Don't you see how much evil you will be causing by that course?—He suspects himself *to be* a foundling.

[1] *Amounts to the same thing*)—Ver. 1010. "Quam quidem redit ad integrum eadem oratio;" meaning, "it amounts to one and the same thing," or, "it is all the same thing," whether you do or whether you don't know.

Chrem. Do you say *so?*

Sos. Assuredly it will be so.

Chrem. Admit it.

Sos. Hold *now*—prithee, let that be for our enemies. Am I to admit that he is not my son who *really* is?

Chrem. What! are you afraid that you can not prove that he is yours, whenever you please?

Sos. Because my daughter has been found?[1]

Chrem. No; but for *a reason* why it should be much sooner believed—because he is just like you in disposition, you will easily prove that he is your child; for he is exactly like you; why, he has not a single vice left him but you have just the same. Then, besides, no woman could have been the mother of such a son but yourself. But he's coming out of doors, *and* how demure! When you understand the matter, you may form your own conclusions.

Scene IV.

Enter Clitipho *from the house of* Chremes.

Clit. If there ever was any time, mother, when I caused you pleasure, being called your son by your own desire, I beseech you to remember it, and now to take compassion on me in my distress. A thing I beg and request—do discover to me my parents.

[1] *Because my daughter has been found*)—Ver. 1018. This sentence has given much trouble to the Commentators. Colman has the following just remarks upon it: "Madame Dacier, as well as all the rest of the Commentators, has stuck at these words. Most of them imagine she means to say, that the discovery of Antiphila is a plain proof that she is not barren. Madame Dacier supposes that she intimates such a proof to be easy, because Clitipho and Antiphila were extremely alike; which sense she thinks immediately confirmed by the answer of Chremes. I can not agree with any of them, and think that the whole difficulty of the passage here, as in many other places, is entirely of their own making. Sostrata could not refer to the reply of Chremes, because she could not possibly tell what it would be; but her own speech is intended as an answer to his preceding one, which she takes as a sneer on her late wonderful discovery of a daughter; imagining that he means to insinuate that she could at any time with equal ease make out the proofs of the birth of her son. The elliptical mode of expression so usual with Terence, together with the refinements of Commentators, seem to have created all the obscurity."

Sos. I conjure you, my son, not to entertain that *notion* in your mind, that you are another person's child.

Clit. I am.

Sos. Wretch that I am! (*Turning to* Chremes.) Was it this that you wanted, pray? (*To* Clitipho.) So may you be the survivor of me and of him, you are my son and his; and henceforth, if you love me, take care that I never hear that speech from you *again*.

Chrem. But I *say*, if you fear me, take care how I find these propensities existing in you.

Clit. What *propensities?*

Chrem. If you wish to know, I'll tell you; being a trifler, an idler, a cheat, a glutton, a debauchee, a spendthrift—Believe me, and believe that you are our *son*.

Clit. This is not the language of a parent.

Chrem. If you had been born from my head, Clitipho, just as they say Minerva was from Jove's, none the more on that account would I suffer myself to be disgraced by your profligacy.[1]

Sos. May the Gods forbid it.

Chrem. I don't know as to the Gods;[2] so far as I shall be enabled, *I will* carefully *prevent it*. You are seeking that which you possess—parents; that which you are in want of you don't seek—in what way to pay obedience to a father, and to preserve what he acquired by *his* industry. That you by trickery should bring before my eyes——I am ashamed to mention the unseemly word in her presence (*pointing to* Sostrata), but you were not in any degree ashamed to act thus.

Clit. (*aside.*) Alas! how thoroughly displeased I now am with myself! How much ashamed! nor do I know how to make a beginning to pacify him.

[1] *By your profligacy*)—Ver. 1036. It is probably this ebullition of Comic anger which is referred to by Horace, in his Art of Poetry:

"Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:"

"Yet sometimes Comedy as well raises her voice, and enraged Chremes censures in swelling phrase."

[2] *I don't know as to the Gods*)—Ver. 1037. "Deos nescio." The Critic Lambinus, in his letter to Charles the Ninth of France, accuses Terence of impiety in this passage. Madame Dacier has, however, well observed, that the meaning is not "I care not for the Gods," but "I know not what the Gods will do."

Scene V.

Enter Menedemus *from his house.*

Men. (*to himself.*) Why really, Chremes is treating his son too harshly and too unkindly. I'm come out, therefore, to make peace *between them.* Most opportunely I see them *both.*

Chrem. Well, Menedemus, why don't you order my daughter to be sent for, and close with the offer[1] of the portion that I mentioned?

Sos. My husband, I entreat you not to do it.

Clit. Father, I entreat you to forgive me.

Men. Forgive him, Chremes; do let them prevail upon you.

Chrem. Am I knowingly to make my property a present to Bacchis? I'll not do *it.*

Men. Why, we would not suffer *it.*

Clit. If you desire me to live, father, do forgive me.

Sos. Do, my *dear* Chremes.

Men. Come, Chremes, pray, don't be so obdurate.

Chrem. What *am I to do* here? I see I am not allowed to carry this through, as I had intended.

Men. You are acting as becomes you.

Chrem. On this condition, then, I'll do it; if he does that which I think it right he *should do.*

Clit. Father, I'll do any thing; command me.

Chrem. You must take a wife.

Clit. Father——

Chrem. I'll hear nothing.

Men. I'll take it upon myself; he shall do so.

Chrem. I don't hear any thing from *him* as yet.

Clit. (*aside.*) I'm undone!

Sos. Do you hesitate, Clitipho?

Chrem. Nay, just as he likes.

Men. He'll do it all.

Sos. This course, while you are making a beginning, is

[1] *And close with the offer*)—Ver. 1048. "Firmas." This ratification or affirmation would be made by Menedemus using the formal word "Accipio," "I accept."

disagreeable, and while you are unacquainted with it. When you have become acquainted with it, *it will become* easy.

Clit. I'll do it, father.

Sos. My son, upon my honor I'll give you that charming girl, whom you may soon become attached to, the daughter of our neighbor Phanocrata.

Clit. What! that red-haired girl, with cat's eyes, freckled face,[1] *and* hooked nose? I can not, father.

Chrem. Heyday! how nice he is! You would fancy he had set his mind upon it.

Sos. I'll name another.

Clit. Why no—since I must marry, I myself have one that I should pretty nearly make choice of.

Sos. Now, son, I commend you.

Clit. The daughter of Archonides *here*.

Sos. I'm quite agreeable.

Clit. Father, this now remains.

Chrem. What *is it?*

Clit. I want you to pardon Syrus for what he has done for my sake.

Chrem. Be it so. (*To the Audience.*) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

[1] *Freckled face*)—Ver. 1060. Many take "sparso ore" here to mean "wide-mouthed." Lemonnier thinks that must be the meaning, as he has analyzed the other features of her countenance. There is, however, no reason why he should not speak of her complexion; and it seems, not improbably, to have the same meaning as the phrase "os lentiginosum," "a freckled face."

ADELPHI; THE BROTHERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEMEA,[1] } Brothers, aged Athenians.
MICIO,[2] }
HEGIO,[3] an aged Athenian, kinsman of Sostrata.
ÆSCHINUS,[4] son of Demea, adopted by Micio.
CTESIPHO,[5] another son of Demea.
SANNIO,[6] a Procurer.
GETA,[7] servant of Sostrata.
PARMENO,[8] }
SYRUS,[9] } servants of Micio.
DROMO,[10] }
PAMPHILA,[11] a young woman beloved by Æschinus.
SOSTRATA,[12] a widow, mother of Pamphila.
CANTHARA,[13] a Nurse.
A Music-girl.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of MICIO and SOSTRATA.

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[1] From *δημὸς*, "the people."
[2] From *Μικιῶν*, a Greek proper name.
[3] From *ἡγεῖσθαι*, "to lead," or "take charge of."
[4] From *αισχὸς*, "disgrace."
[5] From *κτησὶς*, "a patrimony," and *φῶς*, "light."
[6] From *σαννὸς*, "foolish."
[7] One of the nation of the Getæ.
[8] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Eunuchus.
[9] From Syria, his native country.
[10] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Andria.
[11] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Eunuchus.
[12] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Heautontimorumenos.
[13] From *κανθαρὸς*, "a cup."

THE SUBJECT.

Micio and Demea are two brothers of dissimilar tempers. Demea is married, and lives a country life, while his brother remains single, and resides in Athens. Demea has two sons, the elder of whom, Æschinus, has been adopted by Micio. Being allowed by his indulgent uncle to gratify his inclinations without restraint, Æschinus has debauched Pamphila, the daughter of a widow named Sostrata. Having, however, promised to marry the young woman, he has been pardoned for the offense, and it has been kept strictly secret. Ctesipho, who lives in the country with his father under great restraint, on visiting the city, falls in love with a certain Music-girl, who belongs to the Procurer Sannio. To screen his brother, Æschinus takes the responsibility of the affair on himself, and succeeds in carrying off the girl for him. Demea, upon hearing of this, censures Micio for his ill-timed indulgence, the bad effects of which are thus exemplified in Æschinus; and at the same time lauds the steady conduct and frugality of Ctesipho, who has been brought up under his own supervision. Shortly after this, Sostrata hears the story about the Music-girl, at the very time that her daughter Pamphila is in labor. She naturally supposes that Æschinus has deserted her daughter for another, and hastens to acquaint Hegio, her kinsman, with the fact. Meantime Demea learns that Ctesipho has taken part in carrying off the Music-girl, whereon Syrus invents a story, and screens Ctesipho for the moment. Demea is next informed by Hegio of the conduct of Æschinus toward Pamphila. Wishing to find his brother, he is purposely sent on a fruitless errand by Syrus, on which he wanders all over the city to no purpose. Micio having now been informed by Hegio, and knowing that the intentions of Æschinus toward Pamphila are not changed, accompanies him to the house of Sostrata, whom he consoles by his promise that Æschinus shall marry her daughter. Demea then returns from his search, and, rushing into Micio's house, finds his son Ctesipho there carousing; on which he exclaims vehemently against Micio, who uses his best endeavors to soothe him, and finally with success. He now determines to become kind and considerate for the future. At his request, Pamphila is brought to Micio's house, and the nuptials are celebrated. Micio, at the earnest request of Demea and Æschinus, marries Sostrata. Hegio has a competency allowed him; and Syrus and his wife Phrygia are made free. The Play concludes with a serious warning from Demea, who advises his relatives not to squander their means in riotous living; but, on the contrary, to bear admonition and to submit to restraint in a spirit of moderation and thankfulness.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Funeral Games of Æmilius Paulus,[1] which were celebrated by Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus. L. Atilius Prænestinus and Minutius Prothimus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music for Sarranian flutes.[2] Taken from the Greek of Menander, L. Anicius and M. Cornelius being Consuls.[3]

[1] *Of Æmilius Paulus*) This Play (from the Greek Ἀδελφοί, "The Brothers") was performed at the Funeral Games of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, who was surnamed Macedonicus, from having gained a victory over Perseus, King of Macedon. He was so poor at the time of his decease, that they were obliged to sell his estate in order to pay his widow her dower. The Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus here mentioned were not, as some have thought, the Curule Ædiles, but two sons of Æmilius Paulus, who had taken the surnames of the families into which they had been adopted.

[2] *Sarranian flutes*) The "Sarranian" or "Tyrian" pipes, or flutes, are supposed to have been of a quick and mirthful tone; Madame Dacier has consequently with much justice suggested that the representation being on the occasion of a funeral, the title has not come down to us in a complete form, and that it was performed with the Lydian, or grave, solemn pipe, alternately with the Tyrian. This opinion is also strengthened by the fact that Donatus expressly says that it was performed to the music of Lydian flutes.

[3] *Being Consuls*) L. Anicius Gallus and M. Cornelius Cethegus were Consuls in the year from the Building of the City 592, and B.C. 161.

ADELPHI; THE BROTHERS.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

As Demea has two *sons*, young men, he gives Æschinus to his brother Micio to be adopted *by him;* but he retains Ctesipho: him, captivated with the charms of a Music-girl, *and* under a harsh and strict father, his brother Æschinus screens; the scandal of the affair and the amour he takes upon himself; at last, he carries the Music-girl away from the Procurer. This same Æschinus has *previously* debauched a poor woman, a citizen of Athens, and has given his word that she shall be his wife. Demea upbraids him, *and* is greatly vexed; afterward, however, when the truth is discovered, Æschinus marries *the girl* who has been debauched; *and*, his harsh father Demea *now* softened, Ctesipho retains the Music-girl.

THE PROLOGUE.

Since the Poet has found that his writings are carped at by unfair *critics*, and that his adversaries represent in a bad light *the Play* that we are about to perform, he shall give information about himself; you shall be the judges whether this ought to be esteemed to his praise or to his discredit. The Synapothnescontes[1] is a Comedy of Diphilus;[2] Plautus made it into a Play *called* the "Commorientes." In the Greek, there is a young man, who, at the early part of the Play, carries off a Courtesan from a Procurer; that part Plautus has entirely left out. This portion he has adopted in the Adelphi, *and* has transferred it, translated word for word. This new *Play* we are about to perform; determine *then* whether you think a theft has been committed, or a passage has been restored to notice which has been passed over in

[1] *Synapothnescontes*)—Ver. 6. Signifying "persons dying together." The "Commorientes" of Plautus is lost. It has been doubted by some, despite these words of Terence, if Plautus ever did write such a Play.

[2] *Of Diphilus*)—Ver. 6. Diphilus was a Greek Poet, contemporary with Menander.

neglect. For as to what these malevolent persons say, that men of noble rank assist him, and are always writing in conjunction with him—that which they deem to be a heavy crimination, he takes to be the highest praise; since he pleases those who please you all and the public; the aid of whom in war, in peace, in private business,[1] each one has availed himself of, on his own occasion, without *any* haughtiness *on their part*. Now then, do not expect the plot of the Play; the old men[2] who come first will disclose it in part; a part in the representation they will make known. Do you cause your impartial attention to increase the industry of the Poet in writing.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene. I.

Enter Micio, *calling to a servant within.*

Mic. Storax! Æschinus has not returned *home* from the entertainment last night, nor any of the servants who went to fetch him.[3] (*To himself.*) Really, they say it with reason, if you are absent any where, or if you stay abroad at any time, 'twere better for that to happen which *your* wife says against you, and which in her passion she imagines in her mind, than the things which fond parents *fancy*. A wife, if you stay long abroad, either imagines that you are in love or are beloved, or that you are drinking and indulging your inclination, and that you only are taking your pleasure, while she herself is miserable. As for myself, in consequence of my son not having returned home, what do I imagine? In what ways am I not disturbed? For fear lest he may either have

[1] *In war, in peace, in private business*)—Ver. 20. According to Donatus, by the words "in bello," Terence is supposed to refer to his friend and patron Scipio; by "in otio," to Furius Publius; and in the words "in negotio" to Lælius, who was famed for his wisdom.

[2] *The old men*)—Ver. 23. This is similar to the words in the Prologue to the Trinummus of Plautus, l. 16: "But expect nothing about the plot of this Play; the old men who will come hither will disclose the matter to you."

[3] *To fetch him*)—Ver. 24. "Advorsum ierant." On the duties of the "adversitores," see the Notes to Bohn's Translation of Plautus.

taken cold,[1] or have fallen down somewhere, or have broken some *limb*. Oh dear! that any man should take it into his head, or find out what is dearer *to him* than he is to himself! And yet he is not my son, but my brother's. He is quite different in disposition. I, from my very youth upward, have lived a comfortable town life, and *taken* my ease; and, what they esteem a piece of luck, I have never had a wife. He, on the contrary to all this, has spent his life in the country, *and* has always lived laboriously and penuriously. He married a wife, *and* has two sons. This one, the elder of them, I have adopted. I have brought him up from an infant, *and* considered *and* loved him as my own. In him I centre my delight; this *object* alone is dear to me. On the other hand, I take all due care that he may hold me equally dear. I give—I overlook; I do not judge it necessary to exert my authority in every thing; in fine, the things that youth prompts to, *and* that others do unknown to their fathers, I have used my son not to conceal from me. For he, who, as the practice is, will dare to tell a lie to or to deceive his father, will still more dare *to do so* to others. I think it better to restrain children through a sense of shame and liberal treatment, than through fear. On these points my brother does not agree with me, nor do they please him. He often comes to me exclaiming, "What are you about, Micio? Why do you ruin for us this youth? Why does he intrigue? Why does he drink? Why do you supply him with the means for these goings on? You indulge him with too much dress; you are very inconsiderate." He himself is too strict, beyond what is just and reasonable; and he is very much mistaken, in my opinion, at all events, who thinks that an authority is more firm or more lasting which is established by force, than that which is founded on affection. Such is my mode of reason-

[1] *Either have taken cold*)—Ver. 36. Westerhovius observes that this passage seems to be taken from one in the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, l. 721, *et seq.*: "Troth, if I had had them, enough anxiety should I have had from my children; I should have been everlastingly tormented in mind: but if perchance one had had a fever, I think I should have died. Or if one in liquor had tumbled any where from his horse, I should have been afraid that he had broken his legs or neck on that occasion." It may be remarked that there is a great resemblance between the characters of Micio here and Periplecomenus in the Miles Gloriosus.

ing; and thus do I persuade myself. He, who, compelled by harsh treatment, does his duty, so long as he thinks it will be known, is on his guard: if he hopes that it will be concealed, he again returns to his natural bent. He whom you have secured by kindness, acts from inclination; he is anxious to return like for like; present and absent, he will be the same. This is the duty of a parent, to accustom a son to do what is right rather of his own choice, than through fear of another. In this the father differs from the master: he who can not do this, let him confess that he does not know how to govern children. But is not this the very man of whom I was speaking? Surely it is he. I don't know why it is I see him out of spirits; I suppose he'll now be scolding as usual. Demea, I am glad to see you well.[1]

Scene II.

Enter Demea.

Dem. Oh,—opportunely met; you are the very man I was looking for.[2]

Mic. Why are you out of spirits?

Dem. Do you ask me, when we have *such a son as* Æschinus,[3] why I'm out of spirits?

Mic. (*aside.*) Did I not say it would be so? (*To* Demea.) What has he been doing?

Dem. What has he been doing? He, who is ashamed of nothing, and fears no one, nor thinks that any law can control him. But I pass by what has been previously done: what a thing he has just perpetrated!

Mic. Why, what is it?

Dem. He has broken open a door,[4] and forced his way

[1] *To see you well*)—Ver. 81. Cooke remarks, that though there are several fine passages in this speech, and good observations on human life, yet it is too long a soliloquy.

[2] *I was looking for*)—Ver. 81. Donatus observes that the Poet has in this place improved upon Menander, in representing Demea as more ready to wrangle with his brother than to return his compliments.

[3] *Such a son as Æschinus*)—Ver. 82. The passage pretty clearly means by "ubi nobis Æschinus sit," "when I've got such a son as Æschinus." Madame Dacier, however, would translate it: "Ask me —you, in whose house Æschinus is?" thus accusing him of harboring Æschinus; a very forced construction, however.

[4] *Broken open a door*)—Ver. 88. The works of Ovid and Plautus show

into another person's house, beaten to death the master himself, and all the household, *and* carried off a wench whom he had a fancy for. All people are exclaiming that it was a most disgraceful proceeding. How many, Micio, told me of this as I was coming here? It is in every body's mouth. In fine, if an example must be cited, does he not see his brother giving his attention to business, *and* living frugally and soberly in the country? No action of his *is* like this. When I say this to him, Micio, I say it to you. You allow him to be corrupted.

Mic. Never is there any thing more unreasonable than a man who wants experience, who thinks nothing right except what he himself has done.

Dem. What is the meaning of that?

Mic. Because, Demea, you misjudge these matters. It is no heinous crime, believe me, for a young man to intrigue or to drink; it is not; nor yet for him to break open a door. If neither I nor you did so, it was poverty that did not allow us to do *so*. Do you now claim that as a merit to yourself, which you then did from necessity? That is unfair; for if we had had the means to do so, we should have done *the same*. And, if you were a man, you would now suffer that *other son* of yours to act *thus* now, while his age will excuse it, rather than, when he has got you, after long wishing it, out of the way, he should still do *so*, at a future day, *and* at an age more unsuited.

Dem. O Jupiter! You, sir, are driving me to distraction. Is it not a heinous thing for a young man to do these things?

Mic. Oh! do listen to me, and do not everlastingly din me upon this subject. You gave me your son to adopt; he became mine; if he offends in any thing, Demea, he offends against me: in that case I shall bear the greater part *of the inconvenience*. Does he feast,[1] does he drink, does he smell

that it was no uncommon thing for riotous young men to break open doors; Ovid even suggests to the lover the expediency of getting into the house through the windows.

[1] *Does he feast*)—Ver. 117. Colman has the following observation here: "The mild character of Micio is contrasted by Cicero to that of a furious, savage, severe father, as drawn by the famous Comic Poet, Cæcilius. Both writers are quoted in the Oration for Cælius, in the

of perfumes,[1]—it is at my cost. Does he intrigue, money shall be found by me, so long as it suits me; when it shall be no *longer convenient*, probably he'll be shut out of doors.[2] Has he broken open a door—it shall be replaced; has he torn any one's clothes—they shall be mended. Thanks to the Gods, I both have means for doing this, and *these things* are not as yet an annoyance. In fine, either desist, or else find some arbitrator *between us:* I will show that in this matter you are the most to blame.

Dem. Ah me! Learn to be a father from those who are really so.

Mic. You are his father by nature, I by my anxiety.

Dem. You, feel any anxiety?

Mic. Oh dear,—if you persist, I'll leave you.

Dem. Is it thus you act?

Mic. Am I so often to hear about the same thing?

Dem. I have some concern *for my son.*

Mic. I have some concern *for him* too; but, Demea, let us each be concerned for his own share—you for the one, and I for the other. For, to concern yourself about both is almost the same thing as to demand him back again, whom you intrusted to me.

Dem. Alas, Micio!

Mic. So it seems to me.

Dem. What *am I to say* to this? If it pleases you, *henceforth*—let him spend, squander, *and* destroy; it's nothing to me. If *I say* one word after this——

Mic. Again angry, Demea?

Dem. Won't you believe me? Do I demand him back whom I have intrusted? I am concerned for him; I am not a stranger in blood; if I do interpose——well, well, I have done. You desire me to concern myself for one *of*

composition of which it is plain that the orator kept his eye pretty closely on our Poet. The passages from Cæcilius contain all that vehemence and severity which, as Horace tells us, was accounted the common character of the style of that author."

[1] *Smell of perfumes*)—Ver. 117. For an account of the "unguenta," or perfumes in use among the ancients, see the Notes to Bohn's Translation of Plautus.

[2] *Will be shut out of doors*)—Ver. 119. No doubt by his mistress, when she has drained him of his money, and not by Micio himself, as Colman says he was once led to imagine.

them,—I do concern myself; and I give thanks to the Gods, he is just as I would have him; that fellow of yours will find it out at a future da : I don't wish to say any thing more harsh against him. (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Micio *alone.*

Mic. These things are[1] not nothing at all, nor yet all just as he says; still they do give me some uneasiness; but I was unwilling to show him that I took them amiss, for he is such a man; when I would pacify him, I steadily oppose and resist *him; and* in spite of it he hardly puts up with it like other men; but if I were to inflame, or even to humor his anger, I should certainly be as mad as himself. And yet Æschinus has done me some injustice in this affair. What courtesan has he not intrigued with? Or to which *of them* has he not made some present? At last, he recently told me that he wished to take a wife,[2] I suppose he was just then tired of them all. I was in hopes that the warmth of youth had now subsided; I was delighted. But look *now*, he is at it again; however, I am determined to know it, whatever it is, and to go meet the fellow, if he is at the Forum. (*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Æschinus *and* Parmeno *with the* Music-girl, *followed by* Sannio *and a crowd of people.*

San. I beseech you, fellow-citizens, do give aid to a miserable and innocent man; do assist the distressed.

[1] *These things are*)—Ver. 141. Donatus observes here, that Terence seems inclined to favor the part of mild fathers. He represents Micio as appalled at his adopted son's irregularities, lest if he should appear wholly unmoved, he should seem to be corrupting him, rather than to be treating him with only a proper degree of indulgence.

[2] *Wished to take a wife*)—Ver. 151. Donatus remarks here, that the art of Terence in preparing his incidents is wonderful. He contrives that even ignorant persons shall open the plot, as in the present instance,

Æsch. (*to the* Girl.) Be quiet, and now then stand here just where you are. Why do you look back? There's no danger; he shall never touch you while I am here.

San. I'll *have* her, in spite of all.

Æsch. Though he is a villain, he'll not risk, to-day, getting a second beating.

San. Hear me, Æschinus, that you may not say that you were in ignorance of my calling; I am a Procurer.[1]

Æsch. I know it.

San. And of as high a character as any one ever was. When you shall be excusing yourself by-and-by, how that you wish this injury had not been done me, I shall not value it this (*snapping his fingers*). Depend upon it, I'll prosecute my rights; and you shall never pay with words for the evil that you have done me in deed. I know those *ways* of yours: "I wish it hadn't happened; I'll take my oath that you did not deserve this injustice;" while I myself have been treated in a disgraceful manner.

Æsch. (*to* Parmeno.) Go first with all dispatch and open the door. (Parmeno *opens the door.*)

San. But you will avail nothing by this.

Æsch. (*To the* Girl.) Now then, step in.

San. (*coming between.*) But I'll not let her.

Æsch. Step this way, Parmeno; you are gone too far that way; here (*pointing*), stand close by him; there, that's what I want. Now then, take care you don't move your eyes in any direction from mine, that there may be no delay if I give you the sign, to your fist being instantly planted in his jaws.

San. I'd have him then try that.

Æsch. (*to* Parmeno.) Now then, observe me.

Par. (*to* Sannio.) Let go the woman. (*Strikes him.*)

San. Oh! scandalous deed!

where we understand that Æschinus has mentioned to Micio his intention of taking a wife, though he has not entered into particulars. This naturally leads us to the ensuing parts of the Play, without forestalling any of the circumstances.

[1] *I am a Procurer*)—Ver. 161. He says this aloud, and with emphasis, relying upon the laws which were enacted at Athens in favor of the "lenones," whose occupation brought great profits to the state, from their extensive trading in slaves. It was forbidden to maltreat them, under pain of being disinherited.

Æsch. He shall repeat it, if you don't take care. (Parmeno *strikes him again.*)

San. Oh shocking!

Æsch. (*to* Parmeno.) I didn't give the sign; but still make your mistakes on that side in preference. Now then, go. (Parmeno *goes with the* Music-girl *into* Micio's *house.*)

San. What is the meaning of this? Have you the sway here, Æschinus?

Æsch. If I had it, you should be exalted for your deserts.

San. What business have you with me?

Æsch. None.

San. How then, do you know who I am?

Æsch. I don't want to.

San. Have I touched any thing of yours?

Æsch. If you had touched it, you'd have got a drubbing.

San. What greater right then have you to take my *property*, for which I paid *my* money? Answer me that.

Æsch. It were better for you not to be making a disturbance here before the house; for if you persist in being impertinent, you shall be dragged in at once, and there you shall be lashed to death with whips.

San. A free man, with whips?

Æsch. So it shall be.

San. Oh, you shameless fellow! Is this the place where they say there is equal liberty for all?

Æsch. If you have now raved enough, Procurer, now then listen, if you please.

San. Why, is it I that have been raving, or you against me?

Æsch. Leave alone *all* that, and come to the point.

San. What point? Where am I to come to?

Æsch. Are you willing now that I should say something that concerns you?

San. With all my heart, only so it be something that's fair.

Æsch. Very fine! a Procurer wishing me not to say what's unfair.

San. I am a Procurer,[1] I confess it—the common bane of youth—a perjurer, a *public* nuisance; still, no injury has befallen you from me.

[1] *I am a Procurer*)—Ver. 188. Westerhovius supposes this part to be a translation from the works of Diphilus.

Æsch. Why, faith, that remains to come——

San. Pray, Æschinus, do come back to the point at which you set out.

Æsch. You bought her for twenty minæ; and may your bargain never thrive! That sum shall be given *for her*.

San. What if I don't choose to sell her to you? Will you compel me?

Æsch. By no means.

San. I was afraid you would.

Æsch. Neither do I think that a woman can be sold who is free; for I claim her by action of freedom.[1] Now consider which you choose; take the money, or prepare yourself for the action. Think of it, Procurer, till I return.[2] (*He goes into the house of* Micio.)

Scene II.

Sannio *alone*.

San. (*to himself.*) O supreme Jupiter! I do by no means wonder that men run mad through ill usage. He has dragged me out of my house, beaten me, taken my *property* away against my will, *and* has given me, unfortunate wretch, more than five hundred blows. In return for all this ill usage he demands *the girl* to be made over to him for just the same price at which she was bought. But however, since he has *so well* deserved *of me*, be it so: he demands what is his due. Very well, I consent then, provided he only gives the money. But I suspect this; when I have said that I will sell her for so much, he'll be getting witnesses forthwith that I have sold her.[3] As to getting the money, it's all a dream. *Call again* by and by; come back to-morrow. I could bear with

[1] *By action of freedom*)—Ver. 194. "Asserere liberati causâ," was to assert the freedom of a person, with a determination to maintain it at law. The "assertor" laid hands upon the person, declaring that he or she was free; and till the cause was tried, the person whose freedom was claimed, remained in the hands of the "assertor."

[2] *Till I return*)—Ver. 196. Colman has a curious remark here: "I do not remember, in the whole circle of modern comedy, a more natural picture of the elegant ease and indifference of a fine gentleman, than that exhibited in this Scene in the character of Æschinus."

[3] *That I have sold her*)—Ver. 204. He means, that if he only names

that too, hard as it is, if he would only pay it. But I consider this to be the fact; when you take up this trade, you must brook and bear in silence the affronts of *these* young fellows. However, no one will pay me; it's in vain for me to be reckoning upon that.

Scene III.

Enter Syrus, *from the house of* Micio.

Syr. (*speaking to* Æschinus *within.*) Say no more; I myself will arrange with him; I'll make him glad to take the money at once, and say besides that he has been fairly dealt with. (*Addressing* Sannio.) Sannio, how is this, that I hear you have been having some dispute or other with my master?

San. I never saw a dispute on more unequal terms[1] than the one that has happened to-day between us; I, with being thumped, he, with beating me, were both of us quite tired.

Syr. Your own fault.

San. What could I do?

Syr. You ought to have yielded to the young man.

San. How could I more so, when to-day I have even afforded my face to his blows?

Syr. Well—are you aware of what I tell you? To slight money on some occasions is sometimes the surest gain. What!—were you afraid, you greatest simpleton alive, if you had parted with ever so little[2] of your right, and had humored the young man, that he would not repay you with interest?

a price, Æschinus will suborn witnesses to say that he has agreed to sell her, in which case Æschinus will carry her off with impunity, and the laws will not allow him to recover her; as it will then be an ordinary debt, and he will be put off with all the common excuses used by debtors.

[1] *On more unequal terms*)—Ver. 212. "Certationem comparatam." This was a term taken from the combats of gladiators, where it was usual to choose as combatants such as seemed most nearly a match for each other.

[2] *If you had parted with ever so little*)—Ver. 217. This passage is probably alluded to by Cicero, in his work, De Officiis, B. ii. c. 18: "For it is not only liberal sometimes to give up a little of one's rights, but it is also profitable."

San. I do not pay ready money for hope.

Syr. *Then* you'll never make a fortune. Get out with you, Sannio; you don't know how to take in mankind.

San. I believe that to be the better *plan*—but I was never so cunning as not, whenever I was able to get it, to prefer getting ready money.

Syr. Come, come, I know your spirit; as if twenty minæ were any thing at all to you in comparison to obliging him; besides, they say that you are setting out for Cyprus——

San. (*aside.*) Hah!

Syr. That you have been buying up many things to take thither; *and* that the vessel is hired. This I know, your mind is in suspense; however, when you return thence, I hope you'll settle the matter.

San. Not a foot *do I stir:* Heavens! I'm undone! (*Aside.*) It was upon this hope they devised their project.

Syr. (*aside.*) He is alarmed. I've brought the fellow into a fix.

San. (*aside.*) Oh, what villainy!—Just look at that; how he has nicked me in the very joint.[1] Several women have been purchased, and other things as well, for me to take to Cyprus.[2] If I don't get there to the fair, my loss will be very great. Then if I postpone this *business*, and settle it when I come back from there, it will be of no use; the matter will be quite forgotten. "Come at last?" *they'll say.* "Why did you delay it? Where have you been?" So that I had better lose it altogether than either stay here so long, or be suing for it then.

Syr. Have you by this reckoned[3] up what you calculate will be your profits?

[1] *In the very joint*)—Ver. 229. "Ut in ipso articulo oppressit." Colman translates this, "Nick'd me to a hair."

[2] *To take to Cyprus*)—Ver. 230. He alludes to a famous slave-market held in the Isle of Cyprus, whither merchants carried slaves for sale, after buying them up in all parts of Greece.

[3] *Have you by this reckoned*)—Ver. 236. "Jamne enumerasti id quod ad te redituruin putes?" Colman renders this, "Well, have you calculated what's your due?" referring to the value of the Music-girl that has been taken away from him; and thinks that the following conversation between Sannio and Syrus supports that construction. Madame Dacier puts another sense on the words, and understands them as alluding to Sannio's calculation of his expected profits at Cyprus.

San. Is this honorable of him? Ought Æschinus to attempt this? Ought he to endeavor to take her away from me by downright violence?

Syr. (*aside.*) He gives ground. (*To* Sannio.) I have this one *proposal to make;* see if you fully approve of it. Rather than you should run the risk, Sannio, of getting or losing the whole, halve it. He will manage to scrape together ten minæ[1] from some quarter or other.

San. Ah me! unfortunate wretch, I am now in danger of even losing part of the principal. Has he no shame? He has loosened all my teeth; my head, too, is full of bumps with his cuffs; and would he defraud me as well? I shall go nowhere.

Syr. Just as you please. Have you any thing more to say before I go?

San. Why yes, Syrus, i' faith, I have this to request. Whatever the matters that are past, rather than go to law, let what is my own be returned me; at least, Syrus, the sum she cost me. I know that you have not hitherto made trial of my friendship; you will have no occasion to say that I am unmindful or ungrateful.

Syr. I'll do the best I can. But I see Ctesipho; he's in high spirits about his mistress.

San. What about what I was asking you?

Syr. Stay a little.

Scene IV.

Enter Ctesipho, *at the other side of the stage.*

Ctes. From any man, when you stand in need of it, you are glad to receive a service; but of a truth it is doubly acceptable, if he does you a kindness who ought to do so. O brother, brother, how can I sufficiently commend you? This I am quite sure of; I can never speak of you in such high terms but that your deserts will surpass it. For I am of opinion that I possess this one thing in especial beyond all

[1] *Scrape together ten minæ*)—Ver. 242. Donatus remarks, that Syrus knows very well that Æschinus is ready to pay the whole, but offers Sannio half, that he may be glad to take the bare principal, and think himself well off into the bargain.

others, a brother than whom no individual is more highly endowed with the highest qualities.

Syr. O Ctesipho!

Ctes. O Syrus, where is Æschinus?

Syr. Why, look—he's at home, waiting for you.

Ctes. (*speaking joyously.*) Ha!

Syr. What's the matter?

Ctes. What's the matter? 'Tis through him, Syrus, that I am now alive—generous creature! Has he not deemed every thing of secondary importance to himself in comparison with my happiness? The reproach, the discredit, my own amour and imprudence, he has taken upon himself. There can be nothing beyond this; but what means that noise at the door?

Syr. Stay, stay; 'tis *Æschinus* himself coming out.

Scene V.

Enter Æschinus, *from the house of* Micio.

Æsch. Where is that villain?

San. (*aside.*) He's looking for me.[1] Is he bringing any thing *with him?* Confusion! I don't see any thing.

Æsch. (*to* Ctesipho.) Ha! well met; you are the very man I was looking for. How goes it, Ctesipho? All is safe: away then with your melancholy.

Ctes. By my troth, I certainly will away with it, when I have such a brother as you. O my *dear* Æschinus! O my brother! Alas! I am unwilling to praise you any more to your face, lest you should think I do so rather for flattery than through gratitude.

Æsch. Go to, you simpleton! as though we didn't by this time understand each other, Ctesipho. This grieves me, that we knew of it almost too late, and that the matter had come to such a pass, that if all mankind had wished they could not possibly have assisted you.

Ctes. I felt ashamed.

[1] *He's looking for me*)—Ver. 265. Donatus remarks upon the readiness with which Sannio takes the appellation of "sacrilegus," as adapted to no other person than himself.

Æsch. Pooh! that is folly, not shame; about such a trifling matter *to be* almost *flying* the country![1] 'Tis shocking to be mentioned; I pray the Gods may forbid it!

Ctes. I did wrong.

Æsch. (*in a lower voice.*) What says Sannio to us at last?

Syr. He is pacified at last.

Æsch. I'll go to the Forum to pay him off; you, Ctesipho, *step* in-doors to her.

San. (*aside to* Syrus.) Syrus, do urge *the matter.*

Syr. (*to* Æschinus.) Let us be off, for he is in haste for Cyprus.[2]

San. Not particularly so; although still, I'm stopping here doing nothing at all.

Syr. It shall be paid, don't fear.

San. But he is to pay it all.

Syr. He shall pay it all; only hold your tongue and follow *us* this way.

San. I'll follow.

Ctes. (*as* Syrus *is going.*) Harkye, harkye, Syrus.

Syr. (*turning back.*) Well now, what is it?

Ctes. (*aside.*) Pray do discharge that most abominable fellow as soon as possible; for fear, in case he should become more angry, by some means or other this matter should reach my father, and then I should be ruined forever.

Syr. That shall not happen, be of good heart; meanwhile enjoy yourself in-doors with her, and order the couches[3] to be spread for us, and the other things to be got ready. As soon as *this* business is settled, I shall come home with the provisions.

Ctes. Pray *do* so. Since this has turned out so well, let us

[1] *Flying the country*)—Ver. 275. Donatus tells us, that in Menander the young man was on the point of killing himself. Terence has here softened it into leaving the country. Colman remarks: "We know that the circumstance of carrying off the Music-girl was borrowed from Diphilus; yet it is plain from Donatus that there was also an intrigue by Ctesipho in the Play of Menander; which gives another proof of the manner in which Terence used the Greek Comedies."

[2] *He is in haste for Cyprus*)—Ver. 278. Donatus remarks that this is a piece of malice on the part of Syrus, for the purpose of teasing Sannio.

[3] *Order the couches*)—Ver. 285. Those used for the purpose of reclining on at the entertainment.

make a cheerful day of it. (Ctesipho *goes into the house of* Micio; *and exeunt* Æschinus *and* Syrus, *followed by* Sannio.)

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Sostrata *and* Cantiiara, *from the house of the former.*

Sos. Prithee, my *dear* nurse, how is it like to end?

Can. Like to end, do you ask? I' troth, right well, I trust.

Sos. Her pains are just beginning, my dear.

Can. You are in a fright now, just as though you had never been present *on such an occasion*—never been in labor yourself.

Sos. Unfortunate woman that I am! I have not a person *at home;* we are quite alone; Geta too is absent. I have no one to go for the midwife, or to fetch Æschinus.

Can. I' faith, he'll certainly be here just now, for he never lets a day pass without visiting us.

Sos. He is my sole comfort in my afflictions.

Can. Things could not have happened, mistress, more for the advantage of your daughter than they have, seeing that violence was offered her; so far as he is concerned, it is most lucky,—such a person, of such disposition and feelings, a member of so respectable a family.

Sos. It is indeed as you say; I entreat the Gods that he may be preserved to us. (*They stand apart, on seeing* Geta.)

Scene II.

Enter Geta, *on the other side of the stage.*

Geta (*to himself.*) Now such is *our condition*, that if all were to combine all their counsels, and to seek a remedy for this mischief that has befallen myself, my mistress, and her daughter, they could find no relief. Oh wretched me! so many calamities beset us on a sudden, we can not possibly

extricate ourselves. Violence, poverty, oppression, desertion infamy! What an age is this! O *shocking* villainy! O ac cursed race! O impious man!——

Sos. Unhappy me! How is it that I see Geta hurrying along thus terrified?

Geta (*continuing.*) Whom neither promises, nor oaths, no compassion could move or soften; nor yet the fact that th delivery was nigh at hand of the unfortunate woman on whon he had so shamefully committed violence.

Sos. (*apart to* Canthara.) I don't well understand wha he is talking about.

Can. Pray, let us go nearer to him, Sostrata.

Geta (*continuing.*) Ah wretched me! I am scarcely mas ter of my senses, I am so inflamed with anger. There i nothing that I would like better than for all that family t be thrown in my way, that I might give vent to all *m* wrath upon them while this wound is still fresh. I coul be content with any punishment, so I might only wreak my vengeance on them. First, I would stop the breath of the old fellow himself who gave being to this monster; then as for his prompter, Syrus, out upon him! how I would tear hin piecemeal! I would snatch him by the middle up aloft, and dash him head downward upon the earth, so that with hi brains he would bestrew the road: I would pull out the eye of the young fellow himself, *and* afterward hurl him headlong *over some precipice.* The others I would rush upon, drive drag, crush, and trample them *under foot.* But why do delay at once to acquaint my mistress with this calamity (*Moves as if going.*)

Sos. (*to* Canthara.) Let us call him back. Geta——

Geta. Well—leave me alone,[1] whoever you are.

Sos. 'Tis I,—Sostrata.

Geta (*turning round.*) Why, where are you? You ar the very person I am looking for. I was in quest of you it's very fortunate you have met me.

Sos. What's the matter? Why are you trembling?

[1] *Leave me alone*)—Ver. 321. Quoting from Madame Dacier, Colma has this remark here: "Geta's reply is founded on a frolicsome bu ill-natured custom which prevailed in Greece—to stop the slaves in th streets, and designedly keep them in chat, so that they might be lashe when they came home for staying out so long."

Geta. Alas! alas!

Sos. My *dear* Geta, why in such haste? Do take breath.

Geta. Quite——(*pauses.*)

Sos. Why, what means this "quite"?

Geta. Undone—It's all over with us.

Sos. Say, then, I entreat you, what is the matter.

Geta. Now——

Sos. What "now," Geta?

Geta. Æschinus——

Sos. What about him?

Geta. Has abandoned our family.

Sos. Then I am undone! Why so?

Geta. He has attached himself to another woman.

Sos. Woe unto wretched me!

Geta. And he makes no secret of it; he himself has carried her off openly from a procurer.

Sos. Are you quite sure of this?

Geta. Quite sure; I saw it myself, Sostrata, with these same eyes.

Sos. Ah wretched me! What is one now to believe, or whom believe? Our own Æschinus, the *very* life of us all, in whom all our hopes and comforts were centred! Who used to swear he could never live a single day without her! Who used to say, that he would place the infant on his father's knees,[1] *and* thus entreat that he might be allowed to make her his wife!

Geta. *Dear* mistress, forbear weeping, and rather consider what must be done for the future in this matter. Shall we submit to it, or shall we tell it to any person?

Can. Pooh, pooh! are you in your senses, my *good* man? Does this seem to you a business to be made known to any one?

Geta. I, indeed, have no wish for it. In the first place, then, that his feelings are estranged from us, the thing itself declares. Now, if we make this known, he'll deny it, I'm quite sure; your reputation and your daughter's character will *then* be in danger. On the other hand, if he were fully to confess it, as he is in love with another woman, it would

[1] *On his father's knees*)—Ver. 333. It was a prevalent custom with the Greeks to place the newly-born child upon the knee of its grandfather.

not be to her advantage to be given to him. Therefore, under either circumstance, there is need of silence.

Sos. Oh! by no means in the world! I'll not do it.

Geta. What is it you say?

Sos. I'll make it known.

Geta. Ha, my *dear* Sostrata, take care what you do!

Sos. The matter can not possibly be in a worse position than it is at present. In the first place, she has no portion then, besides, that which was as good as a portion, *her honor*, is lost: she can not be given in marriage as a virgin. This *resource* is left; if he should deny it, I have a ring which he lost as evidence *of the truth*. In fine, Geta, as I am fully conscious that no blame attaches to me, and that neither interest nor any consideration unworthy of her or of myself has had a share in this matter, I will make trial——

Geta. What am I to say to this? I agree, as you speak for the best.

Sos. You be off as fast as possible, and relate all the matter just as it has happened to her kinsman Hegio; for he was the best friend of our *lamented* Simulus, and has shown especial regard for us.

Geta (*aside.*) Aye, faith, because nobody else takes any notice *of us.*

Sos. Do you, my *dear* Canthara, run with all haste, *and* fetch the midwife, so that, when she is wanted, we may not have to wait for her. (Sostrata *goes into the house, and exit* Geta *and* Canthara.)

Scene III.

Enter Demea.

Dem. (*to himself.*) Utterly undone! I hear that Ctesipho was with Æschinus at the carrying off *of this girl.* This sorrow *still* remains for unhappy me, should *Æschinus* be able to seduce him, even him, who promises so fair, to a course of debauchery. Where am I to inquire for him? I doubt he has been carried off to some bad house; that profligate has persuaded him, I'm quite sure. But look—I see Syrus coming *this way*, I shall now know from him where he is. But, i'faith, he is one of the gang; if he perceives that I

am looking for him, the rascal will never tell me. I'll not let him know what I want.

Scene IV.

Enter Syrus, *at the other side of the stage.*

Syr. (*to himself.*) We just now told the old gentleman the whole affair just as it happened; I never did see any one more delighted.

Dem. (*apart.*) O Jupiter! the folly of the man!

Syr. (*continuing.*) He commended his son. To me, who put them upon this project, he gave thanks——

Dem. (*apart.*) I shall burst asunder.

Syr. (*continuing.*) He told down the money instantly, *and* gave me half a mina besides to spend. That was laid out quite to my liking.

Dem. (*apart.*) Very fine—if you would wish a thing to be nicely managed, intrust it to this *fellow.*

Syr. (*overhearing him.*) Ha, Demea! I didn't see you; how goes it?

Dem. How should it go? I can not enough wonder at your mode of living *here.*

Syr. Why, really silly enough, and, to speak without disguise, *altogether* absurd. (*Calls at the door of* Micio's *house.*) Dromo, clean the rest of the fish; let the largest conger-eel play a little in the water; when I come *back* it shall be boned;[1] not before.

Dem. Is profligacy like this——

Syr. As for myself, it isn't to my taste, and I often exclaim *against it.* (*Calls at the door.*) Stephanio, take care that the salt fish is well soaked.

Dem. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! is he doing this for any purpose of his own, or does he think it creditable to ruin *his* son? Wretch that I am! methinks I already see the day when *Æschinus* will be running away for want, to serve somewhere or other as a soldier.[2]

[1] *It shall be boned*)—Ver. 378. The operation of boning conger-eels is often mentioned in Plautus, from whom we learn that they were best when eaten in that state, and cold.

[2] *Serve somewhere or other as a soldier*)—Ver. 385. See a similar passage in the Trinummus of Plautus, l. 722, whence it appears that it

Syr. O Demea! that is wisdom *indeed*,—not only to look at the present moment, but also to look forward to what's to come.

Dem. Well—is this Music-girl still with you?

Syr. Why, yes, she's in-doors.

Dem. How now—is he going to keep her at home?

Syr. I believe so; such is his madness!

Dem. Is it possible?

Syr. An imprudent lenity in his father, and a vicious indulgence.

Dem. Really, I am ashamed and grieved at my brother.

Syr. Demea! between you there is a great—I do not say it because you are here present—a too great difference. You are, every bit of you, nothing but wisdom; he a *mere* dreamer. Would you indeed have suffered that son of yours to act thus?

Dem. I, suffer him? Would I not have smelt it out six months before he attempted it?

Syr. Need I be told by you of your foresight?

Dem. I pray he may only continue the same he is at present!

Syr. Just as each person wishes his son to be, so he turns out.

Dem. What news of him? Have you seen him to-day?

Syr. What, your son? (*Aside.*) I'll pack him off into the country. (*To* Demea.) I fancy he's busy at the farm long before this.

Dem. Are you quite sure he is there?

Syr. What!—when I saw him part of the way *myself*——

Dem. Very good. I was afraid he might be loitering here.

Syr. And extremely angry too.

Dem. Why so?

Syr. He attacked his brother in the Forum with strong language about this Music-girl.

Dem. Do you really say so?

Syr. Oh dear, he didn't at all mince the matter; for just

was the practice for young men of ruined fortunes to go and offer their services as mercenaries to some of the neighboring potentates. Many of the ten thousand who fought for the younger Cyrus at the battle of Cunaxa, and were led back under the command of Xenophon, were, doubtless, of this class.

as the money was being counted out, the gentleman came upon us by chance, *and* began exclaiming, "Oh Æschinus, that you should perpetrate these enormities! that you should be guilty of actions *so* disgraceful to our family!"

DEM. Oh, I shall weep for joy.

SYR. "By this you are not squandering your money *only*, but your reputation."

DEM. May he be preserved to me! I trust he will be like his forefathers. (*Weeping.*)

SYR. (*aside.*) Heyday!

DEM. Syrus, he is full of these maxims.

SYR. (*aside.*) Strange, indeed! He had the means at home of learning them.

DEM. I do every thing I can; I spare no pains; I train him up to it: in fine, I bid him look into the lives of men, as though into a mirror, and from others to take an example for himself. Do this, *I say*——

SYR. Quite right.

DEM. Avoid that——

SYR. Very shrewd.

DEM. This is praiseworthy——

SYR. That's the thing.

DEM. That is considered blamable——

SYR. Extremely good.

DEM. And then, moreover——

SYR. Upon my honor, I have not the leisure to listen to you just at present: I have got some fish just to my taste, *and* must take care they are not spoiled; for that would be as much a crime in me, as for you, Demea, not to observe those maxims which you have just been mentioning; and so far as I can, I lay down precepts for my fellow-servants on the very same plan; "this is *too* salt, that is quite burned up, this is not washed enough, that is *very* well done; remember *and do* so another time." I carefully instruct them so far as I can to the best of my capacity. In short, Demea, I bid them look into their sauce-pans as though into a mirror,[1] and suggest to them what they ought to do. I am sensible these things are trifling which we do; but what is one to do? Ac-

[1] *As though into a mirror*)—Ver. 428. He parodies the words of Demea in l. 415, where he speaks of looking into the lives of men as into a mirror.

cording as the man is, so must you humor him. Do you wish any thing else?

Dem. That more wisdom may be granted you.

Syr. You will be going off into the country, *I suppose?*

Dem. Directly.

Syr. For what should you do here, where, if you do give any good precepts, no one will regard them? (*Goes into* Micio's *house.*)

Scene V.

Demea, *alone.*

Dem. (*to himself.*) I certainly will be off, as he on whose account I came hither has gone into the country. I have a care for him: that alone is my own concern, since my brother will have it so; let him look to the other himself. But who is it I see yonder at a distance? Isn't it Hegio of our tribe?[1] If I see right, i' faith, it is he. Ah, a man I have been friendly with from a child! Good Gods! we certainly have a great dearth of citizens of that stamp nowadays, with the old-fashioned virtue and honesty. Not in a hurry will any misfortune accrue to the public from him. How glad I am to find some remnants of this race even still remaining; now I feel some pleasure in living. I'll wait here for him, to ask him how he is, and have some conversation with him.

Scene VI.

Enter Hegio *and* Geta, *conversing, at a distance.*

Heg. Oh immortal Gods! a disgraceful action, Geta! What is it you tell me?

Geta. Such is the fact.

[1] *Of our tribe*)—Ver. 439. Solon divided the Athenians into ten tribes, which he named after ten of the ancient heroes: Erectheis, Ægeis, Pandionis, Leontis, Acamantis, Œneis, Cecrops, Hippothoontis, Æantis, and Antiochis. These tribes were each divided into ten Demi.

Heg. That so ignoble a deed should come from that family! Oh Æschinus, assuredly you haven't taken after your father in that!

Dem. (*apart.*) Why surely, he has heard this about the Music-girl; that gives him concern, *though* a stranger; this father *of his* thinks nothing of it. Ah me! I wish he were somewhere close at hand to overhear this.

Heg. Unless they do as they ought *to do*, they shall not come off so easily.

Geta. All our hopes, Hegio, are centred in you; you we have for *our* only *friend;* you are our protector, our father. The old man, *Simulus*, when dying, recommended us to you; if you forsake us, we are undone.

Heg. Beware how you mention *that;* I neither will do it, nor do I think that, with due regard to the ties of relationship, I could.

Dem. (*apart.*) I'll accost him. (*Approaches* Hegio.) Hegio, I bid you welcome right heartily.

Heg. (*starting.*) Oh! you are the very man I was looking for. Greetings to you, Demea.

Dem. Why, what's the matter?

Heg. Your eldest son Æschinus, whom you gave to your brother to adopt, has been acting the part of neither an honest man nor a gentleman.

Dem. What has he been doing?

Heg. You knew my friend and year's-mate, Simulus?

Dem. Why not?

Heg. He has debauched his daughter, a virgin.

Dem. Hah!

Heg. Stay, Demea. You have not yet heard the worst.

Dem. Is there any thing still worse?

Heg. Worse, by far: for this indeed might in some measure have been borne with. The hour of night prompted him; passion, wine, young blood; 'tis human nature. When he was sensible of what he had done, he came voluntarily to the girl's mother, weeping, praying, entreating, pledging his honor, vowing that he would take her home.[1] *The affair* was pardoned, hushed up, his word taken. The girl from that intercourse became pregnant: *this* is the tenth month.

[1] *Would take her home*)—Ver. 473. As his wife.

He, worthy fellow, has provided himself, if it please the Gods with a Music-girl to live with; the other he has cast off.

Dem. Do you say this for certain?

Heg. The mother of the young woman is among us,[1] the young woman too; the fact *speaks for* itself; this Geta, besides, according to the common run of servants, not a bad one or of idle habits; he supports them; alone, maintains the whole family; take him, bind him,[2] examine him upon the matter.

Geta. Aye, faith, put me to the torture, Demea, if such is not the fact: besides, he will not deny it. Confront me with him.

Dem. (*aside.*) I am ashamed; and what to do, or how to answer him, I don't know.

Pam. (*crying out within the house of* Sostrata.) Ah me! I am racked with pains! Juno Lucina,[3] bring aid, save me, I beseech thee!

Heg. Hold; is she in labor, pray?

Geta. No doubt of it, Hegio.

Heg. Ah! she is now imploring your protection, Demea; let her obtain from you spontaneously what the power *of the law* compels you to give. I do entreat the Gods that what befits you may at once be done. But if your sentiments are otherwise, Demea, I will defend both them and him who is dead to the utmost of my power. He was my kinsman:[4] we were brought up together from children, we were companions in the wars and at home, together we experienced the hardships of poverty. I will therefore exert myself, strive, use all methods, in fine lay down my life, rather than forsake these women. What answer do you give me?

Dem. I'll go find my brother, Hegio: the advice he gives me upon this matter I'll follow.[5]

[1] *Is among us*)—Ver. 479. "In medio," "is alive," or "in the midst of us."

[2] *Take him, bind him*)—Ver. 482. In allusion to the method of examining slaves, by binding and torturing them.

[3] *Juno Lucina*)—Ver. 487. So in the Andria, l. 473, where Glycerium is overtaken with the pains of labor, she calls upon Juno Lucina.

[4] *He was my kinsman*)—Ver. 494. In the Play of Menander, Hegio was the brother of Sostrata.

[5] *Upon this matter I'll follow*)—Ver. 500. "Is, quod mihi de hac re dederat consilium, id sequar." Colman has the following Note on

Heg. But, Demea, take you care and reflect upon this: the more easy you are in your circumstances, the more powerful, wealthy, affluent, *and* noble you are, so much the more ought you with equanimity to observe *the dictates of* justice, if you would have yourselves esteemed as men of probity.

Dem. Go back *now*;[1] every thing shall be done that is proper to be done.

Heg. It becomes you to act *thus*. Geta, show me in to Sostrata. (*Follows* Geta *into* Sostrata's *house.*)

Dem. (*to himself.*) Not without warning on my part have these things happened: I only wish it may end here; but this immoderate indulgence will undoubtedly lead to some great misfortune. I'll go find my brother, and vent these feelings upon him. (*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Enter Hegio, *from* Sostrata's *house, and speaking to her within.*

Heg. Be of good heart,[2] Sostrata, and take care and console her as far as you can. I'll go find Micio, if he is at the Forum, and acquaint him with the whole circumstances in their order; if so it is that he will do his duty *by you*, let him do so; but if his sentiments are otherwise about this matter, let him give me his answer, that I may know at once what I am to do. (*Exit.*

this passage: "Madame Dacier rejects this line, because it is also to be found in the Phormio. But it is no uncommon thing with our author to use the same expression or verse for different places, especially on familiar occasions. There is no impropriety in it here, and the foregoing hemistich is rather lame without it. The propriety of consulting Micio, or Demea's present ill-humor with him, are of no consequence. The old man is surprised at Hegio's story, does not know what to do or say, and means to evade giving a positive answer, by saying that he would consult his brother."

[1] *Go back now*)—Ver. 506. "Redite." Demea most probably uses this word, because Hegio has come back to him to repeat the last words for the sake of greater emphasis.

[2] *Be of good heart*)—Ver. 512. Colman has the following Note here: "Donatus tells us, that in some old copies this whole Scene was wanting. Guyetus therefore entirely rejects it. I have not ventured to take that liberty; but must confess that it appears to me, if not supposititious,

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Ctesipho *and* Syrus *from the house of* Micio.

Ctes. My father gone into the country, say you?

Syr. (*with a careless air.*) Some time since.

Ctes. Do tell me, I beseech you.

Syr. He is at the farm at this very moment,[1] I warrant—hard at some work or other.

Ctes. I really wish, provided it be done with no prejudice to his health, I wish that he may so effectually tire himself, that, for the next three days together, he may be unable to arise from his bed.

Syr. So be it, and any thing still better than that,[2] if possible.

Ctes. Just so; for I do most confoundedly wish to pass this whole day in merry-making as I have begun it; and for no reason do I detest that farm so heartily as for its being so near *town*. If it were at a greater distance, night would overtake him there before he could return hither again. Now, when he doesn't find me there, he'll come running back here, I'm quite sure; he'll be asking me where I have been, that I have not seen him all this day: what am I to say?

Syr. Does nothing suggest itself to your mind?

Ctes. Nothing whatever.

Syr. So much the worse[3]—have you no client, friend, or guest?

at least cold and superfluous, and the substance of it had better been supposed to have passed between Hegio and Sostrata within."

[1] *At this very moment*)—Ver. 519. It is very doubtful whether the words "cum maxime" mean to signify exactly "at this moment," or are intended to signify the intensity with which Demea is laboring.

[2] *Any thing still better than that*)—Ver. 522. Lemaire suggests that by these words Syrus intends to imply that he should not care if Demea were never to arise from his bed, but were to die there. Ctesipho, only taking him heartily to second his own wishes for the old man's absence, answers affirmatively "ita," "by all means," "exactly so."

[3] *So much the worse*)—Ver. 529. Schmieder observes that "tanto

Ctes. I have; what then?

Syr. You have been engaged with them.

Ctes. When I have not been engaged? That can never do.

Syr. It may.

Ctes. During the daytime; but if I pass the night here, what excuse can I make, Syrus?

Syr. Dear me, how much I do wish it was the custom for one to be engaged with friends at night as well! But you be easy; I know his humor perfectly well. When he raves the most violently, I can make him as gentle as a lamb.

Ctes. In what way?

Syr. He loves to hear you praised: I make a god of you to him, *and* recount your virtues.

Ctes. What, mine?

Syr. Yours; immediately the tears fall from him as from a child, for *very* joy. (*Starting.*) Hah! take care——

Ctes. Why, what's the matter?

Syr. The wolf in the fable[1]——

Ctes. What! my father?

Syr. His own self.

Ctes. What shall we do, Syrus?

Syr. You only be off in-doors, I'll see to that.

nequior" might have two meanings,—"so much the worse *for us*," or, as the spectators might understand it, "so much the more worthless you."

[1] *The wolf in the fable*)—Ver. 538. This was a proverbial expression, tantamount to our saying, "Talk of the devil, he's sure to appear." Servius, in his Commentary on the Ninth Eclogue of Virgil, says that the saying arose from the common belief that the person whom a wolf sets his eyes upon is deprived of his voice, and thence came to be applied to a person who, coming upon others in the act of talking about him, necessarily put a stop to their conversation. Cooke says, in reference to this passage, "This certainly alludes to a Fable of Æsop's, of the Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape: which is translated by Phædrus, and is the tenth of his First Book." It is much more certain that Cooke is mistaken here, and that the fable of the arbitration of the Ape between the Wolf and the Fox has nothing to do with this passage. If it alludes to any fable (which from the expression itself is not at all unlikely), it is more likely to be that where the Nurse threatens that the wolf shall take the naughty Child, on which he makes his appearance, but is disappointed in his expectations, or else that of the Shepherd-boy and the Wolf. See the Stichus of Plautus, l. 57, where the same expression occurs.

Ctes. If he makes any inquiries, you *have seen* me no where; do you hear?

Syr. Can you not be quiet? (*They retreat to the door of* Micio's *house, and* Ctesipho *stands in the doorway.*)

Scene II.

Enter Demea, *on the other side of the stage.*

Dem. (*to himself.*) I certainly am an unfortunate man. In the first place, I can find my brother nowhere; and then, in the next place, while looking for him, I met a day-laborer[1] from the farm; he says that my son is not in the country, and what to do I know not——

Ctes. (*apart.*) Syrus!

Syr. (*apart.*) What's the matter?

Ctes. (*apart.*) Is he looking for me?

Syr. (*apart.*) Yes.

Ctes. (*apart.*) Undone!

Syr. (*apart.*) Nay, do be of good heart.

Dem. (*to himself.*) Plague on it! what ill luck is this? I can not really account for it, unless I suppose myself *only* born for the purpose of enduring misery. I am the first to feel our misfortunes; the first to know of them all; then the first to carry the news; I am the only one, if any thing does go wrong, to take it to heart.

Syr. (*apart.*) I'm amused at him; he says that he is the first to know *of every thing, while* he is the only one ignorant of every thing.

Dem. (*to himself.*) I've now come back; and I'll go see whether perchance my brother has yet returned.

Ctes. (*apart.*) Syrus, pray do take care that he doesn't suddenly rush in upon us here.

Syr. (*apart.*) Now will you hold your tongue? I'll take care.

Ctes. (*apart.*) Never this day will I depend on your management for that, upon my faith; for I'll shut myself up

[1] *Met a day-laborer*)—Ver. 542. Donatus remarks that the Poet artfully contrives to detain Demea in town, his presence being necessary in the latter part of the Play.

with her in some cupboard[1]—that's the safest. (*Goes into the house.*)

Syr. (*apart.*) Do so, still I'll get rid of him.

Dem. (*seeing* Syrus.) But see! there's that rascal, Syrus.

Syr. (*aloud, pretending not to see* Demea.) Really, upon my faith, no person can stay here, if this is to be the case! For my part, I should like to know how many masters I have—what a cursed condition this is!

Dem. What's he whining about? What does he mean? How say you, good sir, is my brother at home?

Syr. What the plague do you talk to me about, "good sir"? I'm quite distracted!

Dem. What's the matter with you?

Syr. Do you ask the question? Ctesipho has been beating me, poor wretch, and that Music-girl, almost to death.

Dem. Ha! what is it you tell me?

Syr. Aye, see how he has cut my lip. (*Pretends to point to it.*)

Dem. For what reason?

Syr. He says that she was bought by my advice.

Dem. Did not you tell me, a short time since, that you had seen him on his way into the country?

Syr. I did; but he afterward came back, raving like a madman; he spared nobody—ought he not to have been ashamed to beat an old man? Him whom, only the other day, I used to carry about in my arms when thus high? (*Showing.*)

Dem. I commend him; O Ctesipho, you take after your father. Well, I do pronounce you a man.

Syr. Commend him? Assuredly he will keep his hands to himself in future, if he's wise.

Dem. '*Twas done* with spirit.

Syr. Very much so, to be beating a poor woman, and me, a slave, who didn't dare strike him in return; heyday! very spirited indeed!

Dem. He could not *have done* better: he thought the same as I *did*, that you were the principal in this affair. But is my brother within?

[1] (*With her in some cupboard*)—Ver. 553. Donatus observes that the young man was silly in this, for if discovered to be there he would be sure to be caught. His object, however, for going there would be that he might not be discovered.

Syr. He is not.

Dem. I'm thinking where to look for him.

Syr. I know where he is—but I shall not tell you at present.

Dem. Ha! what's that you say?

Syr. *I do say* so.

Dem. Then I'll break your head for you this instant.

Syr. I can't tell the person's name *he's gone to*, but I know the place where he lives.

Dem. Tell me the place then.

Syr. Do you know the portico down this way, just by the shambles? (*Pointing in the direction.*)

Dem. How should I but know it?

Syr. Go straight along, right up that street; when you come there, there is a descent right opposite that goes downward, go straight down that; afterward, on this side (*extending one hand*), there is a chapel: close by it is a narrow lane, where there's also a great wild fig-tree.

Dem. I know it.

Syr. Go through that——

Dem. But that lane is not a thoroughfare.

Syr. I' faith, that's true; dear, dear, would you take me to be in my senses?[1] I made a mistake. Return to the portico; indeed that will be a much nearer way, and there is less going round about: you know the house of Cratinus, the rich man?

Dem. I know it.

Syr. When you have passed that, keep straight along that street on the left hand;[2] when you come to the Temple of Diana, turn to the right; before you come to the *city* gate,[3] just by that pond, there is a baker's shop, and opposite to it a joiner's; there he is.

[1] *Take me to be in my senses*)—Ver. 580. "Censen hominem me esse?" literally, "Do you take me to be a human being?" meaning, "Do you take me to be a person in my common senses?"

[2] *Street on the left hand*)—Ver. 583. Theobald, in his edition of Shakspeare, observes that the direction given by Lancelot in the Merchant of Venice seems to be copied from that given here by Syrus: "Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house."

[3] *Come to the city gate*)—Ver. 584. From this we discover that Demea is being sent to the very extremity of the town, as Donatus informs

Dem. What is he doing there?

Syr. He has given some couches to be made, with oaken legs, for use in the open air.[1]

Dem. For you to carouse upon! Very fine! But *why* do I delay going to him? (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Syrus *alone.*

Syr. Go, by all means. I'll work you to day, *you* skeleton,[2] as you deserve. Æschinus loiters intolerably; the breakfast's spoiling; and as for Ctesipho, he's head and ears in love.[3] I shall now think of myself, for I'll be off at once, and pick out the very nicest bit, and, leisurely sipping my cups,[4] I'll lengthen out the day. (*Goes into the house.*)

us that ponds of water were always close to the gates of towns, for the purpose of watering the beasts of burden, and of having a supply at hand in case the enemy should set fire to the city gates.

[1] *The open air*)—Ver. 586. Donatus remarks that it was usual for the Greeks to sit and drink in the sun; and that Syrus being suddenly asked this question shows his presence of mind by giving this circumstantial answer, that he may the better impose upon Demea. The couches used on such occasions may be presumed to have required stout legs, and to be made of hard wood, such as oak, to prevent them from splitting. Two instances of couches being used for carousing in the open air will be found in the last Scenes of the Asinaria and Stichus of Plautus.

[2] *You skeleton*)—Ver. 588. "Silicernium." This was said to be the name of a funeral entertainment or dish of meats offered up to the "umbræ" or "manes," in silence. The word is also said to have been applied to an old man from his stooping postures, "silices cernit," "he looks at the stones."

[3] *Head and ears in love*)—Ver. 590. "Totus," literally, "quite" or "altogether."

[4] *Sipping my cups*)—Ver. 592. As to the "cyathi" and cups of the ancients, see the last Scene of the Stichus of Plautus, which is a perfect specimen of a carousal among the lower classes in ancient times. See also the last Scene of the Asinaria. The slaves generally appear to have taken part in the entertainments with their young masters.

Scene IV.

Enter Micio *and* Hegio.

Mic. I can see no reason here, Hegio, that I should be so greatly commended. I do my duty; the wrong that has originated with us I redress. Unless, perhaps, you thought me one of that class of men who think that an injury is purposely done them if you expostulate about any thing they have done; and yet are *themselves* the first to accuse. Because I have not acted thus, do you return me thanks?

Heg. Oh, far from it; I never led myself to believe you to be otherwise than you are; but I beg, Micio, that you will go with me to the mother of the young woman, and *repeat to her* the same; what you have told me, do you yourself tell the woman, that this suspicion *of Æschinus's fidelity* was incurred on his brother's account, *and* that this Music-girl was for him.

Mic. If you think I ought, or if there is a necessity for doing so, let us go.

Heg. You act with kindness; for you'll then both have relieved her mind who is *now* languishing in sorrow and affliction, and have discharged your duty. But if you think otherwise, I will tell her myself what you have been saying to me.

Mic. Nay, I'll go as well.

Heg. You act with kindness; all who are in distressed circumstances are suspicious,[1] to I know not what degree they take every thing too readily as an affront; they fancy themselves trifled with on account of their helpless condition: therefore it will be more satisfactory for you to justify him to them yourself. (*They go into the house of* Sostrata.)

Scene V.

Enter Æschinus.

I am quite distracted in mind! for this misfortune so unexpectedly to befall me, that I neither know what to do with myself, or how to act! My limbs are enfeebled throug

[1] *Are suspicious*)—Ver. 606. These lines are supposed to be founde on some verses of Menander which are still extant.

fear, my faculties bewildered with apprehension; no counsel is able to find a place within my breast. Alas! how to extricate myself from this perplexity I know not; so strong a suspicion has taken possession of them about me; not without some reason too: Sostrata believes that I have purchased this Music-girl for *myself:* the old woman informed me of that. For by accident, when she was sent for the midwife, I saw her, and at once went up to her. "How is Pamphila?" I inquired; "is her delivery at hand? Is it for that she is sending for the midwife?" "Away, away, Æschinus," cries she; "you have deceived us long enough; already have your promises disappointed us sufficiently." "Ha!" said I; "pray what is the meaning of this?" "Farewell," *she cries;* "keep to her who is your choice." I instantly guessed what it was they suspected, but still I checked myself, that I might not be telling that gossip any thing about my brother, whereby it might be divulged. Now what am I to do? Shall I say she is for my brother, a thing that ought by no means to be repeated any where? However, let that pass. It is possible it might go no further. I am afraid they would not believe it, so many probabilities concur *against it:* 'twas I myself carried her off; 'twas I, my own self, that paid the money *for her;* 'twas my own house she was carried to. This I confess has been entirely my own fault. Ought I not to have disclosed this affair, just as it happened, to my father? I might have obtained his consent to marry her. I have been too negligent hitherto; henceforth, then, arouse yourself, Æschinus. This then is the first thing; to go to them and clear myself. I'll approach the door. (*Advances to the door of* Sostrata's *house.*) Confusion! I always tremble most dreadfully when I go to knock at that *door.* (*Knocking and calling to them within.*) Ho there, ho there! it is Æschinus; open the door immediately, some one. (*The door opens.*) Some person, I know not who, is coming out; I'll step aside here. (*He stands apart.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Micio *from the house of* Sostrata.

Mic. (*speaking at the door to* Sostrata.) Do as I told *you*,

Sostrata; I'll go find Æschinus, that he may know how thes matters have been settled. (*Looking round.*) But who was i knocking at the door?

Æsch. (*apart.*) Heavens, it is my father!—I am undone!

Mic. Æschinus!

Æsch. (*aside.*) What can be his business here?

Mic. Was it you knocking at this door? (*Aside.*) He is silent. Why shouldn't I rally him a little? It would be a well, as he was never willing to trust me with this *secret*. (*T* Æschinus.) Don't you answer me?

Æsch. (*confusedly.*) It wasn't I *knocked* at that *door*, tha I know of.

Mic. Just so; for I wondered what business you coul have here. (*Apart.*) He blushes; all's well.

Æsch. Pray tell me, father, what business have yo there?

Mic. Why, none of my own; *but* a certain friend *of min* just now brought me hither from the Forum to give him som assistance.

Æsch. Why?

Mic. I'll tell you. There are some women living here; i impoverished circumstances, as I suppose you don't kno them; and, *in fact*, I'm quite sure, for it is not long sinc they removed to this place.

Æsch. Well, what next?

Mic. There is a girl living with her mother.

Æsch. Go on.

Mic. This girl has lost her father; this friend of mine i her next of kin; the law obliges him to marry her.[1]

Æsch. (*aside.*) Undone!

Mic. What's the matter?

Æsch. Nothing. Very well: proceed.

Mic. He has come to take her with him; for he lives a Miletus.

[1] *Obliges him to marry her*)—Ver. 655. It appears to have been law given by Solon to the Athenians that the next male relative of sui able age should marry a female orphan himself, or find her a suitab portion. Madame Dacier suggests that the custom was derived fro the Phœnicians, who had received it from the Jews, and quotes t Book of Numbers, xxxvi. 8. This law forms the basis of the plot the Phormio.

ÆSCH. What! To take the girl away with him?

MIC. Such is the fact.

ÆSCH. All the way to Miletus, pray?[1]

MIC. Yes.

ÆSCH. (*aside.*) I'm overwhelmed with grief. (*To* MICIO.) *But* what of them? What do they say?

MIC. What do you suppose they should? Why, nothing at all. The mother has trumped up a tale, that there is a child by some other man, I know not who, and she does not state the name; *she says* that he was the first, *and* that she ought not to be given to the other.

ÆSCH. Well now, does not this seem just to you after all?

MIC. No.

ÆSCH. Why not, pray? Is *the other* to be carrying her away from here?

MIC. Why should he not take her?

ÆSCH. You have acted harshly and unfeelingly, and even, if, father, I may speak my sentiments more plainly, unhandsomely.

MIC. Why so?

ÆSCH. Do you ask me? Pray, what do you think must be the state of mind of the man who was first connected with her, who, to his misfortune, may perhaps still love her to distraction, when he sees her torn away from before his face, *and* borne off from his sight *forever?* An unworthy action, father!

MIC. On what grounds is it so? Who betrothed her?[2] Who gave her away? When *and* to whom was she married? Who was the author of all this? Why did he connect himself with a woman who belonged to another?

ÆSCH. Was it to be expected that a young woman of her age should sit at home, waiting till a kinsman *of hers* should come from a distance? This, my father, you ought to have represented, and have insisted on it.

[1] *To Miletus, pray?*)—Ver. 658. A colony of Athens, on the coast of Asia Minor.

[2] *Who betrothed her?*)—Ver. 673. Donatus observes that these questions, which enumerate all the proofs requisite for a marriage, are an indirect and very delicate reproof of Æschinus for the irregular and clandestine nature of his proceedings.

Mic. Ridiculous! Was I to have pleaded against hi whom I was to support? But what's all this, Æschinus, us? What have we to do with them? Let us begone:— What's the matter? Why these tears?

Æsch. (*weeping.*) Father, I beseech you, listen to me.

Mic. Æschinus, I have heard and know it all; for I lo you, and therefore every thing you do is the more a care me.

Æsch. So do I wish you to find me deserving of you love, as long as you live, my *dear* father, as I am sincere sorry for the offense I have committed, and am ashamed see you.

Mic. Upon my word I believe it, for I know your in genuous disposition: but I am afraid that you are too incon siderate. In what city, pray, do you suppose you live? Yo have debauched a virgin, whom it was not lawful for you t touch. In the first place then that was a great offense great, but still natural. Others, and even men of worth, hav frequently done the same. But after it happened, pray, di you show any circumspection? Or did you use any foresigh as to what was to be done, *or* how it was to be done? If yo were ashamed to tell me of it, by what means was I to com to know it? While you were at a loss upon these points, te months have been lost. So far indeed as lay in your powe you have periled both yourself *and* this poor *girl*, and th child. What did you imagine—that the Gods would set thes matters to rights for you while you were asleep, and that sh would be brought home to your chamber without any exer tions of your own? I would not have you to be equally neg ligent in other affairs. Be of good heart, you shall have he for your wife.

Æsch. Hah!

Mic. Be of good heart, I tell you.

Æsch. Father, are you now jesting with me, pray?

Mic. I, *jesting* with you! For what reason?

Æsch. I don't know; but so anxiously do I wish this be true, that I am the more afraid it may not be.

Mic. Go home, and pray to the Gods that you may hav your wife; be off.

Æsch. What! have my wife now?

Mic. Now.

Æsch. Now?

Mic. Now, as soon as possible.

Æsch. May all the Gods detest me, father, if I do not love you better than even my very eyes!

Mic. What! *better* than her?

Æsch. Quite as well.

Mic. Very kind of you!

Æsch. Well, where is this Milesian?

Mic. Departed, vanished, gone on board ship; but why do you delay?

Æsch. Father, do you rather go and pray to the Gods; for I know, for certain, that they will rather be propitious to you,[1] as being a much better man than I *am*.

Mic. I'll go in-doors, that what is requisite may be prepared. You do as I said, if you are wise. (*Goes into his house.*)

Scene VII.

Æschinus *alone.*

Æsch. What can be the meaning of this? Is this being a father, or this being a son? If he had been a brother or *familiar* companion, how could he have been more complaisant! Is he not worthy to be beloved? Is he not to be imprinted in my very bosom? Well then, the more does he impose an obligation on me by his kindness, to take due precaution not inconsiderately to do any thing that he may not wish. But why do I delay going in-doors this instant, that I may not myself delay my own nuptials? (*Goes into the house of* Micio.)

[1] *Propitious to you*)—Ver. 707. Donatus remarks that there is great delicacy in this compliment of Æschinus to Micio, which, though made in his presence, does not bear the semblance of flattery. Madame Dacier thinks that Terence here alludes to a line of Hesiod, which says that it is the duty of the aged to pray. Colman suggests that the passage is borrowed from some lines of Menander still in existence.

Scene VIII.

Enter Demea.

I am quite tired with walking: May the great Jupiter con found you, Syrus, together with your directions! I hav crawled the whole city over; to the gate, to the pond—wher not? There was no joiner's shop there; not a soul could say he had seen my brother; but now I'm determined to sit and wait at his house till he returns.

Scene IX.

Enter Micio *from his house.*

Mic. (*speaking to the people within.*) I'll go and tell them there's no delay on our part.

Dem. But see here's the very man: O Micio, I have been seeking you this long time.

Mic. Why, what's the matter?

Dem. I'm bringing you some new and great enormities of that hopeful youth.

Mic. Just look at that!

Dem. Fresh ones, of blackest dye.

Mic. There now—at it again.

Dem. Ah, *Micio!* you little know what sort of person he is.

Mic. I do.

Dem. O simpleton! you are dreaming that I'm talking about the Music-girl; this crime is against a virgin *and* a citizen.

Mic. I know it.

Dem. So then, you know it, and put up with it!

Mic. Why not put up with it?

Dem. Tell me, pray, don't you exclaim about it? Don't you go distracted?

Mic. Not I: certainly I had rather[1]——

[1] *Certainly I had rather*)—Ver. 730. He pauses after "quidem," but he means to say that if he had his choice, he would rather it had not been so.

Dem. There has been a child born.

Mic. May the Gods be propitious *to it.*

Dem. The girl has no fortune.

Mic. *So* I have heard.

Dem. And he—must he marry her without one?

Mic. Of course.

Dem. What is to be done then?

Mic. Why, what the case itself points out: the young woman must be brought hither.

Dem. O Jupiter! must that be the way *then?*

Mic. What can I do else?

Dem. What can you do? If in reality this causes you no concern, to pretend it were surely the duty of a man.

Mic. But I have already betrothed the young woman *to him;* the matter is settled: the marriage takes place *to-day.* I have removed all apprehensions. This is rather the duty of a man.

Dem. But does the affair please you, Micio?

Mic. If I were able to alter it, no; now, as I can not, I bear it with patience. The life of man is just like playing with dice:[1] if that which you most want to throw does not turn up, what turns up by chance you must correct by art.

Dem. *O rare* corrector! of course it is by your art that twenty minæ have been thrown away for a Music-girl; who, as soon as possible, must be got rid of at any price; and if not for money, why then for nothing.

Mic. Not at all, and indeed I have no wish to sell her.

Dem. What will you do with her then?

Mic. She shall be at my house.

Dem. For heaven's sake, a courtesan and a matron in the same house!

[1] *Playing with dice*)—Ver. 742. The "tesseræ" of the ancients were cubes, or what we call "dice;" while the "tali" were in imitation of the knuckle-bones of animals, and were marked on four sides only. For some account of the mode of playing with the "tali," see the last Scene of the Asinaria, and the Curculio of Plautus, l. 257–9. Madame Dacier suggests that Menander may possibly have borrowed this passage from the Republic of Plato, B. X., where he says, "We should take counsel from accidents, and, as in a game at dice, act according to what has fallen, in the manner which reason tells us to be the best."

Mic. Why not?

Dem. Do you imagine you are in your senses?

Mic. Really I do think *so*.

Dem. So may the Gods prosper me, I *now* see your folly I believe you are going to do so that you may have somebody to practice music with.

Mic. Why not?

Dem. And the new-made bride to be learning too?

Mic. Of course.

Dem. Having hold of the rope,[1] you will be dancing with them.

Mic. Like enough; and you too along with us, if there's need.

Dem. Ah me! are you not ashamed of this?

Mic. Demea, do, for once, lay aside this anger of yours, and show yourself as you ought at your son's wedding, cheerful and good-humored. I'll just step over to them, *and* return immediately. (*Goes into* Sostrata's *house.*)

Scene X.

Demea *alone.*

Dem. O Jupiter! here's a life! here are manners! here's madness! A wife to be coming without a fortune! A music-wench in the house! A house full of wastefulness! A young man ruined by extravagance! An old man in his dotage!—Should Salvation herself[2] desire it, she certainly could not save this family. (*Exit.*

[1] *Hold of the rope*)—Ver. 755. "Restim ductans saltabis." Donatus and Madame Dacier think that this is only a figurative expression for a dance in which all joined hands; according to some, however, a dance is alluded to where the person who led off drew a rope or cord after him, which the rest of the company took hold of as they danced; which was invented in resemblance of the manner in which the wooden horse was dragged by ropes into the city of Troy.

[2] *Salvation herself*)—Ver. 764. See an observation relative to the translation of the word "Salus," in the Notes to Plautus, vol. i. pages 193, 450.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Syrus, *drunk, and* Demea, *on the opposite side of the stage.*

Syr. Upon my faith, my dear little Syrus, you have taken delicate care of yourself, and have done your duty[1] with exquisite taste; be off with you. But since I've had my fill of every thing in-doors, I have felt disposed to take a walk.

Dem. (*apart.*) Just look at that—there's an instance of their *good* training!

Syr. (*to himself.*) But see, here comes our old man. (*Addressing him.*) What's the matter? Why out of spirits?

Dem. Oh you rascal!

Syr. Hold now; are you spouting your sage maxims here?

Dem. If you were my *servant*——

Syr. Why, you would be a rich man, Demea, and improve your estate.

Dem. I would take care that you should be an example to all the rest.

Syr. For what reason? What have I done?

Dem. Do you ask me? in the midst of this confusion, and during the greatest mischief, which is hardly yet set right, you have been getting drunk, you villain, as though things had been going on well.

Syr. (*aside.*) Really, I wish I hadn't come out.

Scene II.

Enter Dromo *in haste, from the house of* Micio.

Dro. Halloo, Syrus! Ctesipho desires you'll come back.

Syr. Get you gone. (*Pushes him back into the house.*)

[1] *Have done your duty*)—Ver. 767. His duty of providing the viands and drink for the entertainment. So Ergasilus says in the Captivi of Plautus, l. 912, "Now I will go off to my government (præfecturam), to give laws to the bacon."

Dem. What is it he says about Ctesipho?

Syr. Nothing.

Dem. How now, *you* hang-dog, is Ctesipho in the house?

Syr. He is not.

Dem. *Then* why does he mention him?

Syr. It's another person; a little diminutive Parasite. Don't you know him?

Dem. I will know him before long. (*Going to the door.*)

Syr. (*stopping him.*) What are you about? Whither are you going?

Dem. (*struggling.*) Let me alone.

Syr. (*holding him.*) Don't, I tell you.

Dem. Won't you keep your hands off, whip-scoundrel? Or would you like me to knock your brains out this instant? (*Rushes into the house.*)

Syr. He's gone! no very pleasant boon-companion, upon my faith, particularly to Ctesipho. What am I to do now? Why, even get into some corner till this tempest is lulled, and sleep off this drop of wine. That's my plan. (*Goes into the house, staggering.*)

Scene III.

Enter Micio, *from the house of* Sostrata.

Mic. (*to* Sostrata, *within.*) Every thing's ready with us, as I told you, Sostrata, when you like.—Who, I wonder, is making my door fly open with such fury?

Enter Demea *in haste, from the house of* Micio.

Dem. Alas! what shall I do? How behave? In what terms exclaim, or how make my complaint? O heavens! O earth! O seas of Neptune!

Mic. (*apart.*) Here's for you! he has discovered all about the affair; *and* of course is now raving about it; a quarrel is the consequence; I must assist him,[1] *however.*

[1] *I must assist him*)—Ver. 795. Colman remarks on this passage "The character of Micio appears extremely amiable through the first four Acts of this Comedy, and his behavior is in many respects worthy of imitation; but his conduct in conniving at the irregularities of Ctesipho, and even assisting him to support them, is certainly repre

Dem. See, here comes the common corrupter of my children.

Mic. Pray moderate your passion, and recover yourself.

Dem. I have moderated it; I am myself; I forbear all reproaches; let us come to the point: was this agreed upon between us,—proposed by yourself, in fact,—that you were not to concern yourself about my *son*, nor I about yours? Answer me.

Mic. It is the fact,—I don't deny it.

Dem. Why is he now carousing at your house? Why are you harboring my son? Why do you purchase a mistress for him, Micio? Is it at all fair, that I should have any less justice from you, than you from me? Since I do not concern myself about your *son*, don't you concern yourself about mine.

Mic. You don't reason fairly.

Dem. No?

Mic. For surely it is a maxim of old, that among themselves all things are common to friends.

Dem. Smartly *said;* you've got that speech up for the occasion.

Mic. Listen to a few words, unless it is disagreeable, Demea. In the first place, if the extravagance your sons are guilty of distresses you, pray do reason with yourself. You formerly brought up the two suitably to your circumstances, thinking that your own property would have to suffice for them both; and, of course, you then thought that I should marry. Adhere to that same old rule *of yours*,—save, scrape together, *and* be thrifty *for them;* take care to leave them as much as possible, and *take* that credit to yourself: my fortune, which has come to them beyond their expectation, allow them to enjoy; of *your* capital there will be no diminution; what comes from this quarter, set it *all* down as so much gain. If you think proper impartially to consider these matters in your mind, Demea, you will save me and yourself, and them, *considerable* uneasiness.

Dem. I don't speak about the expense; their morals——

Mic. Hold; I understand you; that point I was coming

hensible. Perhaps the Poet threw this shade over his virtues on purpose to show that mildness and good-humor might be carried to excess."

to.[1] There are in men, Demea, many signs from which a conjecture is easily formed; *so that* when two persons do the same thing, you may often say, this one may be allowed to do it with impunity, the other may not; not that the thing *itself* is different, but that he is who does it. I see *signs* in them, so as to feel confident that they will turn out as we wish. I see that they have good sense and understanding, that they have modesty upon occasion, *and* are affectionate to each other; you may infer that their bent and disposition is of a pliant nature; at any time you like you may reclaim them. But still, you may be apprehensive that they will be somewhat too apt to neglect their interests. O my *dear* Demea, in all other things we grow wiser with age; this sole vice does old age bring upon men: we are all more solicitous about our own interests than we need be; and in this respect age will make them sharp enough.

Dem. Only *take care*, Micio, that these fine reasonings of yours, and this easy disposition of yours, do not ruin us *in the end.*

Mic. Say no more; there's no danger of that. Now think no further of these matters. Put yourself to-day into my hands; smooth your brow.

Dem. Why, as the occasion requires it, I must do so; but to-morrow *I shall be off* with my son into the country at day-break.

Mic. Aye, to-night, for my share; only keep yourself in good-humor for the day.

Dem. I'll carry off that Music-girl along with me as well.

Mic. You will gain your point; by that means you will keep your son fast there; only take care to secure her.

Dem. I'll see to that; and what with cooking and grinding, I'll take care she shall be well covered with ashes, smoke, and

[1] *That point I was coming to*)—Ver. 824. Colman observes here: "Madame Dacier makes an observation on this speech, something like that of Donatus on one of Micio's above; and says that Micio, being hard put to it by the real circumstances of the case, thinks to confound Demea by a nonsensical gallimatia. I can not be of the ingenious lady's opinion on this matter, for I think a more sensible speech could not be made, nor a better plea offered in favor of the young men, than that of Micio in the present instance."

meal; besides *all* this, at the very mid-day[1] I'll set her gathering stubble; I'll make her as burned and as black as a coal.

Mic. You quite delight me; now you seem to me to be wise; and for my part I would then compel my son to go to bed with her, even though he should be unwilling.

Dem. Do you banter me? Happy man, to have such a temper! I feel——

Mic. Ah! at it again!

Dem. I'll have done then at once.

Mic. Go in-doors then, and let's devote this day to the object[2] to which it belongs. (*Goes into the house.*)

Scene IV.

Demea *alone.*

Dem. Never was there any person of ever such well-trained habits of life, but that experience, age, *and* custom are always bringing *him* something new, *or* suggesting something; so much so, that what you believe you know you don't know, and what you have fancied of first importance to you, on making trial you reject; and this is my case at present: for the rigid life I have hitherto led, my race nearly run, I *now* renounce. Why so?—I have found, by experience, that there is nothing better for a man than an easy temper and complacency. That this is the truth, it is easy for any one to understand on comparing me with my brother. He has always spent his life in ease *and* gayety; mild, gentle, offensive to no one, having a smile for all, he has lived for himself, *and* has spent his money for himself; all men speak well of him, *all* love him. I, *again*, a rustic, a rigid, cross, self-denying, morose and thrifty person, married a wife; what misery I entailed in consequence! Sons were born—a fresh care. And just look, while I have been studying to do as much as possible for them, I have worn out my life and years in saving; now, in the decline of my days, the return I get from them for my pains *is* their dislike. He, on the other hand, with-

[1] *At the very mid-day*)—Ver. 851. Exposed to the heat of a mid-day sun.

[2] *To the object*)—Ver. 857. The marriage and its festivities.

out any trouble on his part, enjoys a father's comforts; they love him; me they shun; him they trust with all their secrets, are fond of him, are *always* with him. I am forsaken; they wish him to live; but my death, forsooth, they are longing for. Thus, after bringing them up with all possible pains, at a trifling cost he has made them his own; thus I bear all the misery, he enjoys the pleasure. Well, then, henceforward let us try, on the other hand, whether I can't speak kindly and act complaisantly, as he challenges me to it: I also want myself to be loved and highly valued by my friends. If that is to be effected by giving and indulging, I will not be behind him. If our means fail, that least concerns me, as I am the eldest.[1]

Scene V.

Enter Syrus.

Syr. Hark you, Demea, your brother begs you will not go out of the way.

Dem. Who *is it?*—O Syrus, my *friend*,[2] save you! how are you? How goes it *with you?*

Syr. Very well.

Dem. Very good. (*Aside.*) I have now for the first time used these three expressions contrary to my nature,—"O Syrus, my *friend*, how are you?—how goes it with you?" (*To* Syrus.) You show yourself far from an unworthy servant, and I shall gladly do you a service.

Syr. I thank you.

Dem. Yes, Syrus, it is the truth; and you shall be convinced of it by experience before long.

Scene VI.

Enter Geta, *from the house of* Sostrata.

Geta (*to* Sostrata, *within*). Mistress, I am going to see

[1] *Am the eldest*)—Ver. 884. And therefore likely to be the first to die, and to avoid seeing such a time come.

[2] *O Syrus, my friend*)—Ver. 886. The emptiness of his poor attempts to be familiar are very evident in this line.

after them, that they may send for the damsel as soon as possible; but see, here's Demea. (*Accosting him.*) Save you!

Dem. O, what's your name?

Geta. Geta.

Dem. Geta, I have this day come to the conclusion that you are a man of very great worth, for I look upon him as an undoubtedly good servant who has a care for his master; as I have found to be your case, Geta; and for that reason, if any opportunity should offer, I would gladly do you a service. (*Aside.*) I am practicing the affable, and it succeeds very well.

Geta. You are kind, *sir*, to think so.

Dem. (*aside.*) Getting on by degrees—I'll first make the lower classes my own.

Scene VII.

Enter Æschinus, *from the house of* Micio.

Æsch. (*to himself.*) They really are killing me while too intent on performing the nuptials with all ceremony; the *whole* day is being wasted in their preparations.

Dem. Æschinus! how goes it?

Æsch. Ha, my father! are you here?

Dem. Your father, indeed, both by affection and by nature; as I love you more than my very eyes; but why don't you send for your wife?

Æsch. *So* I wish *to do;* but I am waiting for the music-girl[1] and people to sing the nuptial song.

Dem. Come now, are you willing to listen to an old fellow like me?

Æsch. What *is it?*

Dem. Let those things alone, the nuptial song, the crowds, the torches,[2] *and* the music-girls, and order the stone wall in

[1] *The music-girl*)—Ver. 908. "Tibicinæ," or music-girls, attended at marriage ceremonials. See the Aulularia of Plautus, where Megadorus hires the music-girls on his intended marriage with the daughter of Euclio.

[2] *The crowds, the torches*)—Ver. 910. See the Casina of Plautus, Act IV., Scenes 3 and 4, for some account of the marriage ceremonial. The torches, music-girls, processions, and hymeneal song, generally accompanied a wedding, but from the present passage we may conclude that they were not considered absolutely necessary.

the garden[1] here to be pulled down with all dispatch, *and* bring her over that way; make but one house *of the two;* bring the mother and all the domestics over to our house.

Æsch. With all my heart, kindest father.

Dem. (*aside.*) Well done! now I am called "kind." My brother's house will become a thoroughfare; he will be bringing home a multitude, incurring expense in many ways: what matters it to me? I, as the kind *Demea*, shall get into favor. Now then, bid that Babylonian[2] pay down his twenty minæ. (*To* Syrus.) Syrus, do you delay to go and do it?

Syr. What *am* I *to do?*

Dem. Pull down *the wall:* and you, *Geta*, go and bring them across.

Geta. May the Gods bless you, Demea, as I see you so sincere a well-wisher to our family. (Geta *and* Syrus *go into* Micio's *house.*)

Dem. I think they deserve it. What say you, *Æschinus, as to this plan?*

Æsch. I quite agree to it.

Dem. It is much more proper than that she, being sick *and* lying-in, should be brought hither through the street.

Æsch. Why, my *dear* father, I never did see any thing better contrived.

Dem. It's my way; but see, here's Micio coming out.

Scene VIII.

Enter Micio, *from his house.*

Mic. (*speaking to* Geta, *within.*) Does my brother order it? Where is he? (*To* Demea.) Is this your order, Demea?

Dem. Certainly, I do order it, and in this matter, and in every thing else, *wish* especially to make this family one with ourselves, to oblige, serve, *and* unite them.

[1] *Stone wall in the garden*)—Ver. 911. The "maceria," or garden-wall of loose stones, is also mentioned in the Truculentus of Plautus, l. 301.

[2] *Bid that Babylonian*)—Ver. 918. This passage has much puzzled the Commentators; but it seems most probable that it is said aside, and that in consequence of his profuseness he calls his brother a Babylonian (just as we call a wealthy man a nabob,) and says, "Well, let him, with all my heart, be paying twenty minæ (between £70 and £80) for a music-girl."

ÆSCH. Father, pray let it be so.

MIC. I do not oppose it.

DEM. On the contrary, i' faith, it is what we ought to do: in the first place, she is the mother of his wife (*pointing to* ÆSCHINUS).

MIC. She is. What then?

DEM. An honest and respectable woman.

MIC. So they say.

DEM. Advanced in years.

MIC. I am aware of it.

DEM. Through her years, she is long past child-bearing; there is no one to take care of her; she is a lone woman.

MIC. (*aside.*) What can be his meaning?

DEM. It is right you should marry her; and that you, *Æschinus*, should use your endeavors to effect it.

MIC. I, marry her, indeed?

DEM. You.

MIC. I?

DEM. You, I say.

MIC. You are trifling!

DEM. *Æschinus*, if you are a man, he'll do it

ÆSCH. My *dear* father——

MIC. What, ass! do you attend to him?

DEM. 'T is all in vain; it can not be otherwise.

MIC. You are mad!

ÆSCH. Do let me prevail on you, my father.

MIC. Are you out of your senses? Take yourself off.[1]

DEM. Come, do oblige your son.

MIC. Are you quite in your right mind? Am I, in my five-and-sixtieth year, to be marrying at last? A decrepit old woman too? Do you advise me *to do* this?

ÆSCH. Do; I have promised it.[2]

MIC. Promised, indeed; be generous at your own cost, young man.

DEM. Come, what if he should ask a still greater favor?

[1] *Take yourself off*)—Ver. 940. Æschinus, probably, in his earnestness, has seized hold of him with his hand, which Micio now pushes away.

[2] *I have promised it*)—Ver. 943. This is not the truth; the notion has only been started since he last saw them.

Mic. As if this was not the greatest!

Dem. Do comply.

Æsch. Don't make any difficulty.

Dem. Do promise.

Mic. Will you not have done?

Æsch. Not until I have prevailed upon you.

Mic. Really, this is downright force.[1]

Dem. Act with heartiness, Micio.

Mic. Although this seems to me[2] to be wrong, foolish, absurd, and repugnant to my mode of life, yet, if you so strongly wish it, be it so.

Æsch. You act obligingly.

Dem. With reason I love you; but——

Mic. What?

Dem. I will tell you, when my wish has been complied with.

Mic. What now? What remains *to be done?*

Dem. Hegio here is their nearest relation; *he is* a connection of ours *and* poor; we ought to do some good for him.

Mic. Do what?

Dem. There is a little farm here in the suburbs, which you let out; let us give it him to live upon.

Mic. But is it a little one?

Dem. If it were a large one, *still* it ought to be done; he has been as it were a father to her; he is a worthy man, *and* connected with us; it would be properly bestowed. In fine,

[1] *Really, this is downright force*)—Ver. 946. "Vis est hæc quidem." The same expression occurs in the Captivi of Plautus, l. 755. The expression seemed to be a common one with the Romans. According to Suetonius, Julius Cæsar used it when attacked by his murderers in the senate-house. On Tullius Cimber seizing hold of his garments, he exclaimed, "Ita quidem vis est!"—"Why, really, this is violence!"

[2] *This seems to me*)—Ver. 947. Donatus informs us that in Menander's Play, the old man did not make any resistance whatever to the match thus patched up for him. Colman has the following observation on this fact: "It is surprising that none of the critics on this passage have taken notice of this observation of Donatus, especially as our loss of Menander makes it rather curious. It is plain that Terence in the plan of his last Act followed Menander; but though he has adopted the absurdity of marrying Micio to the old lady, yet we learn from Donatus that his judgment rather revolted at this circumstance, and he improved on his original by making Micio express a repugnance to such a match, which it seems he did not in the Play of Menander."

I now adopt that proverb which you, Micio, a short time ago repeated with sense and wisdom—it is the common vice of all, in old age, to be too intent upon our own interests. This stain we ought to avoid: it is a true maxim, and ought to be observed in deed.

Mic. What am I to say to this? Well then, as he desires it (*pointing to* Æschinus), it shall be given *him*.

Æsch. My father!

Dem. Now, Micio, you are *indeed* my brother, both in spirit and in body.

Mic. I am glad of it.

Dem. (*aside.*) I foil him at his own weapon.[1]

Scene IX.

Enter Syrus, *from the house.*

Syr. It has been done as you ordered, Demea.

Dem. You are a worthy fellow. Upon my faith,—in my opinion, at least,—I think Syrus ought at once to be made free.

Mic. He free! For what reason?

Dem. For many.

Syr. O my *dear* Demea! upon my word, you are a worthy man! I have strictly taken care of both these *sons* of yours, from childhood; I have taught, advised, *and* carefully instructed them in every thing I could.

Dem. The thing is evident; and then, besides *all* this, to cater *for them*, secretly bring home a wench, prepare a morning entertainment;[2] these are the accomplishments of no ordinary person.

Syr. O, what a delightful man!

Dem. Last of all, he assisted to-day in purchasing this Music-wench—he had the management of it; it is right he should be rewarded; other *servants* will be encouraged *thereby:* besides, he (*pointing to* Æschinus) desires it to be so.

[1] *At his own weapon*)—Ver. 961. He probably means, by aping the kind feeling which is a part of Micio's character.

[2] *A morning entertainment*)—Ver. 969. A banquet in the early part or middle of the day was considered by the Greeks a debauch.

Mic. (*to* Æschinus.) Do you desire this to be done?

Æsch. I do wish it.

Mic. Why then, if you desire it, just come hither, Syrus, to me (*performing the ceremony of manumission*); be a free man.[1]

Syr. You act generously; I return my thanks to you all;—and to you, Demea, in particular.

Dem. I congratulate you.

Æsch. And I.

Syr. I believe you. I wish that this joy were made complete—that I could see my wife, Phrygia,[2] free as well.

Dem. Really, a most excellent woman.

Syr. And the first to suckle your grandchild, his son, to-day (*pointing to* Æschinus).

Dem. Why really, in seriousness, if she was the first to do so, there is no doubt she ought to be made free.

Mic. *What*, for doing that?

Dem. For doing that; in fine, receive the amount from me[3] at which she is valued.

Syr. May all the Gods always grant you, Demea, all you desire.

Mic. Syrus, you have thrived pretty well to-day.

Dem. If, in addition, Micio, you will do your duty, and lend him a little ready money in hand for present use, he will soon repay you.

Mic. Less than this (*snapping his fingers*).

Æsch. He is a deserving fellow.

Syr. Upon my word, I will repay it; only lend it me.

Æsch. Do, father.

Mic. I'll consider of it afterward.

Dem. He'll do it, *Syrus*.

Syr. O most worthy man!

Æsch. O most kind-hearted father!

[1] *Be a free man*)—Ver. 974. He touches Syrus on the ear, and makes him free. The same occurs in the Epidicus of Plautus, Act V., Sc. 2, l. 65.

[2] *My wife, Phrygia*)—Ver. 977. The so-called marriage, or rather co-habitation, of the Roman slaves will be found treated upon in the Notes to Plautus. Syrus calls Phrygia his wife on anticipation that she will become a free woman.

[3] *Receive the amount from me*)—Ver. 981. The only sign of generosity he has yet shown.

Mic. How is this? What has so suddenly changed your disposition, *Demea?* What caprice *is this?* What means this sudden liberality?[1]

Dem. I will tell you:—That I may convince you of this, Micio, that the fact that they consider you an easy and kind-hearted man, does not proceed from your real life, nor, indeed, from *a regard for* virtue and justice; but from your humoring, indulging, and pampering them. Now therefore, Æschinus, if my mode of life has been displeasing to you, because I do not quite humor you in every thing, just *or* unjust, I have done: squander, buy, do what you please. But if you would rather have one to reprove and correct those faults, the results of which, by reason of your youth, you can not see, which you pursue too ardently, *and* are thoughtless upon, and in due season to direct you; behold me ready to do it for you.

Æsch. Father, we leave it to you; you best know what ought to be done. But what is to be done about my brother?

Dem. I consent. Let him have *his mistress:*[2] with her let him make an end *of his follies.*

Mic. That's right. (*To the* Audience.) Grant us your applause.

[1] *This sudden liberality*)—Ver. 989. "Quid prolubium? Quæ istæc subita est largitas?" Madame Dacier tells us that this passage was borrowed from Cœcilius, the Comic Poet.

[2] *Let him have his mistress*)—Ver. 1001. It must be remembered that he has the notions of a Greek parent, and sees no such criminality in this sanction as a parent would be sensible of at the present day.

HECYRA; THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LACHES,[1] an aged Athenian, father of Pamphilus.
PHIDIPPUS,[2] an aged Athenian, father of Philumena.
PAMPHILUS,[3] son of Laches.
SOSIA,[4] servant of Pamphilus.
PARMENO,[5] servant of Sostrata.

SOSTRATA,[6] wife of Laches.
MYRRHINA,[7] wife of Phidippus.
BACCHIS,[8] a Courtesan.
PHILOTIS,[9] a Courtesan.
SYRA,[10] a Procuress.

Scene.—Athens; before the houses of LACHES, PHIDIPPUS, and BACCHIS.

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[1] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Eunuchus.
[2] From *φειδώ*, "parsimony," and *ἵππος*, "a horse."
[3] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Andria.
[4] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Andria.
[5] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Eunuchus.
[6] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Heautontimorumenos.
[7] From *μυρρίνη*, "a myrtle."
[8] See the Dramatis Personæ of the Heautontimorumenos.
[9] From *φιλοτῆς*, "friendship."
[10] From Syria, her native country.

THE SUBJECT.

PAMPHILUS, the son of Laches by his wife Sostrata, being at the time enamored of Bacchis, a Courtesan, chances, one night, in a drunken fit, to debauch Philumena, the daughter of Phidippus and Myrrhina. In the struggle he takes a ring from her, which he gives to Bacchis. Some time afterward, at his father's express desire, he consents to marry. By chance the young woman whom he has ravished is given to him as a wife, to the great joy of her mother, who alone is aware of her misfortune, and hopes that her disgrace may be thereby concealed. It, however, happens otherwise; for Pamphilus, still retaining his passion for Bacchis, refuses for some time to cohabit with her. Bacchis, however, now rejects the advances of Pamphilus, who by degrees becomes weaned from his affection for her, and grows attached to his wife, whom he has hitherto disliked. Meantime, however, he is suddenly called away from home. During his absence, Philumena, finding herself pregnant in consequence of her misfortune before her marriage, fearing detection, especially avoids the company of her mother-in-law. At length she makes an excuse for returning to the home of her own parents, where she remains. Sostrata thereupon sends for her, but is answered that she is ill, on which she goes to see her, but is refused admittance to the house. On hearing of this, Laches blames his wife as being the cause of this estrangement. Pamphilus now returns, and it so happens that, on the day of his arrival, Philumena is brought to bed of a child. Impatient to see her, Pamphilus rushes into her room, and to his great distress finds that this is the case. Myrrhina thereupon entreats him to keep the matter secret, and begs him, if he refuses to receive her daughter back again, at least not to ruin her reputation by divulging it. As he now declines either to take back his wife or give his reason for so doing, Laches suspects that he is still enamored of Bacchis, and accordingly sends for her, and expostulates with her. She, however, exonerates herself; on which the old man, supposing that Philumena and her mother are equally ignorant with himself as to his son's motives, begs her to call on them and remove their suspicions. While she is conversing with them, they recognize the ring upon her finger which Pamphilus had formerly taken from Philumena. By means of this it is discovered that Pamphilus himself is the person who has ravished Philumena; on which, overjoyed, he immediately takes home his wife and son.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Megalensian Games; Sextus Julius Cæsar and Cneius Cornelius Dolabella being Curule Ædiles. The whole was not then acted. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to a pair of flutes. It was composed wholly from the Greek of Menander.[1] It was performed the first time without a Prologue. Represented a second time; Cneius Octavius and T. Manlius being Consuls.[2] It was then brought out in honor of L. Æmilius Paulus, at his Funeral Games, and was not approved of. It was repeated a third time; Q. Fulvius and L. Marcius being Curule Ædiles. L. Ambivius Turpio performed it. It was then approved of.[3]

[1] *Menander*)—According to some, this Play was borrowed from the Greek of Apollodorus, a Comic Poet and contemporary of Menander, who wrote forty-seven Plays.

[2] *Being Consuls*)—Cneius Octavius Nepos and T. Manlius Torquatus were Consuls in the year from the building of the City 587, and B.C. 166.

[3] *It was then approved of*)—"Placuit." This is placed at the end, in consequence of the inauspicious reception which had been given to it on the two first representations. See the account given in the Prologues.

HECYRA; THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

PAMPHILUS has married Philumena, to whom, when a virgin, he formerly, not knowing who she was, offered violence; and whose ring, which he took off by force, he gave to his mistress, Bacchis, a Courtesan. Afterward he sets out for Imbros, not having touched his bride. Having become pregnant, her mother brings her over to her own house, as though sick, that her mother-in-law may not know it. Pamphilus returns; detects her being delivered; conceals it; but determines not to take back his wife. His father imputes *this* to his passion for Bacchis. While Bacchis is exculpating herself, Myrrhina, the mother of the injured girl, by chance recognizes the ring. Pamphilus takes back his wife, together with his son.

THE FIRST PROLOGUE.

HECYRA[1] is the name of this Play; when it was represented for the first time, an unusual disaster and calamity[2] interrupted it, so that it could not be witnessed *throughout* or estimated; so much had the populace, carried away with admiration, devoted their attention to some rope-dancing. It is now offered as though entirely a new Play; and he who wrote it did not wish to bring it forward *then* a second time, on purpose that he might be able again to sell it.[3] Other *Plays* of

[1] *Hecyra*)—Ver. 1. The Greek word Ἑκυρα, a "step-mother," or "mother-in-law," Latinized.

[2] *And calamity*)—Ver. 3. "Calamitas." This word is used in the same sense in the first line of the Eunuch. This is evidently the Prologue spoken on the second attempt to bring forward the piece. On the first occasion it probably had none. "Vitium" was a word used by the Augurs, with whom it implied an unfavorable omen, and thence came to be used for any misfortune or disaster. He seems to mean the depraved taste of the public, that preferred exhibitions of rope-dancers and pugilists to witnessing his Plays.

[3] *Again to sell it*)—Ver. 7. See the last Note to the Second Prologue.

his[1] you have seen represented; I beg you now to give your attention to this.

THE SECOND PROLOGUE.[2]

I COME to you as an envoy from the Poet, in the character of prologue-speaker; allow me to be a successful pleader, that in my old age I may enjoy the same privilege that I enjoyed when a younger man, when I caused new Plays, that had been *once* rejected, to come into favor; so that his writings might not die with the Poet. Among them, as to those of Cæcilius,[3] which I first studied when new; in some of which I was rejected; in some I kept my ground with difficulty. As I knew that the fortune of the stage was varying, where the hopes were uncertain, I submitted to certain toil. Those I zealously attempted to perform, that from the same *writer* I might learn new ones, *and* not discourage him from his pursuits. I caused them to be represented. When seen, they pleased. Thus did I restore the Poet to his place, who was now almost weaned, through the malevolence of his adversaries, from his pursuits and labors, and from the dramatic art. But if I had at that period slighted the writer, and had wished to use my endeav-

[1] *Other Plays of his*)—Ver. 8. Madame Dacier informs us that Vossius was of opinion that the second representation of this Play did not take place till after that of the Adelphi. In that case, they had already seen the rest of his Plays.

[2] *Second Prologue*)—Eugraphius informs us that this Prologue was spoken by Ambivius Turpio, the head of the company of Actors.

[3] *Cæcilius*)—Ver. 14. Colman has the following Note: "A famous Comic Poet among the Romans. His chief excellences are said to have been, the gravity of his style and the choice of his subjects. The first quality was attributed to him by Horace, Tully, etc., and the last by Varro. 'In argumentis Cæcilius poscit palmam, in ethesi Terentius.' 'In the choice of subjects, Cæcilius demands the preference; in the manners, Terence.'" Madame Dacier, indeed, renders "in argumentis," "in the disposition of his subjects." But the words will not bear that construction. "Argumentum," I believe, is uniformly used for the argument itself, and never implies the conduct of it; as in the Prologue to the Andrian, "non tam dissimili argumento." Besides, the disposition of the subject was the very art attributed by the critics of those days to Terence, and which Horace mentions in the very same line with the gravity of Cæcilius, distinguishing them as the several characteristics of each writer, "Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte."

ors in discouraging him, so that he might live a life of idleness rather than of study, I might have easily discouraged him from writing others. Now, for my sake, hear with unbiased minds what it is I ask. I again bring before you the Hecyra, which I have never been allowed to act *before you* in silence; such misfortunes have so overwhelmed it. These misfortunes your intelligence will allay, if it is a seconder of our exertions. The first time, when I began to act this *Play*, the vauntings of boxers,[1] the expectation of a rope-dancer,[2] added to which, the throng of followers, the noise, the clamor of the women, caused me to retire from your presence before the time. In this new Play, I attempted to follow the old custom *of mine*,[3] of making a fresh trial; I brought it on again. In the first Act I pleased; when in the mean time a rumor spread that gladiators were about to be exhibited; the populace flock together, make a tumult, clamor aloud, *and* fight for their places:[4] meantime, I was unable to maintain my place. Now there is no confusion: there is attention and silence—an opportunity of acting *my Play* has been granted me; to yourselves is given the power of gracing the scenic festival.[5] Do not permit, through your agency, the dramatic

[1] *Vauntings of boxers*)—Ver. 33. Horace probably had this passage in his mind when he penned the First Epistle in his Second Book, l. 185; where he mentions the populace leaving a Play in the midst for the sight of a bear, or an exhibition of boxers.

[2] *Of a rope-dancer*)—Ver. 34. The art of dancing on the tight rope was carried to great perfection among the ancients. Many paintings have been discovered, which show the numerous attitudes which the performers assumed. The figures have their heads enveloped in skins or caps, probably intended as a protection in case of falling. At the conclusion of the performance the dancer ran down the rope. Germanicus and Galba are said to have exhibited elephants dancing on the tight rope.

[3] *The old custom of mine*)—Ver. 38. He says that on the second representation he followed the plan which he had formerly adopted in the Plays of Cæcilius, of bringing those forward again which had not given satisfaction at first.

[4] *Fight for their places*)—Ver. 41. This was in consequence of their sitting indiscriminately at the Amphitheatre, where the gladiators were exhibited; whereas at the Theatres there were distinct places appropriated to each "ordo" or class.

[5] *Gracing the scenic festival*)—Ver. 45. Madame Dacier remarks that there is great force and eloquence in the Actor's affecting a concern for the sacred festivals, which were in danger of being deprived of their

art to sink into the hands of a few; let your authority prove a seconder and assistant to my own. If I have never covetously set a price upon my skill, and have come to this conclusion, that it is the greatest gain in the highest possible degree to contribute to your entertainment; allow me to obtain this of you, that him who has intrusted his labors to my protection, and himself to your integrity,—that him, I *say*, the malicious may not maliciously deride, beset *by them* on every side. For my sake, admit of this plea, and attend in silence, that he may be encouraged to write other *Plays*, and that it may be for my advantage to study new ones hereafter, purchased at my own expense.[1]

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Philotis[2] *and* Syra.

Phil. I' faith, Syra, you can find but very few lovers who prove constant to their mistresses. For instance, how often did this Pamphilus swear to Bacchis—how solemnly, so that

chief ornaments, if by too great a severity they discouraged the Poets who undertook to furnish the Plays during the solemnity.

[1] *At my own expense*)—Ver. 57. It is generally supposed that "meo pretio" means "a price named as my estimate;" and that it was the custom for the Ædiles to purchase a Play of a Poet at a price fixed by the head of the company of actors. It is also thought that the money was paid to the actor, who handed over the whole, or a certain part, to the Poet, and if the Play was not received with favor, the Ædiles had the right to ask back the money from the actor, who consequently became a loser by the transaction. Pareus and Meric Casaubon think, however, that in case of this Play, the Ædiles had purchased it from the Poet, and the performers had bought it of the Ædiles as a speculation. What he means at the end of the First Prologue by selling the Play over again, is not exactly known. Perhaps if the Play had been then performed throughout and received with no favor, he would have had to forfeit the money, and lose all right to any future pecuniary interest in it; but he preferred to cancel the whole transaction, and to reserve the Play for purchase and representation at a more favorable period.

[2] *Philotis*)—This is a protatic character, or one that helps to introduce the subject of the Play, and then appears no more.

any one might have readily believed him—that he never would take home a wife so long as she lived. Well now, he is married.

Syr. Therefore, for that very reason, I earnestly both advise and entreat you to take pity upon no one, but plunder, fleece, *and* rend every man you lay hold of.

Phil. What! Hold no one exempt?

Syr. No one; for not a single one of them, rest assured, comes to you without making up his mind, by means of his flatteries, to gratify his passion with you at the least possible expense. Will you not, pray, plot against them in return?

Phil. And yet, upon my faith, it is unfair to be the same to all.

Syr. What! unfair to take revenge on your enemies? or, for them to be caught in the very way they try to catch you? Alas! wretched me! why do not your age and beauty belong to me, or else these sentiments *of mine* to you?

Scene II.

Enter Parmeno *from the house of* Laches.

Par. (*at the door, speaking to* Scirtus *within.*) If the old man should be asking for me, do you say that I have just gone to the harbor to inquire about the arrival of Pamphilus. Do you hear what I say, Scirtus? If he asks for me, then you are to say *so;* if he does not, *why*, say nothing at all; so that at another time I may be able to employ that excuse as a new one. (*Comes forward, and looking around.*)—But is it my dear Philotis that I see? How has she come *here?* (*Accosting her.*) Philotis heartily good-morrow.

Phil. O, good-morrow, Parmeno.

Syr. By my troth, good-morrow, Parmeno.

Par. I' faith, Syra, the same to you. Philotis, tell me, where have you been enjoying yourself so long?

Phil. For my part, indeed, I have been far from enjoying myself, in leaving this place for Corinth with a most brutal captain; for two whole years, there, had I to put up with him to my sorrow.

Par. I' troth, I fancy that regret for Athens full oft pos-

sessed you, and that you thought but poorly of your foresight.

Phil. It can not be expressed how impatient I was to return hither, get rid of the captain, and see yourselves here, that after our old fashion I might at my ease enjoy the merry-makings among you; for there it was not allowed *me* to speak, except at *the moment* prescribed, *and* on such subjects as he chose.

Par. (*sarcastically.*) I don't think it was gallant in the captain to place a restraint on your tongue.

Phil. But what is this piece of business that Bacchis has just now been telling me in-doors here? (*pointing to her house.*) *A thing* I never supposed would come to pass, that he, in her lifetime, could possibly prevail upon his feelings to take a wife.

Par. To take, indeed!

Phil. Why, look you, has he not taken one?

Par. He has; but I doubt whether this match will be lasting.

Phil. May the Gods and Goddesses grant it so, if it is for the advantage of Bacchis. But why am I to believe it is so? Tell me, Parmeno.

Par. There is no need for its being spread abroad; ask me no more about it.

Phil. For fear, I suppose, it may be made public. So may the Gods prosper me, I do not ask you in order that I may spread it abroad, but that, in silence, I may rejoice within myself.

Par. You'll never speak me so fairly, that I shall trust my back to your discretion.

Phil. Oh, don't *say so*, Parmeno;[1] as though you were not much more impatient to tell me this, than I to learn what I'm inquiring about.

Par. (*to himself.*) She tells the truth there; and that is my greatest failing. (*To* Philotis.) If you give me your word that you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you.

[1] *Don't say so, Parmeno*)—Ver. 109. She says this ironically, at the same time intimating that she knows Parmeno too well, not to be sure that he is as impatient to impart the secret to her as she is to know it. Donatus remarks, that she pretends she has no curiosity to hear it, that he may deem her the more worthy to be intrusted with the secret.

PHIL. You are *now* returning to your *natural* disposition. I give you my word; say on.

PAR. Listen.

PHIL. I'm all attention.

PAR. Pamphilus was in the height of his passion for Bacchis here, when his father began to importune him to take a wife, and to urge those points which are usual with all fathers, that he *himself* was *now* in years, and that he was his only son, that he wished for a support for his declining years. He refused at first. But on his father pressing more urgently, he caused him to become wavering in his mind, whether to yield rather to duty or to love. By hammering on and teazing him, at last the old man gained his point; and betrothed him to the daughter of our next-door neighbor here (*pointing to the house of* PHIDIPPUS). This did not seem so very disagreeable to Pamphilus, until on the very point of marriage, when he saw that all was ready, and that no respite was granted, but marry he must; then, at last, he took it so much to heart, that I do believe if Bacchis had been present, *even* she would have pitied him. Whenever opportunity was afforded for us being alone, so that he could converse with me, *he used to say:* "Parmeno, I am ruined! What have I done! Into what misery have I plunged myself! Parmeno, I shall never be able to endure this. To my misery, I am undone!"

PHIL. (*vehemently exclaiming.*) May the Gods and Goddesses confound you, Laches, for vexing him so!

PAR. To cut the matter short, he took home his wife. On the first night, he did not touch the girl; the night that followed that, not a bit the more.

PHIL. What is it you tell me? A young man go to bed with a virgin, intoxicated to boot, *and* able to restrain himself from touching her! You do not say what's likely; nor do I believe it to be the truth.

PAR. I suppose it does seem so to you, for no one comes to you unless he is eager for you; *but* he had married her against his will.

PHIL. After this, what followed?

PAR. In a very few days after, Pamphilus took me aside, away from the house, and told me how that the young woman was still untouched by him; and *how* that before he had taken her home as his wife, he had hoped to be able to endure this

marriage: "But, Parmeno, as I can not resolve to live with her any longer, it is neither honorable in me, nor of advantage to the young woman herself, for her to be turned to ridicule, but rather I ought to return her to her relations just as I received her."

Phil. You tell me of a conscientious and virtuous disposition in Pamphilus.

Par. "For me to declare this, I consider to be inconvenient to me, but for her to be sent back to her father without mentioning any blame, would be insolent; but I am in hopes that she, when she is sensible that she can not live with me, will go at last *of her own accord*."

Phil. What *did he do* in the mean while? Used he to visit Bacchis?

Par. Every day. But as *usually* is the case, after she saw that he belonged to another, she immediately became more ill-natured and more peevish.

Phil. I' faith, that's not to be wondered at.

Par. And this circumstance in especial contributed to estrange him from her; after he had fairly examined himself, and her, and the one that was at home, he formed a judgment, by comparison, upon the principles of them both. She, just as might be expected from a person of respectable and free birth, chaste *and* virtuous, patient under the slights and all the insults of her husband, and concealing his affronts. Upon this, his mind, partly overcome by compassion for his wife, partly constrained by the insolence of the other, was gradually estranged from Bacchis, and transferred its affections to the other, after having found a congenial disposition. In the mean time, there dies at Imbros[1] an old man, a relative of theirs. His property there devolved on them by law. Thither his father drove the love-sick Pamphilus, much against his will. He left his wife here with his mother, for the old man has retired into the country; he seldom comes into the city.

Phil. What is there yet in this marriage to prevent its being lasting?

Par. You shall hear just now. At first, for several days, there really was a good understanding between them. In the

[1] *Imbros*)—Ver. 171. An island in the Ægean Sea, off the coast of Thrace.

mean time, however, in a strange way, she began to take a dislike to Sostrata; nor yet was there ever any quarrel or words between them.

PHIL. What then?

PAR. If at any time she came to converse with her, she would instantly withdraw from her presence,[1] and refuse to see her; in fine, when she could no longer endure her, she pretended that she was sent for by her mother to assist at a sacrifice. When she had been there a few days, *Sostrata* ordered her to be fetched. She made some, I know not what, excuse. Again she gave similar orders; no one sent back *any excuse*. After she had sent for her repeatedly, they pretended that the damsel was sick. My *mistress* immediately went to see her; no one admitted her. On the old man coming to know of this, he yesterday came up from the country on purpose, *and* waited immediately upon the father of Philumena. What passed between them, I do not know as yet; but really I do feel some anxiety in what way this is to end. You *now* have the whole matter; *and* I shall proceed whither I was on my way.

PHIL. And I too, for I made an appointment with a certain stranger[2] to meet him.

PAR. May the Gods prosper what you undertake!

PHIL. Farewell!

PAR. And a kind farewell to you, my dear Philotis.

(*Exeunt severally.*

[1] *From her presence*)—Ver. 182. For the purpose, as will afterward appear, of not letting Sostrata see that she was pregnant.

[2] *With a certain stranger*)—Ver. 195. Here Philotis gives a reason, as Donatus observes, why she does not again appear in the Play. The following is an extract from Colman's remarks on this passage: "It were to be wished, for the sake of the credit of our author's acknowledged *art* in the Drama, that Philotis had assigned as good a reason for her appearing at all. Eugraphius justly says: 'The Courtesan in this Scene is a character quite foreign to the fable.' Donatus also says much the same thing in his Preface, and in his first Note to this Comedy; but adds that 'Terence chose this method rather than to relate the argument by means of a Prologue, or to introduce a God speaking from a machine. I will venture to say that the Poet might have taken a much shorter and easier method than either; I mean, to have begun the Play with the very Scene which now opens the Second Act.'"

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.[1]

Enter Laches *and* Sostrata, *from the house of the former.*

Lach. O faith of Gods and men! what a race is this! what a conspiracy this! that all women should desire and reject every individual thing alike! And not a single one can you find to swerve in any respect from the disposition of the rest. For instance, quite as though with one accord, do all mothers-in-law hate their daughters-in-law. Just in the same way is it their system to oppose their husbands; their obstinacy *here* is the same. In the very same school they all seem to me to have been trained up to perverseness. Of that school, if there is any mistress, I am very sure that she (*pointing at* Sostrata) it is.

Sos. Wretched me! when now I don't so much as know why I am accused!

Lach. Eh! you don't know?

Sos. So may the Gods kindly prosper me, Laches, and so may it be allowed us to pass our lives together in unity!

Lach. (*aside.*) May the Gods avert *such* a misfortune!

Sos. I'm sure that before long you will be sensible that I have been accused by you undeservedly.

Lach. You, undeservedly? Can any thing possibly be said that you deserve in return for this conduct of yours?

[1] *Scene I.*)—Colman has the following observations on this Scene: "Donatus remarks that this Scene opens the intention of Terence to oppose the generally-received opinion, and to draw the character of a good step-mother. It would, therefore, as has been already observed, have been a very proper Scene to begin the Play, as it carries us immediately into the midst of things; and we can not fail to be interested when we see the persons acting so deeply interested themselves. We gather from it just so much of the story as is necessary for our information at first setting out. We are told of the abrupt departure of Philumena, and are witnesses of the confusion in the two families of Laches and Phidippus. The absence of Laches, which had been in great measure the occasion of this misunderstanding, is also very artfully mentioned in the altercation between him and Sostrata. The character of Laches is very naturally drawn. He has a good heart, and a testy disposition, and the poor old gentleman is kept in such constant perplexity that he has perpetual occasion to exert both those qualities."

You, who are disgracing both me and yourself and the family, *and* are laying up sorrow for your son. Then besides, you are making our connections become, from friends, enemies to us, who have thought him deserving for them to intrust their children[1] to him. You alone have put yourself forward, by your folly, to be causing this disturbance.

Sos. What, I?

Lach. You, woman, I say, who take me to be a stone, not a man. Do you think because it's my habit to be so much in the country, that I don't know in what way each person is passing his life here? I know much better what is going on here than there, where I am daily; for this reason, because, just as you act at home, I am spoken of abroad. Some time since, indeed, I heard that Philumena had taken a dislike to you; nor did I the least wonder at it; indeed, if she hadn't done so, it would have been more surprising. But I did not suppose that she would have gone so far as to hate even the whole of the family; if I had known *that*, she should have remained here in preference, *and* you should have gone away. But consider how undeservedly these vexations arise on your account, Sostrata; I went to live in the country, in compliance with your request, and to look after my affairs, in order that my circumstances might be able to support your lavishness and comforts, not sparing my own exertions, beyond what's reasonable and my time of life allows. That you should take no care, in return for all this, that there should be nothing to vex me!

Sos. Upon my word, through no means or fault of mine has this taken place.

Lach. Nay, *through you* in especial; you were the only person here; on you alone, Sostrata, falls all the blame. You ought to have taken care of matters here, as I had released you from other anxieties. Is it not a disgrace for an old woman to pick a quarrel with a girl? You will say it was her fault.

Sos. Indeed I do not say so, my *dear* Laches.

Lach. I am glad of that, so may the Gods prosper me, for my son's sake. I am quite sure *of this*, that no fault of yours can possibly put you in a worse light.

Sos. How do you know, my husband, whether she may not

[1] *Intrust their children*)—Ver. 212. The plural "liberos," children, is used where only one is being spoken of, similarly, in the Heautontimorumenos, l. 151.

have pretended to dislike me, on purpose that she might be more with her mother?

Lach. What say you *to this?* Is it not proof sufficient, when yesterday no one was willing to admit you into the house, when you went to see her?

Sos. Why, they told me that she was very ill just then; for that reason I was not admitted to her.

Lach. I fancy that your humors are more her malady than any thing else; and with good reason in fact, for there is not one of you but wants her son to take a wife; and the match which has taken your fancy must be the one; when, at your solicitation, they have married, *then*, at your solicitation, they are to put them away again.

Scene II.

Enter Phidippus *from his house.*

Phid. (*speaking to* Philumena *within.*) Although I am aware, Philumena, that I have the right to compel you to do what I order, still, being swayed by the feelings of a father, I will prevail *upon myself* to yield to you, and not oppose your inclination.

Lach. And look, most opportunely I see Phidippus; I'll presently know from him how it is. (*Accosting him.*) Phidippus, although I am aware that I am particularly indulgent to all my family, still it is not to that degree to let my good nature corrupt their minds. And if you would do the same, it would be more for your own interest and ours. At present I see that you are under the control of those *women.*

Phid. Just look at that, now!

Lach. I waited on you yesterday about your daughter; you sent me away just as wise as I came. It does not become you, if you wish this alliance to continue, to conceal your resentment. If there is any fault on our side, disclose it; either by clearing ourselves, or excusing it, we shall remedy these matters for you, yourself the judge. But if this is the cause of detaining her at your house, because she is ill, *then* I think that you do me an injustice, Phidippus, if you are afraid lest she should *not* be attended with sufficient care at my house. But, so may the Gods prosper me, I do not yield in this to you, although you are her father, that you can wish her well more than *I do*, and that on my son's account, who I

know values her not less than his own self. Nor, in fact, is it unknown to you, how much, *as* I believe, it will vex him, if he comes to know[1] of this; for this reason, I wish to have her home before he returns.

Phid. Laches, I am sensible of both your carefulness and your good-will, and I am persuaded that all you say is just as you say: and I would have you believe me in this; I am anxious for her to return to you, if I possibly can by any means effect it.

Lach. What is it prevents you from effecting it? Come, now, does she make any complaint against her husband?

Phid. By no means; for when I urged it still more strongly, and attempted to constrain her by force to return, she solemnly protested that she couldn't possibly remain with you, while Pamphilus was absent. Probably each has his own failing; I am naturally of an indulgent disposition; I can not thwart my own family.

Lach. (*turning to his wife, who stands apart.*) Ha! Sostrata![2]

Sos. (*sighing deeply.*) Alas! wretched me!

Lach. (*to* Phidippus.) Is this your final determination?

Phid. For the present, at least, as it seems; but have you any thing else to say? for I have some business that obliges me to go at once to the Forum.

Lach. I'll go with you. (*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Sostrata *alone.*

Sos. Upon my faith, we assuredly are all of us hated by our husbands with equal injustice, on account of a few, who

[1] *If he comes to know*)—Ver. 262. Donatus observes that the Poet shows his art in here preparing a reason to be assigned by Pamphilus for his pretended discontent at the departure of his wife.

[2] *Ha! Sostrata*)—Ver. 271. Colman observes on this passage: "This is extremely artful. The answer of Philumena, as related by Phidippus, contains an ample vindication of Pamphilus. What, then, can we suppose could make the house so disagreeable to her in his absence, but the behavior of Sostrata? She declares her innocence; yet appearances are all against her. Supposing this to be the first Act of the Play, it would be impossible for a Comedy to open in a more interesting manner."

cause us all to appear deserving of harsh treatment. For, so may the Gods prosper me, as to what my husband accuses me of, I am quite guiltless. But it is not so easy to clear myself, so strongly have people come to the conclusion that all step-mothers are harsh: i' faith, not I, indeed, for I never regarded her otherwise than if she had been my own daughter; nor can I conceive how this has befallen me. But really, for many reasons, I long for my son's return home with impatience. (*Goes into her house.*)

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Pamphilus *and* Parmeno.

Pam. No individual, I do believe, ever met with more crosses in love than I. Alas! unhappy me! that I have *thus* been sparing of life! Was it for this I was so very impatient to return home? O, how much more preferable had it been for me to pass my life any where in the world than to return here and be sensible that I am thus wretched! For all of us know who have met with trouble from any cause, that all the time that passes before we come to the knowledge of it, is so much gain.

Par. Still, as it is, you'll the sooner know how to extricate yourself from these misfortunes. If you had not returned, this breach might have become much wider; but now, Pamphilus, I am sure that both will be awed by your presence. You will learn the facts, remove their enmity, restore them to good feeling once again. *These* are but trifles which you have persuaded yourself are *so* grievous.

Pam. Why comfort me? Is there a person in all the world so wretched as *I*? Before I took her to wife, I had my heart engaged by other affections. Now, though on this subject I should be silent, it is easy for any one to know how much I have suffered; yet I never dared refuse her whom my father forced upon me. With difficulty did I withdraw myself from another, and disengage my affections so firmly rooted there! and hardly had I fixed them in another quarter, when, lo! a new misfortune has arisen, which

may tear me from her too. Then besides, I suppose that in this matter I shall find either my mother or my wife in fault; and when I find such to be the fact, what remains but to become still more wretched? For duty, Parmeno, bids me bear with the feelings of a mother; then, to my wife I am bound by obligations; with so much temper did she formerly bear my usage, and on no occasion disclose the many wrongs *inflicted on her* by me. But, Parmeno, something of consequence, I know not what it is, must have happened for *this* misunderstanding to have arisen between them, that has lasted so long.

PAR. Or else something frivolous, i' faith, if you would only give words their proper value; those which are sometimes the greatest enmities, do not argue the greatest injuries; for it often happens that in certain circumstances, in which another would not even be out of temper, for the very same reason a passionate man becomes your greatest enemy. What enmities do children entertain among themselves for trifling injuries! For what reason? Why, because they have a weak understanding to direct them. Just so are these women, almost like children with their fickle feelings; perhaps a single word has occasioned this enmity between them, master.

PAM. Go, Parmeno, into the house, and carry word[1] that I have arrived.

(*A noise is heard in the house of* PHIDIPPUS.)

PAR. (*starting.*) Ha! What means this?

PAM. Be silent. I perceive a bustling about, and a running to and fro.

PAR. (*going to the door.*) Come then, I'll approach nearer to the door. (*He listens.*) Ha! did you hear?

PAM. Don't be prating. (*He listens.*) O Jupiter, I heard a shriek!

PAR. You yourself are talking, while you forbid me.

MYR. (*within the house.*) Prithee, my child, do be silent.

PAM. *That* seems to be the voice of Philumena's mother. I'm undone!

PAR. Why so?

PAM. Utterly ruined!

[1] *And carry word*)—Ver. 314. It was the custom with the Greeks and Romans, when returning from abroad, to send a messenger before them, to inform their wives of their arrival.

Par. For what reason?

Pam. Parmeno, you are concealing from me some great misfortune to me unknown.

Par. They said that your wife, Philumena, was in alarm about[1] something, I know not what; whether that may be it, perchance, I don't know.

Pam. I am undone! Why didn't you tell me of this?

Par. Because I couldn't *tell* every thing at once.

Pam. What is the malady?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. What! has no one brought a physician *to see her?*

Par. I don't know.

Pam. Why delay going in-doors, that I may know as soon as possible for certain what it is? In what condition, Philumena, am I now to find you? But if you are in any peril, beyond a doubt I will perish with you. (*Goes into the house of* Phidippus.)

Scene II.

Parmeno *alone.*

Par. (*to himself.*) There is no need for me to follow him into the house at present, for I see that we are all disagreeable to them. Yesterday, no one would give Sostrata admittance. If, perchance, the malady should become worse, which really I could far from wish, for my master's sake especially, they would at once say that Sostrata's servant had been in there; they would invent a story that I had brought some mischief against their lives and persons, in consequence of which the malady had been increased. My mistress would be blamed, and I should incur heavy punishment.[2]

[1] *Was in alarm about*)—Ver. 321. "Pavitare." Casaubon has a curious suggestion here; he thinks it not improbable that he had heard the female servants whispering among themselves that Philumena "paritare," "was about to be brought to bed," which he took for "pavitare," "was in fear" of something.

[2] *Heavy punishment*)—Ver. 335. Probably meaning that he will be examined by torture, whether he has not, by drugs or other means, contributed to Philumena's illness.

Scene III.

Enter Sostrata.

Sos. (*to herself.*) In dreadful alarm, I have for some time heard, I know not what confusion going on here; I'm sadly afraid Philumena's illness is getting worse. Æsculapius, I do entreat thee, and thee, Health,[1] that it may not be so. Now I'll go visit her. (*Approaches the door.*)

Par. (*coming forward.*) Hark you, Sostrata.

Sos. (*turning round.*) Well.

Par. You will again be shut out there.

Sos. What, Parmeno, is it you? I'm undone! wretch that I am, what shall I do? Am I not to go see the wife of Pamphilus, when she is ill here next door?

Par. Not go see her! Don't even send any person for the purpose of seeing *her;* for I'm of opinion that he who loves a person to whom he is an object of dislike, commits a double mistake: he himself takes a useless trouble, and causes annoyance to the other. Besides, your son went in to see how she is, as soon as he arrived.

Sos. What is it you say? Has Pamphilus arrived?

Par. He has.

Sos. I give thanks unto the Gods! Well, through that news my spirits are revived, and anxiety has departed from my heart.

Par. For this reason, then, I am especially unwilling you should go in there; for if Philumena's malady at all abates, she will, I am sure, when they are by themselves, at once tell him all the circumstances; both what misunderstandings have arisen between you, *and* how the difference first began. But see, he's coming out—how sad *he looks!*

[1] *And thee, Health*)—Ver. 338. She invokes Æsculapius, the God of Medicine, and "Salus," or "Health," because, in Greece, their statues were always placed near each other; so that to have offered prayers to one and not to the other, would have been deemed a high indignity. On the worship of Æsculapius, see the opening Scene of the Curculio of Plautus.

Scene IV.

Re-enter Pamphilus, *from the house of* Phidippus.

Sos. (*running up to him.*) O my son! (*Embraces him.*)

Pam. My mother, blessings on you.

Sos. I rejoice that you are returned safe. Is Philumena in a fair way?

Pam. She is a little better. (*Weeping.*)

Sos. Would that the Gods may grant it so! Why, then, do you weep, or why so dejected?

Pam. All's well, mother.

Sos. What meant that confusion? Tell me; was she suddenly taken ill?

Pam. Such was the fact.

Sos. What is her malady?

Pam. A fever.

Sos. An intermitting one?[1]

Pam. So they say. Go in the house, please, mother; I'll follow you immediately.

Sos. Very well. (*Goes into her house.*)

Pam. Do you run and meet the servants, Parmeno, and help them with the baggage.

Par. Why, don't they know the way themselves to come to our house?

Pam. (*stamping.*) Do you loiter? (*Exit* Parmeno.

Scene V.

Pamphilus, *alone.*

Pam. I can not discover any fitting commencement of my troubles, at which to begin to narrate the things that have so unexpectedly befallen me, some of which with these eyes I have beheld; some I have heard with my ears; *and* on account of which I so hastily betook myself, in extreme agitation, out of doors. For just now, when, full of alarm, I rushed into the house, expecting to find my wife afflicted with some other malady than what I have found it to be;—ah me! immediately the servant-maids beheld that I had

[1] *An intermitting one*)—Ver. 357. "Quotidiana;" literally, "daily."

arrived, they all at the same moment joyfully exclaimed, "He is come," from having so suddenly caught sight of me. But I soon perceived the countenances of all of them change,[1] because at so unseasonable a juncture chance had brought me there. One of them in the mean time hastily ran before me to give notice that I had come. Impatient to see my wife, I followed close. When I entered the room, that instant, to my sorrow, I found out her malady; for neither did the time afford any interval to enable her to conceal it, nor could she complain in any other accents than *those which* the case itself prompted. When I perceived *this:* "O disgraceful conduct!" I exclaimed, and instantly hurried away from the spot in tears, overwhelmed by such an incredible and shocking circumstance. Her mother followed me; just as I got to the threshold, she threw herself on her knees: I felt compassion for her. Assuredly it is the fact, in my opinion, just as matters befall us all, so are we elated or depressed. At once she began to address me in these words: "O my *dear* Pamphilus, you see the reason why she left your house; for violence was offered to her when formerly a maid, by some villain to us unknown. Now, she took refuge here then, that from you and others she might conceal her labor." But when I call to mind her entreaties, I can not, wretched as I am, refrain from tears. "Whatever chance or fortune it is," said she, "which has brought you here to-day, by it we do both conjure you, if with equity and justice we may, that her misfortune may be concealed by you, and kept a secret from all. If ever you were sensible, my *dear* Pamphilus, that she was tenderly disposed toward you, she now asks you to grant her this favor in return, without making any difficulty of it. But as to taking her back, act quite according to your own convenience. You alone are aware of her lying-in, and that the child is none of yours. For it is said that it was two months after the marriage before she had commerce with you. And then, this is but the seventh month since she came to you.[2] That you are sensible of this, the circumstances themselves prove. Now, if it is possible, Pamphilus,

[1] *All of them change*)—Ver. 369. This must have been imaginary, as they were not likely to be acquainted with the reason of Philumena's apprehensions.

[2] *Since she came to you*)—Ver. 394. There is great doubt what is the

I especially wish, and will use my endeavors, that her labor may remain unknown to her father, and to all, in fact. But if that can not be managed, and they do find it out, I will say that she miscarried; I am sure no one will suspect otherwise than, what is so likely, the child was by you. It shall be instantly exposed; in that case there is no inconvenience whatever to yourself, and you will be concealing an outrage so undeservingly committed upon her,[1] poor thing!" I promised *this*, and I am resolved to keep faith in what I said. But as to taking her back, really I do not think that would be at all creditable, nor will I do so, although love for her, and habit, have a strong influence upon me. I weep when it occurs to my mind, what must be her life, and *how great* her loneliness in future. O Fortune, thou hast never been found constant! But by this time *my* former passion has taught me experience in the present case. The means by which I got rid of that, I must employ on the present occasion. Parmeno is coming with the servants; it is far from convenient that he should be here under present circumstances, for he was the only person to whom I trusted the secret that I kept aloof from her when I first married her. I am afraid lest, if he should frequently hear her cries, he might find out that she is in labor. He must be dispatched by me somewhere till Philumena is delivered.

exact meaning of "postquam ad te venit," here,—whether it means, "it is now the seventh month since she became your wife," or, "it is now the seventh month since she came to your embraces," which did not happen for two months after the marriage. The former is, under the circumstances, the most probable construction.

[1] *Committed upon her*)—Ver. 401. Colman very justly observes here: "It is rather extraordinary that Myrrhina's account of the injury done to her daughter should not put Pamphilus in mind of his own adventure, which comes out in the Fifth Act. It is certain that had the Poet let the Audience into that secret in this place, they would have immediately concluded that the wife of Pamphilus and the lady whom he had ravished were one and the same person." Playwrights have never, in any age or country, troubled themselves much about probability in their plots. Besides, his adventure with Philumena was by no means an uncommon one. We find similar instances mentioned by Plautus; and violence and debauchery seem almost to have reigned paramount in the streets at night.

Scene VI.

Enter at a distance Parmeno *and* Sosia, *with people carrying baggage.*

Par. (*to* Sosia.) Do you say that this voyage was disagreeable to you?

Sosia. Upon my faith, Parmeno, it can not be so much as expressed in words, how disagreeable it is to go on a voyage.

Par. Do you say so?

Sosia. O lucky man! You don't know what evils you have escaped, by never having been at sea. For to say nothing of other hardships, mark this one only; thirty days or more[1] was I on board that ship, and every moment, to my horror, was in continual expectation of death: such unfavorable weather did we always meet with.

Par. How annoying!

Sosia. That's not unknown to me: in fine, upon my faith, I would rather run away than go back, if I knew that I should have to go back there.

Par. Why really, but slight causes formerly made you, Sosia, do what now you are threatening to do. But I see Pamphilus himself standing before the door. (*To the Attendants, who go into the house of* Laches.) Go in-doors; I'll accost him, *to see* if he wants any thing with me. (*Accosts* Pamphilus.) What, still standing here, master?

Pam. Yes, and waiting for you.

Par. What's the matter?

Pam. You must run across to the citadel.[2]

Par. Who must?

Pam. You.

Par. To the citadel? Why thither?

Pam. To meet Callidemides, my entertainer at Myconos, who came over in the same ship with me.

Par. (*aside.*) Confusion! I should say he has made a vow

[1] *Thirty days or more*)—Ver. 421. In his voyage from Imbros to Athens, namely, which certainly appears to have been unusually long.

[2] *To the citadel*)—Ver. 431. This was the fort or citadel that defended the Piræus, and being three miles distant from the city, was better suited for the design of Pamphilus, whose object it was to keep Parmeno for some time at a distance.

that if ever he should return home safe, he would rupture me[1] with walking.

Pam. Why are you lingering?

Par. What do you wish me to say? Or am I to meet him only?

Pam. No; say that I can not meet him to-day, as I appointed, so that he may not wait for me to no purpose. Fly!

Par. But I don't know the man's appearance.

Pam. Then I'll tell you how to know it; a huge *fellow*, ruddy, with curly hair, fat, with gray eyes *and* freckled countenance.

Par. May the Gods confound him! What if he shouldn't come? Am I to wait *there*, even till the evening?

Pam. Yes, wait *there*. Run!

Par. I can't; I am so tired. (*Exit slowly.*

Scene VII.

Pamphilus, *alone.*

Pam. He's off. What shall I do in this distressed situation? Really, I don't know in what way I'm to conceal this, as Myrrhina entreated me, her daughter's lying-in; but I do pity the woman. What I can, I'll do; *only* so long, however, as I observe my duty; for it is proper that I should be regardful of a parent,[2] rather than of my passion. But look—I see Phidippus and my father. They are coming this way; what to say to them, I'm at a loss. (*Stands apart.*)

Scene VIII.

Enter, at a distance, Laches *and* Phidippus.

Lach. Did you not say, just now, that she was waiting for my son's return?

[1] *He would rupture me*)—Ver. 435. He facetiously pretends to think that Pamphilus may, during a storm at sea, have vowed to walk him to death, if he should return home.

[2] *Regardful of a parent*)—Ver. 448. Colman observes here: "This reflection seems to be rather improper in this place, for the discovery of Philumena's labor betrayed to Pamphilus the real motive of her departure; after which discovery his anxiety proceeds entirely from the supposed injury offered him, and his filial piety is from that period made use of merely as a pretense."

PHID. Just so.

LACH. They say that he has arrived; let her return.

PAM. (*apart to himself, aloud.*) What excuse to make to my father for not taking her back, I don't know!

LACH. (*turning round.*) Who was it I heard speaking here?

PAM. (*apart.*) I am resolved to persevere in the course I determined to pursue.

LACH. 'Tis the very person about whom I was talking to you.

PAM. Health to you, my father.

LACH. Health to you, my son.

PHID. I am glad that you have returned, Pamphilus, and the more especially so, as you are safe and well.

PAM. I believe you.

LACH. Have you but just arrived?

PAM. Only just now.

LACH. Tell me, what has our cousin Phania left us?

PAM. Why really, i' faith, he was a man very much devoted to pleasure while he lived; and those who are so, don't much benefit their heirs, but for themselves leave this commendation: While he lived, he lived well.[1]

LACH. So then, you have brought home nothing more[2] than a single sentiment?

PAM. Whatever he has left, we are the gainers by it.

LACH. Why no, it has proved a loss; for I could have wished him alive and well.

PHID. You may wish that with impunity; he'll never come to life again; and after all I know which of the two you would prefer.

LACH. Yesterday, he (*pointing to* PHIDIPPUS) desired Philumena to be fetched to his house. (*Whispers to* PHIDIPPUS, *nudging him with his elbow.*) Say that you desired it.

[1] *He lived well*)—Ver. 461. This is living well in the sense used by the "Friar of orders gray." "Who leads a good life is sure to live well."

[2] *Brought home nothing more*)—Ver. 462. Colman remarks that this passage is taken notice of by Donatus as a particularly happy stroke of character: and indeed the idea of a covetous old man gaping for a fat legacy, and having his mouth stopped by a moral precept, is truly comic.

Phid. (*aside to* Laches.) Don't punch me *so*. (*To* Pamphilus.) I desired it.

Lach. But he'll now send her home again.

Phid. Of course.

Pam. I know the whole affair, and how it happened; I heard it just now, on my arrival.

Lach. Then may the Gods confound those spiteful people who told this news with such readiness!

Pam. (*to* Phidippus.) I am sure that it has been my study, that with reason no slight might possibly be committed by your family; and if I were now truthful to mention of how faithful, loving, and tender a disposition I have proved toward her, I could *do so* truly, did I not rather wish that you should learn it of herself; for by that method you will be the more ready to place confidence in my disposition when she, who is now acting unjustly toward me, speaks favorably of me. And that through no fault of mine this separation has taken place, I call the Gods to witness. But since she considers that it is not befitting her to give way to my mother, and with readiness to conform to her temper, and as on no other terms it is possible for good feeling to exist between them, either my mother must be separated, Phidippus, from me, or else Philumena. Now affection urges me rather to consult my mother's pleasure.

Lach. Pamphilus, your words have reached my ears not otherwise than to my satisfaction, since I find that you postpone all considerations for your parent. But take care, Pamphilus, lest impelled by resentment, you carry matters too far.

Pam. How, impelled by resentment, could I now be biased against her who never has been guilty of any thing toward me, father, that I could not wish, and who has often deserved as well as I could desire? I both love and praise and exceedingly regret her, for I have found by experience that she was of a wondrously engaging disposition with regard to myself; and I sincerely wish that she may spend the remainder of her life with a husband who may prove more fortunate than me since necessity *thus* tears her from me.

Phid. 'Tis in your own power to prevent that.

Lach. If you are in your senses, order her to come back.

Pam. It is not my intention, father; I shall study my mother's interests. (*Going away.*)

LACH. Whither are you going? Stay, stay, I tell you; whither are you going? (*Exit* PAMPHILUS.

SCENE IX.

LACHES *and* PHIDIPPUS.

PHID. What obstinacy is this?

LACH. Did I not tell you, Phidippus, that he would take this matter amiss? It was for that reason I entreated you to send your daughter back.

PHID. Upon my faith, I did not believe he would be so brutish; does he now fancy that I shall come begging to him? If *so* it is that he chooses to take back his wife, why, let him; if he is of another mind, let him pay back her portion,[1] *and* take himself off.

LACH. Just look at that, now; you too are getting obstinate and huffish.

PHID. (*speaking with anger.*) You have returned to us in a very ungovernable mood, Pamphilus.

LACH. This anger will depart; although he has some reason for being vexed.

PHID. Because you have had a windfall, a little money, your minds are elevated.

LACH. Are you going to fall out with me, too?

PHID. Let him consider, and bring me word to-day, whether he will or will not, that she may belong to another if she does not to him. (*Goes hastily into his own house.*)

LACH. Phidippus, stay; listen to a few words——

SCENE X.

LACHES, *alone.*

LACH. He's off; what matters it to me? In fine, let them manage it between themselves, just as they please; since neither my son nor he pay any regard to me; they care but little for what I say. I'll carry the quarrel to my wife, by whose planning all these things have been brought about, and against her I will vent all the vexation that I feel.

[1] *Pay back her portion*)—Ver. 502. As was universally done on a separation by agreement.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Myrrhina, *from her house.*

Myr. I am undone! What am I to do? which way turn myself? In my wretchedness, what answer am I to give to my husband? For he seems to have heard the voice of the child when crying, so suddenly did he rush in to my daughter without saying a word. What if he comes to know that she has been delivered? for what reason I am to say I kept it concealed, upon my faith I do not know. But there's a noise at the door; I believe it is himself coming out to me: I'm utterly undone!

Scene II.

Enter Phidippus, *from the house.*

Phid. (*to himself.*) My wife, when she saw me going to my daughter, betook herself out of the house: and look, there she is. (*Addressing her.*) What have you to say, Myrrhina? Hark you! to you I speak.

Myr. What, to me, my husband?

Phid. Am I your husband? Do you consider me a husband, or a man, in fact? For, woman, if I had ever appeared to you to be either of these, I should not in this way have been held in derision by your doings.

Myr. By what *doings?*

Phid. Do you ask the question? Is not your daughter brought to bed? Eh, are you silent? By whom?

Myr. Is it proper for a father to be asking such a question? Oh, shocking! By whom do you think, pray, except by him to whom she was given in marriage?

Phid. I believe it; nor indeed is it for a father to think otherwise. But I wonder much what the reason can be for which you so very much wish all of us to be in ignorance of the truth, especially when she has been delivered properly and at the right time.[1] That you should be of a mind so per-

[1] *At the right time*)—Ver. 531. Lemaire observes that, from this passage, it would appear that the Greeks considered seven months suffi

verse as to prefer that the child should perish, through which you might be sure that hereafter there would be a friendship more lasting between us, rather than that, at the expense of your feelings, his wife should continue with him! I supposed this to be their fault, while *in reality* it lies with you.

Myr. I am an unhappy creature!

Phid. I wish I were sure that so it was; but now it recurs to my mind what you once said about this matter, when we accepted him as *our* son-in-law. For you declared that you could not endure your daughter to be married to a person who was attached to a courtesan, *and* who spent his nights away from home.

Myr. (*aside.*) Any cause whatever I had rather he should suspect than the right one.

Phid. I knew much sooner than you did, Myrrhina, that he kept a mistress; but this I never considered a crime in young men; for it is natural to them all. For, i' faith, the time will soon come when even he will be disgusted with himself *for doing so.* But just as you formerly showed yourself, you have never ceased to be the same up to the present time; in order that you might withdraw your daughter from him, and that what I did might not hold good, one thing itself now plainly proves how far you wished it carried out.

Myr. Do you suppose that I am so willful that I could have entertained such feelings toward one whose mother I am, if this match had been to our advantage?

Phid. Can you possibly foresee or judge what is to our advantage? You have heard it of some one, perhaps, who has told you that he has seen him coming from or going to his mistress. What then? If he has done so with discretion, and but occasionally, is it not more kind in us to conceal our knowledge of it, than to do our best to be aware of it, in consequence of which he will detest us? For if he could all at once have withdrawn himself from her with whom he had been intimate for so many years, I should not have deemed him a man, or likely to prove a constant husband for our daughter.

cient for gestation. So it would appear, if we are to take the time of the Play to be seven, and not nine, months after the marriage; and, as before observed, the former seems to be the more reasonable conclusion.

Myr. Do have done about the young man, I pray; and what you say I've been guilty of. Go away, meet him by yourself; ask him whether he wishes to have her as a wife or not; if *so* it is that he should say he does wish it, *why*, send her *back;* but if on the other hand he does not wish it, I have taken the best course for my *child.*

Phid. And suppose he does not wish it, and you, Myrrhina, knew him to be in fault; *still* I was at hand, by whose advice it was proper for these matters to be settled; therefore I am greatly offended that you have presumed to act thus without my leave. I forbid you to attempt to carry the child any where out of this house. But I am very foolish to be expecting her to obey my orders. I'll go in-doors, and charge the servants to allow it to be carried out nowhere. (*Goes into the house.*)

Scene III.

Myrrhina, *alone.*

Myr. Upon my faith, I do believe that there is no woman living more wretched than I; for how he would take it, if he came to know the real state of the case, i' faith, is not unknown to me, when he bears this, which is of less consequence, with such angry feelings; and I know not in what way his sentiments can possibly be changed. Out of very many misfortunes, this one evil alone had been wanting to me, for him to compel me to rear a child of whom we know not who is the father; for when my daughter was ravished, it was so dark that his person could not be distinguished, nor was any thing taken from him on the occasion by which it could be afterward discovered who he was. He, on leaving her, took away from the girl, by force, a ring which[1] she had upon her finger. I am afraid, too, of Pamphilus, that he may be unable any longer to conceal what I have requested, when he learns that the child of another is being brought up as his. (*Goes into the house.*)

[1] *A ring which*)—Ver. 574. Colman remarks that this preparation for the catastrophe by the mention of the ring, is not so artful as might have been expected from Terence; as in this soliloquy he tells the circumstances directly to the Audience.

Scene IV.

Enter Sostrata *and* Pamphilus.

Sos. It is not unknown to me, my son, that I am suspected by you as the cause of your wife having left our house in consequence of my conduct; although you carefully conceal your knowledge of it. But so may the Gods prosper me, and so may you answer all my hopes, I have never knowingly deserved that hatred of me should with reason possess her; and while I thought before that you loved me, on that point you have confirmed my belief: for in-doors your father has just now related to me in what way you have preferred me to your passion. Now it is my determination to return you the favor, that you may understand that with me lies the reward of your affection. My Pamphilus, I think that this is expedient both for yourselves and my own reputation. I have finally resolved to retire hence into the country with your father, that my presence may not be an obstacle, and that no pretense may remain why your Philumena should not return to you.

Pam. Pray, what sort of resolution is this? Driven away by her folly, would you be removing from the city to live in the country? You shall not do *so;* and I will not permit, mother, any one who may wish to censure us, to say that this has been done through my perverseness, *and* not your inclination. Besides, I do not wish you, for my sake, to forego your friends and relations, and festive days.[1]

Sos. Upon my word, these things afford me no pleasure now. While my time of life permitted it, I enjoyed them enough; satiety of that mode of life has now taken possession of me: this is at present my chief concern, that the length of my life may prove an annoyance to no one, or that he may look forward with impatience to my death.[2] Here I see that, without deserving it, I am disliked; it is time *for me* to retire. Thus, in the best way, I imagine, I shall cut short

[1] *And festive days*)—Ver. 592. "Festos dies." The days for sacrificing to particular Divinities, when she would have the opportunity of meeting her friends, and making herself merry with them.

[2] *Look forward with impatience to my death*)—Ver. 596. Colman says: "This idea of the long life of a step-mother being odious to her

all grounds *of discontent* with all; I shall both free myself from suspicion, and shall be pleasing them. Pray, let me avoid this reproach, which so generally attaches on women to their disadvantage.

Pam. (*aside.*) How happy am I in other respects, were it not for this one thing alone, in having such a *good* mother, and her for my wife!

Sos. Pray, my Pamphilus, can you not, seeing how each woman is, prevail upon yourself to put up with one matter of inconvenience? If every thing else is according to your wish, and such as I take it to be—my son, do grant me this indulgence, *and* take her back.

Pam. Alas! wretched me!

Sos. And me as well; for this affair does not cause me less sorrow than you, my son.

Scene V.

Enter Laches.

Lach. While standing just by here, I have heard, wife, the conversation you have been holding with him. It is true wisdom to be enabled to govern the feelings whenever there is necessity; to do at the present moment what may perhaps, in the end, be necessary to be done.

Sos. Good luck to it, i' troth.

Lach. Retire then into the country; there I will bear with you, and you with me.

Sos. I hope so, i' faith.

Lach. Go in-doors then, and get together the things that are to be taken with you. I have *now* said it.

Sos. I'll do as you desire. (*Goes into the house.*)

family, is applied in a very beautiful and uncommon manner by Shakspeare:—

> "Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
> Draws on apace; for happy days bring in
> Another morn; but oh, methinks how slow
> This old morn wanes! she lingers my desires
> Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
> Long withering out a young man's revenue."
>
> *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Pam. Father!

Lach. What do you want, Pamphilus?

Pam. My mother go away? By no means.

Lach. Why would you have it so?

Pam. Because I am as yet undetermined what I shall do about my wife.

Lach. How is that? What should you intend to do but bring her home?

Pam. For my part, I could like, and can hardly forbear it; but I shall not alter my design; that which is most advantageous I shall pursue; I suppose (*ironically*) that they will be better reconciled, in consequence, if I shall take her back.

Lach. You can not tell. But it matters nothing to you which they do when she has gone away. *Persons of* this age are disliked by young people; it is right *for us* to withdraw from the world; in fine, we are now a *nice* by-word. We are, Pamphilus, "the old man and the old woman."[1] But I see Phidippus coming out just at the time; let's accost him.

Scene VI.

Enter Phidippus, *from his house.*

Phid. (*speaking at the door to* Philumena, *within.*) Upon my faith, I am angry with you too, Philumena, extremely so, for, on my word, you have acted badly; still there is an excuse for you in this matter; your mother forced you to it; but for her there is none.

Lach. (*accosting him.*) Phidippus, you meet me at a lucky moment, just at the very time.

Phid. What's the matter?

Pam. (*aside.*) What answer shall I make them, or in what manner keep this secret?

[1] *The old man and the old woman*)—Ver. 621. "Senex atque anus." In these words he probably refers to the commencement of many of the stories current in those times, which began: "There were once upon a time an old man and an old woman." Indeed, almost the same words occur in the Stichus of Plautus, l. 540, at the commencement of a story: "Fuit olim, quasi ego sum, senex," "There was upon a time an old man, just like me."

Lach. (*to* Phidippus.) Tell your daughter that Sostrata is going into the country, that she may not now be afraid of returning home.

Phid. Alas! your wife has been guilty of no fault in this affair; all this *mischief* has originated in my wife Myrrhina.

Pam. (*aside.*) They are changing sides.

Phid. 'Tis she that causes our disturbances, Laches.

Pam. (*aside.*) So long as I don't take her back, let her cause as much disturbance as she pleases.

Phid. I, Pamphilus, could really wish, if it were possible, this alliance between us to be lasting; but if you are otherwise inclined, *still* take the child.[1]

Pam. (*aside.*) He has discovered that she has been brought to bed. I'm undone!

Lach. The child! What child?

Phid. We have had a grandson born to us; for my daughter was removed from you in a state of pregnancy, and yet never before this day did I know that she was pregnant.

Lach. So may the Gods prosper me, you bring good tidings, and I am glad a child has been born, and that she is safe: but what *kind of* woman have you for a wife, or of what sort of a temper, that we should have been kept in ignorance of this so long? I can not sufficiently express how disgraceful this conduct appears to me.

Phid. This conduct does not vex me less than yourself, Laches.

Pam. (*aside.*) Even if it had just now been a matter of doubt to me, it is so no longer, since the child of another man is to accompany her.

Lach. Pamphilus, there is no room now for deliberation for you in this matter.

Pam. (*aside.*) I'm undone!

Lach. (*to* Pamphilus.) We were often longing to see the day on which there should be one to call you father; it has come to pass. I return thanks to the Gods.

Pam. (*aside.*) I am ruined!

Lach. Take home your wife, and don't oppose my will.

[1] *Still take the child*)—Ver. 638. In cases of separation it was customary for the father to have the care of the male children.

Pam. Father, if she had wished to have children by me, or to continue to be my wife, I am quite certain she would not have concealed from me what I find she has concealed. Now, as I find that her mind is estranged from me, and think that there would be no agreement between us in future, why should I take her back?

Lach. The young woman has done what her mother persuaded her. Is that to be wondered at? Do you suppose you can find any woman who is free from fault? Or is it that men have no failings?

Phid. Do you yourselves now consider, Laches, and you, Pamphilus, whether it is most advisable for you to leave her or take her back. What your wife may do, is not in my control. Under neither circumstance will you meet with any difficulty from me. But what are we to do with the child?

Lach. You do ask an absurd question; whatever happens, send him back his *child* of course, that we may bring it up as ours.

Pam. (*in a low voice.*) A child which the father has abandoned, am I to rear?

Lach. What was it you said? How—not rear it, Pamphilus? Prithee, are we to expose it, in preference? What madness is this? Really, I can not now be silent any longer. For you force me to say in his presence (*pointing to* Phidippus) what I would rather not. Do you suppose I am in ignorance *of the cause* of your tears, or what it is on account of which you are perplexed to this degree? In the first place, when you alleged as a reason, that, on account of your mother, you could not have your wife at home, she promised that she would leave the house. Now, since you see this pretext as well taken away from you, because a child has been born without your knowledge, you have got another. You are mistaken if you suppose that I am ignorant of your feelings. That at last you might prevail upon your feelings to take this step, how long a period for loving a mistress did I allow you! With what patience did I bear the expense you were at in keeping her! I remonstrated with you and entreated you to take a wife. I said that it was time: by my persuasion you married. What you then did in obedience to me, you did as became you. Now again you have set your fancy upon a

mistress, and, to gratify her, you do an injury to the other as well. For I see plainly that you have once more relapsed into the same course of life.

Pam. What, I?

Lach. Your own self, and you act unjustly therein. You feign false grounds for discord, that you may live with her when you have got rid of this witness *of your actions;* your wife has perceived it too; for what other reason had she for leaving you?

Phid. (*to himself.*) It's clear he guesses right; for that must be it.

Pam. I will give you my oath that none of these is the reason.

Lach. Oh take home your wife, or tell me why you should not.

Pam. It is not the time at present.

Lach. Take the child, for surely that is not in fault; I will consider about the mother afterward.

Pam. (*apart.*) In every way I am wretched, and what to do I know not; with so many troubles is my father now besetting wretched me on every side. I'll go away from here, since I avail but little by my presence. For without my consent, I do not believe that they will bring up the child, especially as on that point my mother-in-law will second me.

(*Exit speedily.*

Scene VII.

Laches *and* Phidippus.

Lach. (*to* Pamphilus.) Do you run away? What, and give me no distinct answer? (*To* Phidippus.) Does he seem to you to be in his senses? Let him alone. Phidippus, give me the child; I'll bring it up.

Phid. By all means. No wonder if my wife has taken this amiss: women are resentful; they do not easily put up with such things. Hence that anger of hers, for she herself told me of it; I would not mention this to you in his presence and at first I did not believe her; but now it is true beyond a doubt; for I see that his feelings are altogether averse to marriage.

Lach. What am I to do, then, Phidippus? What advice do you give?

Phid. What are you to do? I am of opinion that first we ought to go to this mistress of *his*. Let us use entreaties with her; *then* let us rebuke her; and at last, let us very seriously threaten her, if she gives him any encouragement in future.

Lach. I will do as you advise. (*Turning to an* Attendant.) Ho, there, boy! run to the house of Bacchis here, our neighbor; desire her, in my name, to come hither. (*Exit* Attendant.) And you, I further entreat, to give me your assistance in this affair.

Phid. Well, I have already said, and I now say again to the same effect, Laches, I wish this alliance between us to continue, if by any means it possibly may, which I trust will be the case. But should you like[1] me to be with you while you meet her?

Lach. Why yes; but first go and get some one as a nurse for the child. (*Exit* Phidippus.

Scene VIII.

Enter Bacchis, *attended by her* Women.

Bacch. (*to her* Women.) It is not for nothing that Laches now desires to speak with me; and, i' faith, I am not very far from mistaken in making a guess what it is he wants me for.

Lach. (*to himself.*) I must take care that I don't, through anger, miss gaining in this quarter what I *otherwise* might, and that I don't do any thing which hereafter it would have been better I had not done. I'll accost her. (*Accosts her.*) Bacchis, good-morrow to you!

Bacch. Good-morrow to you, Laches!

Lach. Troth, now, Bacchis, I suppose you somewhat won-

[1] *But should you like*)—Ver. 725. Donatus observes these words with an air of disinclination to be present at the conference; and, indeed, the characters are well sustained, as it would not become him coolly to discourse with a courtesan, whom he supposes to have alienated Pamphilus from his daughter, although he might very properly advise it, as being likely to conduce to the peace of both families.

der what can be my reason for sending the lad to fetch you out of doors.

Bacch. Upon my faith, I am even in some anxiety as well, when I reflect what I am, lest the name of my calling should be to my prejudice; for my behavior I can easily defend.

Lach. If you speak the truth, you will be in no danger, woman, from me, for I am now of that age that it is not meet for me to receive forgiveness for a fault; for that reason do I the more carefully attend to every particular, that I may not act with rashness; for if you now do, or intend to do, that which is proper for deserving *women* to do, it would be unjust for me, in my ignorance, to offer an injury to you, when undeserving of it.

Bacch. On my word, great is the gratitude that I ought to feel toward you for such conduct; for he who, after committing an injury, would excuse himself, would profit me but little. But what is the matter?

Lach. You admit my son, Pamphilus, to your house.

Bacch. Ah!

Lach. Just let me *speak:* before he was married to this woman, I tolerated your amour. Stay! I have not yet said to you what I intended. He has now got a wife: look out for another person more to be depended on, while you have time to deliberate; for neither will he be of this mind all his life, nor, i' faith, will you be *always* of your present age.

Bacch. Who is it says this?

Lach. His mother-in-law.

Bacch. What! that I——

Lach. That you *do:* and she has taken away her daughter; and for that reason, has wished secretly to destroy the child that has been born.

Bacch. Did I know any other means whereby I might be enabled to establish my credit with you, more solemn than an oath, I would, Laches, assure you of this, that I have kept Pamphilus at a distance[1] from me ever since he took a wife.

[1] *Kept Pamphilus at a distance*)—Ver. 752. Colman observes, how are we to reconcile this with the words of Parmeno at the beginning of the Play, where he says that Pamphilus visited Bacchis daily; and he inquires whether we are to suppose that Bacchis, who behaves so candidly in every other instance, wantonly perjures herself in this, or that the Poet, by a strange infatuation attending him in this Play, contra-

Lach. You are very good. But, pray, do you know what I would prefer that you should do?

Bacch. What? Tell me.

Lach. Go in-doors there (*pointing to the house of* Phidippus) to the women, and make the same promise, on oath, to them; satisfy their minds, and clear yourself from this charge.

Bacch. I will do *so;* although, i' faith, if it had been any other woman of this calling, she would not have done so, I am quite sure; present herself before a married woman for such a purpose! But I do not wish your son to be suspected on an unfounded report, nor appear inconstant, undeservedly, to you, to whom he by no means ought; for he has deserved of me, that, so far as I am able, I should do him a service.

Lach. Your language has rendered me quite friendly and well disposed toward you; but not only did they think *so*—I too believed it. Now that I have found you quite different from what I had expected, take care that you still continue the same—make use of my friendship as you please; if otherwise——; but I will forbear, that you may not hear any thing unkind from me. But this one thing I recommend you—make trial what sort of a friend I am, or what I can effect *as such*, rather than *what as* an enemy.

Scene IX.

Enter Phidippus *and a* Nurse.

Phid. (*to the* Nurse.) Nothing at my house will I suffer you to be in want of; but whatever is requisite shall be supplied *you* in abundance. Still, when you are well fed and well drenched, do take care that the child has enough. (*The* Nurse *goes into his house.*)

Lach. (*to* Bacchis.) My son's father-in-law, I see, is coming; he is bringing a nurse for the child. (*Accosting him.*) Phidippus, Bacchis swears most solemnly.

Phid. Is this she?

dicts himself?" To this it may be answered, that as Bacchis appears to be so scrupulous in other instances, it is credible that, notwithstanding his visits, she may not have allowed him to share her embraces.

Lach. It is.

Phid. Upon my faith, those women don't fear the Gods; and I don't think that the Gods care about them.

Bacch. (*pointing to her* Attendants.) I will give you up my female servants; with my full permission, examine them with any tortures you please. The business at present is this: I must make his wife return home to Pamphilus; should I effect that, I shall not regret its being reported that I have been the only one to do what other courtesans avoid doing.[1]

Lach. We find, Phidippus, that our wives have been unjustly suspected[2] by us in this matter. Let us now try her still further; for if your wife discovers that she has given credence to a false charge, she will dismiss her resentment; but if my son is also angry, by reason of the circumstance that his wife has been brought to bed without his knowledge, that is a trifle: his anger on that account will speedily subside. Assuredly in this matter, there is nothing so bad as to be deserving of a separation.

Phid. I sincerely wish it may be *so*.

Lach. Examine *her;* here she is; she herself will satisfy you.

Phid. Why do you tell me these things? *Is it* because you have not already heard what my feelings are with regard to this matter, Laches? Do you only satisfy their minds.

[1] *Other courtesans avoid doing*)—Ver. 777. Colman has the following quotation from Donatus: "Terence, by his uncommon art, has attempted many innovations with great success. In this Comedy, he introduces, contrary to received prejudices, a good step-mother and an honest courtesan; but at the same time he so carefully assigns their motives of action, that by him alone every thing seems reconcilable to truth and nature; for this is just the opposite of what he mentions in another place, as the common privilege of all Poets, 'to paint good matrons and wicked courtesans.'" Perhaps the same good feeling prompted Terence, in showing that a mother-in-law and a courtesan could be capable of acting with good and disinterested feelings, which caused Cumberland to write his Play of "The Jew," to combat the popular prejudice against that persecuted class, by showing, in the character of Sheva, that a Jew might possibly be a virtuous man.

[2] *Have been unjustly suspected*)—Ver. 778. The words here employed are also capable of meaning, if an active sense is given to "suspectas," "our wives have entertained wrong suspicions;" but the sense above given seems preferable, as being the meaning of the passage.

Lach. Troth now, Bacchis, I do entreat that what you have promised me you will do.

Bacch. Would you wish me, then, to go in about this business?

Lach. Go, and satisfy their minds, so as to make them believe it.

Bacch. I'll go: although, upon my word, I am quite sure that my presence will be disagreeable to them, for a married woman is the enemy of a mistress, when she has been separated from her husband.

Lach. But they will be your friends, when they know the reason of your coming.

Phid. And I promise that they shall be your friends, when they know the fact; for you will release them from their mistake, and yourself, at the same time, from suspicion.

Bacch. Wretched me! I'm ashamed *to meet* Philumena. (*To her* Attendants.) Do you both follow me into the house. (*Goes into the house with* Phidippus *and her* Attendants.)

Lach. (*to himself.*) What is there that I could more wish for, than what I see has happened to this woman? To gain favor without loss to myself, and to benefit myself at *the same time.* For if now it is the fact that she has really withdrawn from Pamphilus, she knows that by that step she has acquired honor and reputation: she returns the favor to him, and, by the same means, attaches us as friends to herself. (*Goes into the house.*)

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Parmeno, *moving along with difficulty.*

Par. (*to himself.*) Upon my faith, my master does assuredly think my labor of little value; to have sent me for nothing, where I have been sitting the whole day to no purpose, waiting at the citadel for Callidemides, his landlord at Myconos. And so, while sitting there to-day, *like* a fool, as each person came by, I accosted him:—"Young man, just tell me, pray, are you a Myconian?" "I am not." "But is your

name Callidemides?" "No." "Have you any *former* guest here *named* Pamphilus?" All said, "No; and I don't believe that there is any such person." At last, i' faith, I was quite ashamed, *and* went away. But how is it I see Bacchis coming out of our neighbor's? What business can she have there?

Scene II.

Enter Bacchis, *from the house of* Phidippus.

Bacch. Parmeno, you make your appearance opportunely; run with all speed[1] to Pamphilus.

Par. Why thither?

Bacch. Say that I entreat him to come.

Par. To your house?

Bacch. No; to Philumena.

Par. What's the matter?

Bacch. Nothing that concerns you; so cease to make inquiry.

Par. Am I to say nothing else?

Bacch. Yes; that Myrrhina has recognized that ring as her daughter's, which he formerly gave me.

Par. I understand—is that all?

Bacch. That's all. He will be here directly he has heard this from you. But do you linger?

Par. Far from it, indeed; for I've not had the opportunity given me to-day; so much with running and walking about have I wasted the whole day. (*Goes into the house of* Laches.)

Scene III.

Bacchis, *alone.*

Bacch. What great joy have I caused for Pamphilus by my coming to-day! How many blessings have I brought him! and from how many sorrows have I rescued him! A son

[1] *Run with all speed*)—Ver. 809. Donatus remarks, that Parmeno is drawn as being of a lazy and inquisitive character; and that Terence, therefore, humorously contrives to keep him always on the move, and in total ignorance of what is going on.

I save for him, when it was nearly perishing through the agency of these *women* and of himself: a wife, whom he thought that he must cast off forever, I restore *to him:* from the suspicion that he lay under with his father and Phidippus, I have cleared him. This ring, in fact, was the cause of these discoveries being made. For I remember, that about ten months ago, at an early hour of night, he came running home to my house, out of breath, without a companion, and surcharged with wine,[1] with this ring *in his hand.* I felt alarmed immediately: "My Pamphilus," I said, "prithee, my dear, why thus breathless, or where did you get that ring?—tell me!" He *began* to pretend that he was thinking of something else. When I saw *that,* I began to suspect I know not what, *and* to press him still more to tell me. The fellow confessed that he had ravished *some female,* he knew not whom, in the street; and said, that while she was struggling, he had taken that ring away from her. Myrrhina here recognized it just now, while I had it on my finger. She asked whence it came: I told her all the story. Hence the discovery has been made that it was Philumena ravished by him, and that this new-born child is his. I am overjoyed that this happiness has befallen him through my agency; although other courtesans would not have similar feelings; nor, indeed, is it to our interest that any lover should find pleasure in matrimony. But, i' faith, I never, for the sake of gain, will give my mind to base actions. So long as I had the opportunity, I found him to be kind, easy, and good-natured. This marriage has fallen out unluckily for me,—that I confess to be the fact. But, upon my word, I do think that I have done nothing for it to befall me deservedly. It is but reasonable to endure inconveniences from one from whom I have received so many benefits.

[1] *Surcharged with wine*)—Ver. 824. Cooke has this remark here: "I suppose that this is the best excuse the Poet could make for the young gentleman's being guilty of felony and rape at the same time. In this speech, the incident is related on which the catastrophe of the Play turns, which incident is a very barbarous one, and attended with more than one absurdity, though it is the occasion of an agreeable discovery."

Scene IV.

Enter Pamphilus *and* Parmeno, *from the house of* Laches, *on the other side of the stage.*

Pam. Once more, take care, will you, my *dear* Parmeno, that you have brought me a faithful and distinct account, so as not to allure me for a short time to indulge in these transient joys.

Par. I have taken care.

Pam. For certain?

Par. For certain.

Pam. I am quite a God, if it is so!

Par. You'll find it true.

Pam. Just stay, will you; I fear that I'm believing one thing, and you are telling another.

Par. I am staying.

Pam. I think you said to this effect—that Myrrhina had discovered that Bacchis has her ring.

Par. It is the fact.

Pam. The one I formerly gave to her; and she has desired you to tell me this: is such the fact?

Par. Such is so, I tell you.

Pam. Who is there happier than I, and, in fact, more full of joyousness? What am I to present you for these tidings? What?—what? I know not.

Par. But I know.

Pam. What?

Par. Why, nothing; for neither in the tidings nor in myself do I know of there being any advantage to you.

Pam. What! am I to suffer you, who have caused me, when dead, to be restored from the shades to life—to leave me unrewarded? Oh, you deem me too thankless! But look—I see Bacchis standing before the door; she's waiting for me, I suppose; I'll accost her.

Bacch. Save you, Pamphilus!

Pam. Oh Bacchis! Oh my Bacchis—my preserver!

Bacch. *It is* a fortunate thing, and gives me great delight.

Pam. By your actions, you give me reason to believe you, and so much do you retain your former charming qualities,

that wherever you go, the meeting with you, your company, your conversation, always give pleasure.

Bacch. And you, upon my word, possess your former manners and disposition; so much so that not a single man living is more engaging than you.

Pam. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! do you *tell* me so?

Bacch. You had reason, Pamphilus, for being so fond of your wife. For never before to-day did I set eyes upon her, so as to know her: she seems a very gentle person.

Pam. Tell the truth.

Bacch. So may the Gods bless me, Pamphilus!

Pam. Tell me, have you as yet told any of these matters to my father?

Bacch. Not a word.

Pam. Nor is there need, in fact; therefore keep it a secret: I don't wish it to be the case here as it is in the Comedies,[1] where every thing is known to every body. Here, those who ought to know, know already; but those who ought not to know, shall neither hear of it nor know it.

Bacch. Nay more, I will give you a *proof* why you may suppose that this may be the more easily concealed. Myrrhina has told Phidippus to this effect—that she has given credit to my oath, and that, in consequence, in her eyes you are exculpated.

Pam. Most excellent; and I trust that this matter will turn out according to our wishes.

Par. Master, may I not be allowed to know from you what is the good that I have done to-day, or what it is you are talking about?

Pam. You may not.

[1] *In the Comedies*)—Ver. 867.—Madame Dacier observes on this passage: "Terence here, with reason, endeavors to make the most of a circumstance peculiar to his Play. In other Comedies, every body, Actors as well as Spectators, are at last equally acquainted with the whole intrigue and catastrophe, and it would even be a defect in the plot were there any obscurity remaining. But Terence, like a true genius, makes himself superior to rules, and adds new beauties to his piece by forsaking them. His reasons for concealing from part of the personages of the Drama the principal incident of the plot, are so plausible and natural, that he could not have followed the beaten track without offending against manners and decency. This bold and uncommon turn is one of the chief graces of the Play."

Par. Still I suspect. "I *restore* him, when dead, from the shades below."[1] In what way?

Pam. You don't know, Parmeno, how much you have benefited me to-day, and from what troubles you have extricated me.

Par. Nay, but indeed I do know: and I did not do it without design.

Pam. I know that well enough (*ironically*).

Bacch. Could Parmeno, from negligence, omit any thing that ought to be done?

Pam. Follow me in, Parmeno.

Par. I'll follow; for my part, I have done more good to-day, without knowing it, than ever *I did*, knowingly, in all my life. (*Coming forward.*) Grant us your applause.[2]

[1] *From the shades below*)—Ver. 876. Parmeno says this, while pondering upon the meaning of all that is going on, and thereby expresses his impatience to become acquainted with it. He therefore repeats what Pamphilus has before said in the twelfth line of the present Act, about his having been restored from death to life by his agency.

[2] *Your applause*)—Ver. 881. We may here remark, that the Hecyra is the only one of the Plays of Terence with a single plot.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.

PERFORMED at the Roman Games,[1] L. Posthumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula being Curule Ædiles. L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Atilius Prænestinus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music to a base and a treble flute. It is wholly from the Greek, *being* the Epidicazomenos of Apollodorus. It was represented four times,[2] C. Fannius and M. Valerius being Consuls.[3]

[1] *The Roman Games*)—The "ludi Romani," or "Roman Games," were first established by Ancus Marcius, and were celebrated in the month of September.

[2] *Four times*)—The numerals signifying "four," Donatus takes to mean that this was the fourth Play composed by Terence; it is, however, more generally supposed that the meaning is, that it was acted four times in one year.

[3] *Being Consuls*)—M. Valerius Messala and C. Fannius Strabo were Consuls in the year from the Building of the City 591, and B.C. 162.

PHORMIO; OR, THE SCHEMING PARASITE.

THE SUMMARY OF C. SULPITIUS APOLLINARIS.

Demipho, the brother of Chremes, has gone abroad, his son Antipho being left at Athens. Chremes has secretly a wife and a daughter at Lemnos, another wife at Athens, and an only son, who loves a Music-girl. The mother arrives at Athens from Lemnos, *and there* dies. The girl, her orphan daughter, (Chremes being away,) arranges the funeral. After Antipho has fallen in love with her when seen there, through the aid of the Parasite he receives her as his wife. His father and Chremes, having *now* returned, *begin* to be enraged. Afterward they give thirty minæ to the Parasite, that he may take her *as his own* wife. With this money the Music-girl is bought *for Phædria*. Antipho *then* keeps his wife, who has been recognized by his uncle.

THE PROLOGUE.

Since the old Poet[1] can not withdraw *our* bard from his pursuits and reduce him to indolence, he endeavors, by invectives, to deter him from writing: for he is wont to say to this effect,—that the Plays which he has hitherto composed are poor in their language, and of meagre style; because he has nowhere described a frantic youth as seeing a hind in flight, and the hounds pursuing; while he implores[2] *and*

[1] *Since the old Poet*)—Ver. 1. He alludes to his old enemy, Luscus Lavinius, who is mentioned in all his Prologues, except those to the Hecyra.

[2] *While one implored*)—Ver. 8. "Et eam plorare, orare ut subveniat sibi." This is probably in allusion to some absurd passage in one of the Plays of Lavinius. It is generally supposed to mean, that the stag implores the young man; but as the youth is mad, the absurdity of the passage is heightened if we suppose that he implores the stag, and, in the moment of its own danger, entreats it to come to his own assistance; as certainly the Latin will admit of that interpretation.—Ovid has a somewhat similar passage in the Pontic Epistles, B. ii. Ep. ii. l. 39: "The hind that, in its terror, is flying from the savage dogs, hesitates not to trust itself to the neighboring house."

entreated that he would give her aid. But if he had been aware that *his Play*, when formerly first represented, stood its ground more through the merits of the performers than its own, he would attack with much less boldness than he does. Now, if there is any one who says or thinks to this effect, that if the old Poet had not assailed him first, the young one could have devised no Prologue for him to repeat, without having some one to abuse, let him receive this for an answer: "that the prize is proposed in common to all who apply to the Dramatic art." He has aimed at driving our Poet from his studies to *absolute* want; he *then* has intended this for an answer, not an attack. If he had opposed him with fair words, he would have heard himself civilly addressed; what has been given by him, let him consider as *now* returned. I will make an end of speaking about him, when, of his own accord, he himself makes an end of offending. Now give your attention to what I request. I present you a new Play, which they call "Epidicazomenos,"[1] in Greek: in the Latin, he calls it "Phormio;" because the person that acts the principal part is Phormio, a Parasite, through whom, principally, the plot will be carried on, if your favor attends the Poet. Lend your attention; in silence give an ear with impartial feelings, that we may not experience a like fortune to what we did, when, through a tumult, our Company was driven from the place;[2] which place, the merit of the actor, and your good-will and candor seconding it, has *since* restored unto us.

[1] *Epidicazomenos*)—Ver. 25. A Play of Apollodorus, so called from that Greek word, signifying "one who demands justice from another," in allusion to Phormio, who is the complainant in the suit, which is the foundation of the plot.

[2] *Was driven from the place*)—Ver. 32. Alluding, probably, to the disturbances which took place at the first representation of the Hecyra, and which are mentioned in the Prologues to that Play.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Davus,[1] *with a bag of money in his hand.*

Dav. Geta, my very good friend and fellow-townsman, came to me yesterday. There had been for some time a trifling balance of money of his in my hands upon a small account; *he asked me* to make it up. I have done so, *and* am carrying it to him. But I hear that his master's son has taken a wife; this, I suppose, is scraped together as a present for her. How unfair a custom!—that those who have the least should always be giving something to the more wealthy! That which the poor wretch has with difficulty spared, ounce by ounce, out of his allowance,[2] defrauding himself of every indulgence, the whole of it will she carry off, without thinking with how much labor it has been acquired. And then besides, Geta will be struck[3] for another present[4] when his mistress is brought to bed; and then again for another *present*, when the child's birthday comes; when they initiate him,[5] too: all this the mother will carry off; the child will *only* be the pretext for the present. But don't I see Geta there?

[1] *Davus*)—Davus is a protatic character, only introduced for the purpose of opening the story.

[2] *Out of his allowance*)—Ver. 43. Donatus tells us that the slaves received four "modii," or measures of corn, each month, which was called their "demensum."

[3] *Will be struck*)—Ver. 48. "Ferietur." "To strike" a person for a present was said when it was extorted from him reluctantly. So in the Trinummus of Plautus, l. 247, "Ibi illa pendentem ferit." "Then does she strike while he is wavering."

[4] *For another present*)—Ver. 48. Presents were usually made to persons on their birthday, on the day of their marriage, and on the birth of their children.

[5] *Initiate him*)—Ver. 49. It is not known what initiation is here referred to. Madame Dacier thinks it was an initiation into the great mysteries of Ceres, which was commonly performed while children were yet very young; others suggest that it means the period of weaning the child, and initiating it into the use of another kind of diet. Donatus says, that Varro speaks of children being initiated into the mysteries of the Deities Edulia, Potica, and Cuba, the Divinities of Eating, Drinking, and Sleeping.

Scene II.

Enter Geta, *from the house of* Demipho.

Geta (*at the door, to those within.*) If any red-haired man should inquire for me——

Dav. (*stepping forward.*) Here he is, say no more.

Geta (*starting.*) Oh! Why I was trying *to come* and meet you, Davus.

Dav. (*giving the money to* Geta.) Here, take it; it's *all* ready counted out;[1] the number just amounts to the sum I owed you.

Geta. I am obliged to you; and I return you thanks for not having forgotten me.

Dav. Especially as people's ways are nowadays; things are come to such a pass, if a person repays you any thing, you must be greatly obliged to him. But why are you out of spirits?

Geta. What, I? You little know what terror and peril I am in.

Dav. What's the matter?

Geta. You shall know, if you can only keep it secret.

Dav. Out upon you, simpleton; *the man*, whose trustworthiness you have experienced as to money, are you afraid to intrust with words? In what way have I any interest in deceiving you?

Geta. Well then, listen.

Dav. I give you my best attention.

Geta. Davus, do you know Chremes, the elder brother of our old gentleman?

Dav. Why should I not?

Geta. Well, *and* his son Phædria?

Dav. As well as your own self.

Geta. It *so* happened to both the old gentlemen, just at the same period, that the one had to take a journey to Lemnos, and our *old man* to Cilicia, to see an old acquaintance; he tempted over the old man by letters, promising *him* all but mountains of gold.

[1] *Ready counted out*)—Ver. 53. "Lectum," literally "picked out" or "chosen"—the coins being of full weight.

Dav. To one who had so much property, that he had more than he could use?

Geta. Do have done; that is his way.

Dav. Oh, *as for that*, I *really* ought to have been a man of fortune.

Geta. When departing hence, both the old gentlemen left me as a sort of tutor to their sons.

Dav. Ah, Geta, you undertook a hard task *there*.

Geta. I came to experience it, I know that. I'm quite sure that I was forsaken by my good Genius, who must have been angry with me.[1] I began to oppose them at first; *but* what need of talking? As long as I was trusty to the old men, I was paid for it in my shoulder-blades. This, then, occurred to my mind: why, this is folly to kick against the spur.[2] I began to do every thing for them that they wished to be humored in.

Dav. You knew how to make your market.[3]

Geta. Our *young fellow did* no mischief whatever at first; that Phædria at once picked up a certain damsel, a Music-girl, *and* fell in love with her to distraction. She belonged to a most abominable Procurer; and their fathers had taken good care that they should have nothing to give him. There remained nothing for him then but to feed his eyes, to follow her about, to escort her to the school,[4] and to escort her back again. We, having nothing to do, lent our aid to Phædria. Near the school at which she was taught, right opposite the

[1] *Have been angry with me*)—Ver. 74. He alludes to the common belief that each person had a Genius or Guardian Deity; and that when misfortune overtook him, he had been abandoned by his Genius.

[2] *Kick against the spur*)—Ver. 78. "To kick against the pricks," or "in spite of the spur," was a common Greek proverb. The expression occurs in the New Testament, Acts ix. 5. "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

[3] *To make your market*)—Ver. 79. This is a metaphorical expression taken from traffic, in which merchants suit themselves to the times, and fix a price on their commodities, according to the course of the market.

[4] *To the school*)—Ver. 86. It was the custom for the "lenones," or "procurers," to send their female slaves to music-schools, in order to learn accomplishments. So in the Prologue to the Rudens of Plautus: "This Procurer brought the maiden to Cyrene hither. A certain Athenian youth, a citizen of this city, beheld her as she was going home from the music-school."

place, there was a certain barber's shop: here we were generally in the habit of waiting for her, until she was coming home again. In the mean time, while *one day* we were sitting there, there came in a young man in tears;[1] we were surprised at this. We inquired what was the matter? "Never," said he, "has poverty appeared to me a burden so grievous and so insupportable as just now. I have just seen a certain poor young woman in this neighborhood lamenting her dead mother. She was laid out before her, and not a single friend, acquaintance, or relation was there with her, except one poor old woman, to assist her in the funeral: I pitied her. The girl herself was of surpassing beauty." What need of a long story? She moved us all. At once Antipho *exclaims*, "Would you like us to go and visit her?" The other *said*, "I think we ought—let us go—show us the way, please." We went, and arrived *there;* we saw her; the girl was beautiful, and that you might say so the more, there was no heightening to her beauty; her hair disheveled, her feet bare, herself neglected, and in tears; her dress mean, so that, had there not been an excess of beauty in her very charms, these circumstances must have extinguished those charms. The one who had lately fallen in love with the Music-girl said: "She is well enough;" but our *youth*——

Dav. I know it already—fell in love with her.

Geta. Can you imagine to what an extent? Observe the consequence. The day after, he goes straight to the old woman; entreats her to let him have her: she, on the other hand, refuses him, and says that he is not acting properly; that she is a citizen of Athens, virtuous, and born of honest *parents:* that if he wishes to make her his wife, he is at liberty to do so according to law; but if otherwise, she gives him a refusal. Our *youth* was at a loss what to do. He was both eager to marry her, and he dreaded his absent father.

[1] *Young man in tears*)—Ver. 92. In the Play of Apollodorus, it was the barber himself that gave the account how he had just returned from cutting off the young woman's hair, which was one of the usual ceremonies in mourning among the Greeks. Donatus remarks, that Terence altered this circumstance that he might not shock a Roman audience by a reference to manners so different from their own.

Dav. Would not his father, if he had returned, have given him leave?

Geta. He let him marry a girl with no fortune, and of obscure birth! He would never do *so*.

Dav. What came of it at last?

Geta. What came of it? There is one Phormio here, a Parasite, a fellow of great assurance; may all the Gods confound him!

Dav. What has he done?

Geta. He has given this piece of advice, which I will tell you of. "There is a law, that orphan girls are to marry those who are their next-of-kin; and the same law commands such persons to marry them. I'll say you are the next-of-kin, and take out a summons[1] against you; I'll pretend that I am a friend of the girl's father; we will come before the judges: who her father was, who her mother, how she is related to you—all this I'll trump up, just as will be advantageous and suited to my purpose; on your disproving none of these things, I shall prevail, of course. Your father will return; a quarrel will be the consequence; what care I? She will still be ours."

Dav. An amusing piece of assurance!

Geta. He was persuaded to this. It was carried out; they came *into court:* we were beaten. He has married her.

Dav. What is it you tell me?

Geta. Just what you have heard.

Dav. O Geta, what will become of you?

Geta. Upon my faith, I don't know; this one thing I do know, whatever fortune may bring, I'll bear it with firmness.

Dav. You please me; well, that is the duty of a man.

Geta. All my hope is in myself.

Dav. I commend you.

Geta. Suppose I have recourse to some one to intercede for me, who will plead for me in these terms: "Pray, do forgive him this time; but if after this *he does* any thing, I make no entreaty:" if only he doesn't add, "When I've gone, e'en kill him *for my part*."

Dav. What of the one who was usher to the Music-girl?[2]

[1] *Take out a summons*)—Ver. 127. "Dica" was the writ or summons with which an action at law was commenced.

[2] *Usher to the Music-girl*)—Ver. 144. This is said satirically of

Geta (*shrugging his shoulders.*) So so, but poorly.

Dav. Perhaps he hasn't much to give.

Geta. Why, really, nothing at all, except mere hopes.

Dav. Is his father come back or not?

Geta. Not yet.

Dav. Well, when do you expect your old man?

Geta. I don't know for certain; but I just now heard that a letter has been brought from him, and has been left with the officers of the customs: I'm going to fetch it.

Dav. Is there any thing else that you want with me, Geta?

Geta. *Nothing, but* that I wish you well. (*Exit* Davus.) Hark you, boy (*calling at the door*). Is nobody coming out here? (*A* Lad *comes out.*) Take this, *and* give it to Dorcium. (*He gives the purse to the* Lad, *who carries it into* Demipho's *house and exit* Geta.)

Scene III.

Enter Antipho *and* Phædria.

Ant. That things should have come to such a pass, Phædria, that I should be in utter dread of my father, who wishes me so well, whenever his return comes into my thoughts! Had I not been inconsiderate, I might have waited for him, as I ought to have done.

Phæd. What's the matter?

Ant. Do you ask the question? You, who have been my confederate in so bold an adventure? How I do wish it had never entered the mind of Phormio to persuade me to this, or to urge me in the heat of my passion to this step, which is the source of my misfortunes. *Then* I should not have obtained her; in that case I might have been uneasy for some *few* days; but still, this perpetual anxiety would not have been tormenting my mind (*touching* Phædria).

Phæd. I hear you.

Phædria, who was in the habit of escorting the girl to the music-school. It was the duty of the "pædagogi," or "tutors," to lead the children to school, who were placed under their care. See the speech of Lydus, the pædagogus of Pistoclerus, in the Bacchides of Plautus, Act iii. Sc. 3, where, enlarging upon his duties, he mentions this among them.

Ant. While I am every moment expecting his return, who is to sever from me this connection.[1]

Phæd. Other men feel uneasiness because they can not gain what they love; you complain because you have too much. You are surfeited with love, Antipho. Why, really, upon my faith, this situation of yours is surely one to be coveted and desired. So may the Gods kindly bless me, could I be at liberty to be so long in possession of the object of my love, I could contentedly die. Do you, then, form a judgment as to the rest, what I am now suffering from this privation, and what pleasure you enjoy from the possession of your desires; not to mention how, without *any* expense, you have obtained a well-born and genteel woman, and have got a wife of unblemished reputation: happy *you*, were not this one thing wanting, a mind capable of bearing all this with moderation. If you had to deal with that Procurer with whom I have to deal, then you would *soon* be sensible of it. We are mostly all of us inclined by nature to be dissatisfied with our lot.

Ant. Still, on the other hand, Phædria, you now seem to me the fortunate man, who still have the liberty, without restraint, of resolving on what pleases you best: *whether* to keep, to love on, *or* to give her up. I, unfortunately, have got myself into that position, that I have neither right[2] to give her up, nor liberty to retain her. But how's this? Is it our Geta I see running this way? 'Tis he himself. Alas! I'm dreadfully afraid what news it is he's now bringing me.

Scene IV.

Enter Geta, *running, at the other side of the stage.*

Geta (*to himself.*) Geta, you are undone, unless you instantly find out some expedient; so suddenly do such mighty evils now threaten me thus unprepared, which I neither know how to shun, nor how to extricate myself therefrom; for this

[1] *Sever from me this connection*)—Ver. 161. By forcing him to divorce her.

[2] *Neither right*)—Ver. 176. No right to get rid of her in consequence of the judgment which, at the suit of Phormio, has been pronounced against him; nor yet, right to keep her, because of his father insisting upon turning her out of doors.

daring step of ours can not now any longer be kept a secret. If such a result is not adroitly guarded against, these matters will cause the ruin of myself, or of my master.

ANT. (*to* PHÆDRIA.) Why, I wonder, is he coming in such fright?

GETA (*to himself.*) Besides, I've but a moment left for this matter—my master's close at hand.

ANT. (*to* PHÆDRIA.) What mischief is this?

GETA (*to himself.*) When he comes to hear of it, what remedy shall I discover for his anger? Am I to speak? I shall irritate him: be silent? I shall provoke him: excuse myself? I should be washing a brickbat.[1] Alas! unfortunate me! While I am trembling for myself, this Antipho distracts my mind. I am concerned for him; I'm in dread for him: 'tis he that now keeps me here; for had it not been for him, I should have made due provision for my safety, and have taken vengeance on the old man for his crabbedness; I should have scraped up something, and straightway taken to my heels away from here.

ANT. (*to* PHÆDRIA.) I wonder what running away or theft it is that he's planning.

GETA (*to himself.*) But where shall I find Antipho, or which way go look for him?

PHÆD. (*to* ANTIPHO.) He's mentioning your name.

ANT. (*to* PHÆDRIA.) I know not what great misfortune I expect to hear from this messenger.

PHÆD. (*to* ANTIPHO.) Why, are you in your senses?

GETA (*to himself.*) I'll make my way homeward; he's generally there.

PHÆD. (*to* ANTIPHO.) Let's call the fellow back.

ANT. (*calling out.*) Stop, this instant.

GETA (*turning round.*) Heyday—with authority enough, whoever you are.

ANT. Geta!

GETA. The very person I wanted to find.

[1] *Be washing a brickbat*)—Ver. 187. "Laterem lavare," "to wash a brick," or "tile," was a proverb signifying labor in vain, probably because (if the brick was previously baked) it was impossible to wash away the red color of it. According to some, the saying alluded to the act of washing a brick which had been only dried in the sun, in which case the party so doing both washed away the brick and soiled his own fingers.

ANT. Pray, tell me what news you bring, and dispatch it in *one* word, if you can.

GETA. I'll do *so*.

ANT. Out with it.

GETA. Just now, at the harbor——

ANT. What, my *father*——?

GETA. You've hit it.

ANT. Ruined outright!

PHÆD. Pshaw!

ANT. What am I to do?

PHÆD. (*to* GETA.) What is it you say?

GETA. That I have seen his father, your uncle.

ANT. How am I, wretch that I am, now to find a remedy for this sudden misfortune? But if it should be my fortune, Phanium, to be torn away from you, life would cease to be desirable.

GETA. Therefore, Antipho, since matters are thus, the more need have you to be on your guard; fortune helps the brave.

ANT. I am not myself.

GETA. But just now it is especially necessary you should be so, Antipho; for if your father perceives that you are alarmed, he will think that you have been guilty of some fault.

PHÆD. That's true.

ANT. I can not change.

GETA. What would you do, if now something else still more difficult had to be done by you?

ANT. As I am not equal to this, I should be still less so to the other.

GETA. This is doing nothing at all, Phædria, let's be gone; why do we waste our time here to no purpose. I shall be off.

PHÆD. And I too. (*They move as if going.*)

ANT. Pray, now, if I assume an air, will that do? (*He endeavors to assume another air.*)

GETA. You are trifling.

ANT. Look at my countenance—there's for you. (*Assuming a different air.*) Will that do?

GETA. No.

ANT. Well, will this? (*Assuming another air.*)

GETA. Pretty well.

Ant. Well then, this? (*Assuming a still bolder air.*)

Geta. That's just the thing. There now, keep to that, and answer him word for word, like for like; don't let him, in his anger, disconcert you with his blustering words.

Ant. I understand.

Geta. *Say* that you were forced against your will by law, by sentence of the court; do you take me? (*Looking earnestly in one direction.*) But who is the old man that I see at the end of the street?

Ant. 'Tis he himself. I can not stand it. (*Going.*)

Geta. Oh! What are you about? Whither are you going, Antipho? Stop, I tell you.

Ant. I know my own self and my offense; to your management I trust Phanium and my own existence.

(*Exit hastily.*

Scene V.

Phædria *and* Geta.

Phæd. Geta, what's to be done now?

Geta. You will just hear some harsh language: I shall be trussed up and trounced, if I am not somewhat mistaken. But what we were just now advising Antipho to do, the same we must do ourselves, Phædria.

Phæd. Away with your "musts;" rather do you command me what I am to do.

Geta. Do you remember what were your words formerly on our entering upon this project, with the view of protecting yourselves from ill consequences—that their cause was just, clear, unanswerable, *and* most righteous?

Phæd. I remember it.

Geta. Well then, now there's need of that *plea*, or of one still better and more plausible, if such there can be.

Phæd. I'll use my best endeavors.

Geta. Do you then accost him first; I'll be here in reserve,[1] by way of reinforcement, if you give ground at all.

Phæd. Very well. (*They retire to a distance.*)

[1] *Here in reserve*)—Ver. 230. "Succenturiatus." The "succenturiati" were, properly, men intrusted to fill up vacancies in the centuries or companies, when thinned by battle.

Scene VI.

Enter Demipho, *at the other side of the stage.*

Dem. (*to himself.*) And is it possible that Antipho has taken a wife without my consent? and that no authority of mine—but let alone "authority"[1]—no displeasure of mine, at all events, has he been in dread of? To have no sense of shame! O audacious conduct! O Geta, *rare* adviser!

Geta (*apart to* Phædria.) Just *brought in* at last.

Dem. What will they say to me, or what excuse will they find? I wonder much.

Geta (*apart.*) Why, I've found that out already; do think of something else.

Dem. Will he be saying this to me: "I did it against my will; the law compelled me?" I hear *you*, *and* admit it.

Geta (*apart.*) Well said!

Dem. But knowingly, in silence, to give up the cause to his adversaries—did the law oblige him to do that as well?

Geta (*apart.*) That is a hard *blow*.

Phæd. I'll clear that up; let me alone *for that*.

Dem. It is a matter of doubt what I am to do; for beyond expectation, and quite past all belief, has this befallen me. So enraged am I, that I can not compose my mind to think *upon it*. Wherefore it is the duty of all persons, when affairs are the most prosperous,[2] then in especial to reflect within themselves in what way they are to endure adversity. Returning from abroad, let him always picture to himself dangers and losses, either offenses committed by a son, or the death of his wife, or the sickness of a daughter,—that these things are the common lot, so that no one of them may ever come as a surprise upon his feelings. Whatever falls out beyond his hopes, all that he must look upon as so much gain.

[1] *Let alone "authority"*)—Ver. 232. "Ac mitto imperium." Cicero has quoted this passage in his Epistles to Atticus, B. ii. Ep. 19.

[2] *When affairs are the most prosperous*)—Ver. 241. Cicero quotes this passage in the Third Book of his Tusculan Questions, and the maxim here inculcated was a favorite one with the Stoic philosophers.

Geta (*apart.*) O Phædria, it is incredible how much I surpass my master in wisdom. All my misfortunes have been *already* calculated upon by me, upon my master coming home. I must grind at the mill, be beaten, wear fetters, be set to work in the fields; not one individual thing of these will happen unexpected by my mind. Whatever falls out beyond my expectations, all that I shall look upon as so much gain. But why do you hesitate to accost him, and soften him at the outset with fair words? (Phædria *goes forward to accost* Demipho.)

Dem. (*to himself.*) I see Phædria, my brother's son, coming toward me.

Phæd. My uncle, welcome!

Dem. Greetings to you; but where is Antipho?

Phæd. That you have arrived in safety——

Dem. I believe it; answer my question.

Phæd. He is well; he's close at hand; but is every thing quite to your wishes?

Dem. I wish it was so, indeed.

Phæd. What's the matter?

Dem. Do you ask me, Phædria? You *people* have cooked up a fine marriage in my absence.

Phæd. What now, are you angry with him for that?

Geta (*apart.*) What a clever contriver!

Dem. Have I not reason to be angry with him? I long for him to come into my sight, that he may know that through his faultiness, from being a mild father, I am become a most severe one.

Phæd. But he has done nothing, uncle, for which you should blame him.

Dem. Now, do look at that; all alike; all hanging together; when you know one, you know all.

Phæd. That is not the case.

Dem. When the one is in fault, the other is at hand to defend him; when it is the other, *then* he is ready; they *just* help one another by turns.

Geta (*apart.*) The old man, without knowing it, has exactly described their proceedings.

Dem. For if it had not been so, you would not, Phædria, have stood up for him.

Phæd. If, uncle, it is *the fact*, that Antipho has been

guilty of any fault, in consequence of which he has been too regardless of his interest or his reputation, I would not allege any reason why he should not suffer what he deserves. But if some one by chance, relying upon his own artfulness, has laid a snare for our youthful age, and has succeeded, is it our fault or *that* of the judges, who often, through envy, take away from the rich, or, through compassion, award to the poor?

GETA (*apart.*) Unless I knew the case, I could fancy he was saying the truth.

DEM. Is there any judge who can possibly know your rights, when you yourself don't answer a word—as he has done?

PHÆD. He acted the part of an ingenuous young man; after they had come before the judges, he was not able to say what he had intended, so much did his modesty confuse him there through his bashfulness.

GETA (*apart.*) I commend him: but why do I hesitate at once to accost the old man? (*Going forward to* DEMIPHO.) Master, welcome to you! I'm glad to see you safe returned.

DEM. (*ironically.*) Ah, excellent guardian! save you, stay of my family, no doubt, to whom, at my departure, I intrusted my son.

GETA. For some minutes past I've heard you accusing all of us undeservedly; and me the most undeservedly of them all; for what would you have had me do for you in this affair? The laws do not allow a person who is a slave to plead; nor is there any giving evidence[1] *on his part.*

DEM. I grant all that: I admit this too—the young man, unused to courts, was bashful; I allow it: you, *too, are* a slave: still, if she was ever so near a relative, it was not necessary *for him* to marry her, but as the law enjoins, you might have given her a portion;[2] she could have looked out for another husband. Why, then, in preference, did he bring a pauper home?

[1] *Any giving evidence*)—Ver. 293. Slaves were neither allowed to plead for themselves, nor to give evidence. See the Curculio of Plautus, l. 621, and the Notes to the Andria.

[2] *Given her a portion*)—Ver. 297. By this remark, Donatus observes that Terence artfully prepares us for the imposition of Phormio, who extorts money from the old gentleman on this very ground.

GETA. No *particular* reason; but he hadn't the money.

DEM. He might have borrowed it from some person or other.

GETA. From some person or other? Nothing more easily said.

DEM. After all, if on no other terms, on interest.

GETA. Aye, aye, fine talking; as if any one would have trusted him, while you were living.[1]

DEM. No, it shall not be so; it must not be. Ought I to allow her to remain with him as his wife a single day? She merits no indulgence. I should like this fellow to be pointed out to me, or to be shown where he lives.

GETA. Phormio, do you mean?

DEM. That fellow, the woman's next friend?[2]

GETA. I'll have him here immediately.

DEM. Where is Antiphō at present?

GETA. Away from home.

DEM. Go, Phædria, look for him, and bring him here.

PHÆD. I'll go straightway to the place.

GETA (*aside.*) To Pamphila, you mean.

(*Exeunt* PHÆDRIA *and* GETA.

SCENE VII.

DEMIPHO, *alone.*

DEM. (*to himself.*) I'll just step home to salute the household Gods.[3] From there, I'll go to the Forum, and sum-

[1] *While you were living*)—Ver. 302. There was a law at Athens which enacted that persons who lent money to young men in the lifetime of their parents should have no power to recover it. In line 303 of the Pseudolus, Plautus alludes to the Quinavicenarian or Lætorian Law, at Rome, which forbade credit to be given to persons under the age of twenty-five years, and deprived the creditor of all right to recover his money or goods.

[2] *The woman's next friend*)—Ver. 307. The "patronus" was the person who undertook to conduct a lawsuit for another.

[3] *Salute the household Gods*)—Ver. 311. It was the custom for those returning from a voyage or journey, to give thanks to their household Gods for having protected them in their absence. Thus, in the Amphitryon of Plautus, Jupiter, while personating Amphitryon, pretends, in l. 983, that he is going to offer sacrifice for his safe return.

mon some of my friends to give me their assistance in this affair; so that I may not be unprepared, when Phormio comes. (*Goes into his house.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter PHORMIO *and* GETA.

PHOR. And so you say[1] that, dreading his father's presence, he has taken himself off?

GETA. Exactly so.

PHOR. That Phanium is left alone?

GETA. Just so.

PHOR. And that the old man is in a rage?

GETA. Extremely so.

PHOR. The whole business, Phormio, rests on yourself alone; you yourself have hashed it up;[2] it must all be swallowed by yourself, *so* set about it.

GETA. I entreat you——

PHOR. (*to himself.*) If he inquires.

GETA. In you is *all* our hope.

PHOR. (*to himself.*) Look at this, now:—What if he sends her back?

GETA. It was you that urged us.

[1] *And so you say*)—Ver. 315. Donatus tells the following story with reference to this passage: "This Play being once rehearsed before Terence and some of his most intimate acquaintances, Ambivius, who acted the part of Phormio, came in drunk, which threw the author into a violent passion; but Ambivius had scarcely repeated a few lines, stammering and scratching his head, before Terence became pacified, declaring that when he was writing these very lines, he had exactly such a Parasite as Ambivius then represented, in his thoughts."

[2] *Have hashed it up*)—Ver. 318. He is thought to allude here, figuratively, to the composition of a dish called "moretum," (in praise of which Virgil wrote a poem,) which was composed of garlic, onions, cheese, eggs, and other ingredients, beaten up in a mortar. The allusion to eating is appropriately used in an address to a Parasite.

Phor. (*to himself.*) I think that will do.

Geta. Do help us.

Phor. (*with alacrity.*) Let the old gentleman come; all my plans are now ready prepared in my mind.

Geta. What will you do?

Phor. What would you have me? But that Phanium may continue *with him*, and that I may clear Antipho from this charge, and turn upon myself[1] all the wrath of the old gentleman?

Geta. O brave and kind man! But, Phormio, I often dread lest this courage may end in the stocks at last.[2]

Phor. Oh, by no means; I've made trial, and have already pondered on the paths for my feet. How many men before to-day do you suppose I have beaten, even to death, strangers as well as citizens: the better I understand it, the oftener I try it. Just tell me, look you, did you ever hear of an action of damages being brought against me?

Geta. How *is* that?

Phor. Because the net is never spread for the hawk or the kite, that do us the mischief; it is spread for those that do us none: because in the last there is profit, while with the others it is labor lost. For persons, out of whom any thing can be got, there's risk from others; they know that I've got nothing. You will say: "They will take you,[3] when sentenced, into their house;" they have no wish to maintain a devouring fellow; and, in my opinion, they are wise, if for an injury they are unwilling to return the highest benefits.

[1] *Turn upon myself*)—Ver. 323. Donatus observes that in this Scene Terence exhibits the lower order of Parasites, who ingratiated themselves by sharping and roguery, as in the Eunuchus he describes Parasites of a higher rank, and of a newer species, who obtained their ends by flattery.

[2] *In the stocks at last*)—Ver. 325. "In nervum crumpat denique." There are several interpretations suggested for these words. Some think they allude to the drawing of a bow till it breaks; but they are more generally thought to imply termination in corporal punishment. "Nervus" is supposed to have been the name of a kind of stocks used in torturing slaves, and so called from being formed, in part at least, of the sinews of animals.

[3] *They will take you*)—Ver. 331. At Rome, insolvent debtors became the slaves of their creditors till their debts were paid.

GETA. It's impossible that sufficient thanks can be returned you by him for your kindness.

PHOR. Why no; no person can return thanks sufficient to his patron[1] for his kindness. For you to take your place *at table* at free cost,[2] anointed and just washed at the bath, with your mind at ease, whereas he is devoured with the care and expense: while every thing is being done to give you delight, he is being vexed at heart; you are laughing away, first to drink,[3] take the higher place; a banquet full of doubts[4] is placed before you——

GETA. What is the meaning of that expression?

PHOR. When you are in doubt which in especial to partake of. When you enter upon a consideration how delicious these things are, and how costly they are, the person who provides them, must you not account him a very God—neither more nor less?

GETA. The old man is coming; take care what you are about; the first onset is the fiercest; if you stand that, then, afterward, you may play just as you please. (*They retire to a distance.*)

SCENE II.

Enter, at a distance, DEMIPHO, HEGIO, CRATINUS, *and* CRITO, *following him.*

DEM. Well now—did you ever hear of an injury being done to any person in a more affronting manner than this has to me? Assist me, I do beg of you.

GETA (*apart.*) He's in a passion.

[1] *To his patron*)—Ver. 338. "Regi." The Parasites were in the habit of calling their patron "Rex," their "King."

[2] *At free cost*)—Ver. 339. "Asymbolum." Without having paid his "symbola," or "club," for the entertainment. Donatus informs us that the whole of this passage is borrowed from one of Ennius, which is still preserved.

[3] *First to drink*)—Ver. 342. To be the first to drink, and to take the higher place on the couch when eating, was the privilege of the most honored guests, who usually bathed, and were then anointed before the repast.

[4] *Banquet full of doubts*)—Ver. 342. "Cœna dubia." Horace, who borrows many of his phrases from Terence, uses the same expression.

PHOR. (*apart.*) Do you mind your cue; I'll rouse him just now. (*Stepping forward and crying aloud.*) Oh immortal Gods! does Demipho deny that Phanium here is related to him?

GETA. He does deny it.

DEM. (*to his friends.*) I believe it is the very man I was speaking about. Follow me. (*They all come forward.*)

PHOR. (*to* GETA.) And that he knows who her father was?

GETA. He does deny it.

PHOR. And that he knows who Stilpho was?

GETA. He does deny it.

PHOR. Because the poor thing was left destitute, her father is disowned; she herself is slighted: see what avarice does.

GETA (*in a loud voice.*) If you are going to accuse my master of avarice, you shall hear what you won't like.

DEM. Oh, the impudence *of the fellow!* Does he come on purpose to accuse me?

PHOR. For really, I have no reason why I should be offended at the young man, if he did not know him; since that person, when growing aged *and* poor, and supporting himself by his labor, generally confined himself to the country; there he had a piece of land from my father to cultivate; full oft, in the mean time, did the old man tell me that this kinsman of his neglected him: but what a man? The very best I *ever* saw in *all* my life.

GETA (*in a loud voice.*) Look to yourself as well as to him, how you speak.

PHOR. (*with affected indignation.*) Away, to utter perdition, *with you.* For if I had not formed such an opinion of him, I should never have incurred such enmity with your family on her account, whom he now slights in such an ungenerous manner.

GETA (*aloud.*) What, do you persist in speaking abusively of my master in his absence, you most abominable fellow?

PHOR. Why, it's *just* what he deserves.

GETA (*aloud.*) Say you so, you jail-bird?

DEM. (*calling aloud.*) Geta!

GETA (*aloud.*) A plunderer of people's property—a perverter of the laws!

DEM. (*calling aloud.*) Geta!

PHOR. (*apart, in a low voice.*) Answer him.

GETA. Who is it? (*Looking round.*) Oh!——

DEM. Hold your peace.

GETA. He has never left off uttering abuse against you behind your back, unworthy of you, and *just* befitting himself.

DEM. Well now, have done. (*Addressing* PHORMIO.) Young man, in the first place, with your good leave, I ask you this, if you may possibly be pleased to give me an answer: explain to me who this friend of yours was, that you speak of, and how he said that he was related to me.

PHOR. (*sneeringly.*) You are fishing it out, just as if you didn't know.

DEM. I, know?

PHOR. Yes.

DEM. I say I do not; you, who affirm it, recall it to my recollection.

PHOR. Come now, didn't you know your own cousin-german?

DEM. You torture me to death; tell me his name.

PHOR. His name?

DEM. Of course. (PHORMIO *hesitates.*) Why are you silent now?

PHOR. (*aside.*) Heavens, I'm undone; I've forgot the name.

DEM. Well, what do you say?

PHOR. (*aside, to* GETA.) Geta, if you recollect the *name* I told you a short time since, prompt me. (*Aloud, to* DEMIPHO.) Well then, I sha'n't tell you; as if you didn't know, you come to pump me.

DEM. I, come to pump you, indeed?

GETA (*whispering to* PHORMIO.) Stilpho.

PHOR. But, after all, what matters that to me? It is Stilpho.

DEM. Whom did you say?

PHOR. Stilpho, I tell you; you knew him.

DEM. I neither know him, nor had I ever any relation of that name.

PHOR. Say you so? Are you not ashamed of this? But if he had left you ten talents——

DEM. May the Gods confound you!

PHOR. You'd have been the first, from memory, to trace

your line of kindred, even as far back as from grandfather and great-grandfather.

Dem. Very likely what you say. In that case, when I had undertaken it, I should have shown how she was related to me; do you do the same: tell me, how is she related to me?

Geta. Well done, my *master*, that's right! (*Threateningly to* Phormio.) Hark you, take you care.

Phor. I've already made the matter quite plain where I ought, before the judges; besides, if it was untrue, why didn't your son disprove it?

Dem. Do you talk about my son to me? Of whose folly there is no speaking in the language it deserves.

Phor. Then do you, who are so wise, go to the magistrates, that for you they may give a second decision in the same cause, since you reign alone[1] *here*, and are the only man allowed to get a second trial in the same cause.

Dem. Although wrong has been done me, still, however, rather than engage in litigation, or listen to you, just as though she had been my relation, *as* the law orders one to find her a portion, rid me of her, *and* take five minæ.

Phor. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! a pleasant individual!

Dem. Well! am I asking any thing unfair? Or am I not to obtain even this, which is my right at common law?

Phor. Pray, really is it so, that when you have abused her like a courtesan, the law orders you to pay her hire and pack her off? Or *is it* the fact, that in order that a citizen may bring no disgrace upon herself through poverty, she has been ordered to be given to her nearest relative, to pass her life with him alone? *A thing* which you mean to prevent.

Dem. Yes, to her nearest relative, indeed; but why to us, or on what ground?

Phor. Well, well, a thing tried, they say, you can't try over *again*.

Dem. Not try it? On the contrary, I shall not desist until I have gone through with it.

Phor. You are trifling.

[1] *Since you reign alone*)—Ver. 605. This is a remark well put into the mouth of an Athenian, as the public were very jealous of any person becoming paramount to the laws, and to prevent it, were frequently guilty of the most odious oppression.

Dem. Only let me alone *for that.*

Phor. In short, Demipho, I have nothing to do with you; your son has been cast, *and* not you; for your time of life for marrying has now gone by.

Dem. Consider that it is he that says to you all I now say, or else assuredly, together with this wife *of his,* I'll be forbidding him the house.

Geta (*aside.*) He's in a passion.

Phor. You'll be acting more considerately.

Dem. Are you so resolved, you unlucky fellow, to do me all the mischief you can?

Phor. (*aside, to* Geta.) He's afraid of us, although he's so careful to conceal it.

Geta (*aside, to* Phormio.) Your beginning has turned out well.

Phor. But if, on the contrary, you endure what must be endured, you'll be doing what's worthy of you, so that we may be on friendly terms.

Dem. (*indignantly.*) What, I seek your friendship, or have any wish to see or hear you?

Phor. If you can agree with her, you will have some one to cheer up your old age; *just* consider your time of life.

Dem. Let her cheer up yourself; keep her to yourself.

Phor. Really, do moderate your passion.

Dem. Mark what I say. There have been words enough already; if you don't make haste to fetch away the woman, I shall turn her out: I have said it, Phormio.

Phor. If you use her in any other manner than is befitting a free-born woman, I shall be bringing a swinging action against you: I have said it, Demipho. (*To* Geta.) Hark you, if there should be any occasion for me, I shall be at home.

Geta (*apart.*) I understand you. (*Exit* Phormio.

Scene III.

Demipho, Hegio, Cratinus, Crito, *and* Geta.

Dem. What care and anxiety my son does bring upon me, by entangling himself and me in this same marriage! And he doesn't *so much as* come into my sight, that at least I might know what he says about this matter, or what his

sentiments are. (*To* Geta.) Be off, go see whether he has returned home or not by this.

Geta. I will. (*Goes into the house.*)

Dem. (*to the* Assistants.) You see how the case stands. What am I to do? Tell *me*, Hegio.

Heg. What, I? I think Cratinus *ought*, if it seems good to you.

Dem. Tell *me*, Cratinus.

Crat. What, do you wish me to speak? I should like you to do what is most for your advantage; it is my opinion, that what this son of yours has done in your absence, in law and justice ought to be annulled; and that you'll obtain redress. That's my opinion.

Dem. Say now, Hegio.

Heg. I believe that he has spoken with due deliberation; but it is the fact, "as many men, so many minds;"[1] every one his own way. It doesn't appear to me that what has been done by law can be revoked; and it is wrong to attempt it.

Dem. Speak, Crito.

Crit. I am of opinion that we must deliberate further;[2] it is a matter of importance.

Heg. Do you want any thing further with us?

Dem. You have done very well. (*Exeunt* Assistants.) I am much more at a loss[3] than before.

[1] *So many minds*)—Ver. 454. "Quot homines, tot sententiæ." This is a famous adage. One similar to the succeeding one is found in the Second Eclogue of Virgil, l. 65: "Trahit sua quemque voluptas," exactly equivalent to our saying, "Every man to his taste."

[2] *Must deliberate further*)—Ver. 457. "Amplius deliberandum." This is probably a satirical allusion to the judicial system of procrastination, which, by the Romans, was called "ampliatio." When the judges could not come to a satisfactory conclusion about a cause, they signified it by the letters N. L. (for "non liquet," "it is not clear"), and put off the suit for a rehearing.

[3] *Much more at a loss*)—Ver. 459. See the Pœnulus of Plautus, where advocates or assistants are introduced among the Dramatic Personæ. Colman has the following remarks on this quaint passage: "I believe there is no Scene in Comedy more highly seasoned with the *ridiculous* than this before us. The idea is truly comic, and it is worked up with all that simplicity and chastity so peculiar to the manner of Terence. An ordinary writer would have indulged himself in twenty little conceits on this occasion; but the dry gravity of Terence infinitely surpasses, as true humor, all the drolleries which, perhaps, even those great masters

Re-enter GETA, *from the house.*

GETA. They say that he has not come back.

DEM. I must wait for my brother. The advice that he gives me about this matter, I shall follow. I'll go make inquiry at the harbor, when he is to come back. (*Exit.*

GETA. And I'll go look for Antipho, that he may learn what has passed here. But look, I see him coming this way, just in the very nick of time.

SCENE IV.

Enter ANTIPHO, *at a distance.*

ANT. (*to himself.*) Indeed, Antipho, in many ways you are to be blamed for these feelings; to have thus run away, and intrusted your existence to the protection of other people. Did you suppose that others would give more attention to your interests than your own self? For, however other matters stood, certainly you should have thought of her whom you have now at home, that she might not suffer any harm in consequence of her confiding in you, whose hopes and resources, poor thing, are all now centred in yourself alone.

GETA (*coming forward.*) Why really, master, we have for some time been censuring you here in your absence, for having *thus* gone away.

ANT. You are the very person I was looking for.

GETA. But still, we were not a bit the more remiss on that account.

ANT. Tell me, I beg of you, in what posture are my interests and fortunes. Has my father any suspicion?

GETA. Not any at present.

ANT. Is there still any hope?

GETA. I don't know.

ANT. Alas!

of Comedy, Plautus or Molière, might have been tempted to throw out. It is the highest art of a Dramatic Author, on some occasions, to leave a good deal to the Actor; and it has been remarked by Heinsius and others, that Terence was particularly attentive to this circumstance."

Geta. But Phædria has not neglected to use his endeavors in your behalf.

Ant. He did nothing new.

Geta. Then Phormio, too, in this matter, just as in every thing else, showed himself a man of energy.

Ant. What did he do?

Geta. With his words he silenced the old man, who was very angry.

Ant. Well done, Phormio!

Geta. I, too, *did* all I could.

Ant. My *dear* Geta, I love you all.

Geta. The commencement is just in this position, as I tell you: matters, at present, are going on smoothly, and your father intends to wait for your uncle till he arrives.

Ant. Why him?

Geta. He said he was wishful to act by his advice, in all that relates to this business.

Ant. How greatly now, Geta, I do dread my uncle's safe arrival! For, according to his single sentence, from what I hear, I am to live or die.

Geta. Here comes Phædria.

Ant. Where is he, pray?

Geta. See, he's coming from his place of exercise.[1]

Scene V.

Enter from Dorio's *house*, Dorio, *followed by* Phædria.

Phæd. Prithee, hear me, Dorio.

Dor. I'll not hear you.

Phæd. Only a moment.

Dor. Let me alone.

Phæd. Do hear what I have to say.

Dor. Why really I am tired of hearing the same thing a thousand times over.

Phæd. But now, I have something to tell you that you'll hear with pleasure.

Dor. Speak *then;* I'm listening.

[1] *From his place of exercise*)—Ver. 481. "Palæstra." He alludes to the Procurer's house under this name.

PHÆD. Can I not prevail on you to wait for only three days? Whither are you going now?

DOR. I was wondering if you had any thing new to offer.

ANT. (*apart, to* GETA.) I'm afraid for this Procurer, lest—

GETA (*apart, to* ANTIPHO.) Something may befall his own safety.[1]

PHÆD. You don't believe me?

DOR. You guess right.

PHÆD. But if I pledge my word.

DOR. Nonsense!

PHÆD. You will have reason to say that this kindness was well laid out by you on interest.

DOR. Stuff!

PHÆD. Believe me, you will be glad you did so; upon my faith, it is the truth.

DOR. *Mere* dreams!

PHÆD. Do but try; the time is not long.

DOR. The same story over again.

PHÆD. You *will be* my kinsman, my father, my friend; you——

DOR. Now, do prate on.

PHÆD. For you to be of a disposition so harsh and inexorable, that neither by pity nor by entreaties can you be softened!

DOR. For you to be of a disposition so unreasonable and so unconscionable, Phædria, that you can be talking me over with fine words,[2] and be for amusing yourself with what's my property for nothing!

ANT. (*apart, to* GETA.) I am sorry for him.

PHÆD. (*aside.*) Alas! I feel it to be too true.

GETA (*apart, to* ANTIPHO.) How well each keeps up to his character!

[1] *Befall his own safety*)—Ver. 490. Overhearing Phædria earnest and determined, and the Procurer obstinate and inflexible, Antipho and Geta join in apprehending that the brutality of the latter may provoke Phædria to some act of violence.

[2] *With fine words*)—Ver. 499. "Phaleratis dictis." "Phaleræ" were, properly, the silver ornaments with which horses were decked out, and being only for show, and not for use, gave rise to this saying. "Ductes" was an obscene word, and not likely to be used by any but such characters as Dorio.

PHÆD. (*to himself.*) And would that this misfortune had not befallen me at a time when Antipho was occupied with other cares as well.

ANT. (*coming forward.*) Ah Phædria, why, what is the matter?

PHÆD. O most fortunate Antipho!

ANT. What, I?

PHÆD. To have in your possession the object of your love, and have no occasion to encounter such a nuisance as this.

ANT. What I, in my possession? Why yes, as the saying is, I've got a wolf by the ears;[1] for I neither know how to get rid of her, nor yet how to keep her.

DOR. That's just my case with regard to him (*pointing to* PHÆDRIA).

ANT. (*to* DORIO.) Aye, aye, don't you show too little of the Procurer. (*To* PHÆDRIA.) What has he been doing?

PHÆD. What, he? Acting the part of a most inhuman fellow; been and sold my Pamphila.

GETA. What! Sold her?

ANT. Sold her, say you?

PHÆD. Sold her.

DOR. (*ironically.*) What a shocking crime—a wench bought with one's own money!

PHÆD. I can not prevail upon him to wait for me the next three days, and *so far* break off the bargain with the person, while I get the money from my friends, which has been promised *me;* if I don't give it him then, let him not wait a single hour longer.

DOR. Very good.

ANT. It's not a long time that he asks, Dorio; do let him prevail upon you; he'll pay you two-fold for having acted to him thus obligingly.

DOR. *Mere* words!

ANT. Will you allow Pamphila to be carried away from this place? *And* then, besides, can you possibly allow their love to be severed asunder?

DOR. Neither I nor you *cause that.*

[1] *A wolf by the ears*)—Ver. 505. A proverbial expression which, according to Suetonius, was frequently in the mouth of Tiberius Cæsar.

Geta. May all the Gods grant you what you are deserving of!

Dor. I have borne with you for several months quite against my inclination; promising *and* whimpering, and *yet* bringing nothing; now, on the other hand, I have found one to pay, and not be sniveling; give place to your betters.

Ant. I' faith, there surely was a day named, if I remember right, for you to pay him.

Phæd. *It* is the fact.

Dor. Do I deny it?

Ant. Is that *day* past, then?

Dor. No; but this one has come before it.

Ant. Are you not ashamed of your perfidy?

Dor. Not at all, so long as it is for my interest.

Geta. Dunghill!

Phæd. Dorio, is it right, pray, for you to act thus?

Dor. It is my way; if I suit you, make use of me.

Ant. Do you try to trifle with him (*pointing to* Phædria) in this manner?

Dor. Why really, on the contrary, Antipho, it's he trifling with me, for he knew me to be a person of this sort; I supposed him to be quite a different man; he has deceived me; I'm not a bit different to him from what I was *before*. But however that may be, I'll yet do this; the captain has said, that to-morrow morning he will pay me the money; if you bring it me before that, Phædria, I'll follow my rule, that he is the first served who is the first to pay. Farewell! (*Goes into his house.*)

Scene VI.

Phædria, Antipho, *and* Geta.

Phæd. What am I to do? Wretch that I am! where am I now in this emergency to raise the money for him, *I*, who am worse than nothing? If it had been possible for these three days to be obtained of him, it was promised me *by then*.

Ant. Geta, shall we suffer him to continue thus wretched, when he so lately assisted me in the kind way you were mentioning? On the contrary, why not, as there's need of it, try to do him a kindness in return?

GETA. For my part, I'm sure it is *but* fair.

ANT. Come then, you are the only man able to serve him.

GETA. What can I do?

ANT. Procure the money.

GETA. I wish I could; but where *it is to come* from—tell me that.

ANT. My father has come home.

GETA. I know; but what of that?

ANT. Oh, a word to the wise[1] is quite enough.

GETA. Is that it, then?

ANT. Just so.

GETA. Upon my faith, you really do give me fine advice; out upon you! Ought I not to be heartily glad, if I meet with no mishap through your marriage, but what, in addition to that, you must now bid me, for his sake, to be seeking risk upon risk?

ANT. 'Tis true what he says.

PHÆD. What! am I a stranger to you, Geta?

GETA. I don't consider *you so.* But is it so trifling a matter that the old gentleman is now vexed with us all, that we must provoke him still more, and leave no room for entreaty?

PHÆD. Is another man to take her away from before my eyes to some unknown spot? Alas! speak to me then, Antipho, and look upon me while you have the opportunity, and while I'm present.

ANT. Why so, or what are you going to do? Pray, tell me.

PHÆD. To whatever part of the world she is borne away, I'm determined to follow her or to perish.

GETA. May the Gods prosper your design! Cautiously's *the word,* however.

ANT. (*to* GETA.) Do see if you can give him any assistance at all.

GETA. Any at all—how?

ANT. Pray, do try, that he mayn't be doing something that we may afterward be more or less sorry for, Geta.

GETA. I'm considering. (*He pauses.*) He's all safe, so far as I can guess: but still, I'm afraid of mischief.

[1] *A word to the wise*)—Ver. 540. "Dictum sapienti sat est." The same proverb is found in the Persa of Plautus, l. 736.

ANT. Don't be afraid: together with you, we'll share good *and* bad.

GETA (*to* PHÆDRIA.) How much money do you want? Tell me.

PHÆD. Only thirty minæ.

GETA. Thirty? Heyday! she's monstrous dear, Phædria.

PHÆD. Indeed, she's very cheap.

GETA. Well, well, I'll get them for you.

PHÆD. Oh the dear man! (*They both fall to hugging* GETA.)

GETA. Take yourselves off. (*Shakes them off.*)

PHÆD. There's need for them directly.

GETA. You shall have them directly; but I must have Phormio for my assistant in this business.

ANT. He's quite ready; right boldly lay on him any load you like, he'll bear it: he, in especial, is a friend to his friend.

GETA. Let's go to him at once then.

ANT. Will you have any occasion for my assistance?

GETA. None; but be off home, and comfort that poor thing, who I am sure is now in-doors almost dead with fear. Do you linger?

ANT. There's nothing I could do with so much pleasure. (*Goes into the house of* DEMIPHO.)

PHÆD. What way will you manage this?

GETA. I'll tell you on the road; first thing, betake yourself off. (*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

DEM. Well, have you brought your daughter with you, Chremes, for whom you went to Lemnos?

CHREM. No.

DEM. Why not?

CHREM. When her mother found that I staid here longer than usual, and at the same time the age of the girl did not

suit with my delays, they told me that she, with all her family, set out in search of me.

Dem. Pray, then, why did you stay there so long, when you had heard of this?

Chrem. Why, faith, a malady detained me.

Dem. From what cause? Or what *was it?*

Chrem. Do you ask me? Old age itself is a malady. However, I heard that they had arrived safe, from the captain who brought them.

Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, what has happened to my son in my absence?

Chrem. 'Tis that, in fact, that has embarrassed me in my plans. For if I offer my daughter in marriage to any person that's a stranger, it must all be told how and by whom I had her. You I knew to be fully as faithful to me as I am to myself; if a stranger shall think fit to be connected with me by marriage, he will hold his tongue, just as long as good terms exist between us: but if he takes a dislike to me, he'll be knowing more than it's proper he should know. I am afraid, too, lest my wife should, by some means, come to know of it; if that is the case, it *only* remains for me to shake myself[1] and leave the house; for I'm the only one I can rely on at home.[2]

Dem. I know it is so, and that circumstance is a cause of anxiety to me; and I shall never cease trying, until I've made good what I promised you.

Scene II.

Enter Geta, *on the other side of the stage, not seeing* Demipho *or* Chremes.

Geta *(to himself.)* I never saw a more cunning fellow than this Phormio. I came to the fellow to tell him that money

[1] *To shake myself*)—Ver. 585. "Me excutiam." In reference to the custom of the Greeks, and the Eastern nations, of shaking their clothes at the door of any house which they were going to leave.

[2] *Rely on at home*)—Ver. 586. "Nam ego meorum solus sum meus." He means that he is the only person in his house friendly to himself, inasmuch as his wife, from her wealth, has supreme power over the domestics, in whom he himself can place no trust.

was needed, and by what means it might be procured. Hardly had I said one half, when he understood me; he was quite delighted; complimented me; asked where the old man was; gave thanks to the Gods that an opportunity was afforded him for showing himself no less a friend to Phædria than to Antipho: I bade the fellow wait for me at the Forum; whither I would bring the old gentleman. But see, here's the very man (*catching sight of the Old Man*). Who is the further one? Heyday, Phædria's father has got back! still, brute beast that I am, what was I afraid of? Is it because two are presented instead of one for me to dupe? I deem it preferable to enjoy a two-fold hope. I'll try for it from him from whom I first intended: if he gives it me, well and good; if I can make nothing of him, then I'll attack this new-comer.

Scene III.

Enter Antipho *from the house, behind at a distance.*

Ant. (*to himself.*) I'm expecting every moment that Geta will be here. But I see my uncle standing close by, with my father. Ah me! how much I fear what influence his return may have upon my father!

Geta (*to himself.*) I'll accost them. (*Goes up to them.*) O welcome to you, our *neighbor* Chremes.

Chrem. Save you, Geta.

Geta. I'm delighted to see you safe returned.

Chrem. I believe you.

Geta. How go matters?

Chrem. Many changes here upon my arrival, as usually the case.

Geta. True; have you heard what has happened to Antipho?

Chrem. All.

Geta (*to* Demipho.) What, have you told him? Disgraceful conduct, Chremes, thus to be imposed on.

Dem. It was about that I was talking to him just now.

Geta. But really, on carefully reflecting upon this matter I think I have found a remedy.

Dem. What *is* the remedy?

Geta. When I left you, by accident Phormio met me.

Chrem. Who *is* Phormio?

Geta. He who *patronized* her.

Chrem. I understand.

Geta. It seemed to me that I might first sound him; I took the fellow aside: "Phormio," said I, "why don't we try to settle these matters between us rather with a good grace than with a bad one? *My* master's a generous *man*, and one who hates litigation; but really, upon my faith, all his friends were just now advising him with one voice to turn her instantly out of doors."

Ant. (*apart.*) What is he about? Or where is this to end at last?

Geta (*continuing the supposed conversation.*) "He'll have to give satisfaction at law, you say, if he turns her out? That has been already inquired into: aye, aye, you'll have enough to do, if you engage with him; he is so eloquent. But suppose he's beaten; still, however, it's not his life, but his money that's at stake." After I found that the fellow was influenced by these words, I said: "We are now by ourselves here; come now, what should you like to be given you, money down, to drop this suit with my master, so that she may betake herself off, *and* you annoy us no more?"

Ant. (*apart.*) Are the Gods quite on good terms with him?[1]

Geta (*continuing the conversation.*) "For I'm quite sure, if you were to mention any thing that's fair and reasonable, as he is a reasonable man, you'll not have to bandy three words with him."

Dem. Who ordered you to say so?

Chrem. Nay, he could not have more happily contrived to bring about what we want.

Ant. (*apart.*) Undone!

Chrem. Go on with your story.

Geta. At first the fellow raved.

Dem. Say, what did he ask?

Geta. What? A great deal too much.

[1] *Good terms with him*)—Ver. 635. Meaning, "Is he in his senses or not?"

Chrem. How much? Tell me.

Geta. Suppose he were to give a great talent.

Dem. Aye, faith, perdition *to him rather;* has he no shame?

Geta. Just what I said to him: "Pray," *said I,* "suppose he was portioning an only daughter of his own. It has been of little benefit that he hasn't one of his own, when another has been found to be demanding a fortune." To be brief, and to pass over his impertinences, this at last was his final answer: "I," said he, "from the very first, have been desirous to marry the daughter of my friend, as was fit I should; for I was aware of the ill results of this, a poor wife being married into a rich family, and becoming a slave. But, as I am now conversing with you unreservedly, I was in want of *a wife* to bring me a little money with which to pay off my debts; and even yet, if Demipho is willing to give as much as I am to receive with her to whom I am engaged, there is no one whom I should better like for a wife."

Ant. (*apart.*) Whether to say he's doing this through folly or mischief, through stupidity or design, I'm in doubt.

Dem. What if he's in debt to the amount of his life?[1]

Geta. His land is mortgaged,—for ten minæ he said.

Dem. Well, well, let him take her then; I'll give it.

Geta. He has a house besides, *mortgaged* for another ten.

Dem. Huy, huy! that's too much.

Chrem. Don't be crying out; you may have those ten of me.

Geta. A lady's maid must be brought for his wife; and then too, a little more is wanted for some furniture, *and* some is wanted for the wedding expenses. "Well then," said he, "for these items, put down ten more."

Dem. Then let him at once bring six hundred actions[2] against me; I shall give nothing at all; is this dirty fellow to be laughing at me as well?

[1] *Amount of his life*)—Ver. 660. "Quid si animam debet?" Erasmus tells us that this was a proverb among the Greeks applied to those who ran so deeply in debt, that their persons, and consequently, in one sense, their very existence, came into the power of their creditors.

[2] *Six hundred actions*)—Ver. 667. "Sescentos;" literally, "six hundred." The Romans used this term as we do the words "ten thousand," to signify a large, but indefinite number.

Chrem. Pray do be quiet; I'll give it: do you only bring your son to marry the woman we want him *to have.*

Ant. (*apart.*) Ah me! Geta, you have ruined me by your treachery.

Chrem. 'Tis on my account she's turned off; it's right that I should bear the loss.

Geta. "Take care and let me know," said he, "as soon as possible, if they are going to let me have her, that I may get rid of the other, so that I mayn't be in doubt; for the others have agreed to pay me down the portion directly."

Chrem. Let him have her at once; let him give notice to them that he breaks off the match *with the other, and* let him marry this woman.

Dem. Yes, *and* little joy to him of the bargain!

Chrem. Luckily, too, I've now brought *home* some money with me, the rents which my wife's farms at Lemnos produce. I'll take it out of that, *and* tell my wife that you had occasion for it. (*They go into the house of* Chremes.)

Scene IV.

Antipho *and* Geta.

Ant. (*coming forward.*) Geta.

Geta. Well.

Ant. What have you been doing?

Geta. Diddling the old fellows out of their money.

Ant. Is that quite the thing?

Geta. I' faith, I don't know: it's just what I was told *to do.*

Ant. How now, whip-scoundrel, do you give me an answer to what I don't ask you? (*Kicks him.*)

Geta. What was it then that you did ask?

Ant. What was it I did ask? Through your agency, matters have most undoubtedly come to the pass that I may go hang myself. May then all the Gods, Goddesses, Deities above *and* below, with every evil confound you! Look now, if you wish any thing to succeed, intrust it to him who may bring you from smooth water on to a rock. What was there less advantageous than to touch upon this sore, or to name

my wife? Hopes have been excited in my father that she may possibly be got rid of. Pray now, tell me, suppose Phormio receives the portion, she must be taken home *by him* as his wife: what's to become of me?

Geta. But he's not going to marry her.

Ant. I know that. But (*ironically*) when they demand the money back, of course, for our sake, he'll prefer going to prison.

Geta. There is nothing, Antipho, but what it may be made worse by being badly told: you leave out what is good, *and* you mention the bad. Now then, hear the other side: if he receives the money, she must be taken as his wife, you say; I grant you; still, some time at least will be allowed for preparing for the nuptials, for inviting, *and* for sacrificing. In the mean time, *Phædria's* friends will advance what they have promised; out of that he will repay it.

Ant. On what grounds? Or what will he say?

Geta. Do you ask the question? "How many circumstances, since then, have befallen me as prodigies? A strange black dog[1] entered the house; a snake came down from the tiles through the sky-light;[2] a hen crowed;[3] the soothsayer forbade it; the diviner[4] warned me not: besides, before winter there is no sufficient reason for me to commence upon any new undertaking." This will be the case.

Ant. I only wish it may be the case.

Geta. It shall be the case; trust me for that. Your father's coming out; go tell Phædria that the money is found.

[1] *A strange black dog*)—Ver. 705. This omen, Plautus calls, in the Casina, l. 937, "canina scæva."

[2] *Through the sky-light*)—Ver. 706. So in the Amphitryon of Plautus, l. 1108, two great snakes come down through the "impluvium," or "sky-light." On the subject of the "impluvium," see the Notes to the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, l. 159.

[3] *A hen crowed*)—Ver. 707. Donatus tells us that it was a saying, that in the house where a hen crowed, the wife had the upper hand.

[4] *The soothsayer—the diviner*)—Ver. 708. According to some accounts there was this difference between the "hariolus" and the "aruspex," that the former foretold human events, the latter those relating to the Deities. Donatus has remarked on these passages, that Terence seems to sneer at the superstitions referred to.

Scene V.

Enter Demipho *and* Chremes, *from the house of the latter, the former with a purse of money.*

Dem. Do be quiet, I tell you; I'll take care he shall not be playing any tricks *upon us.* I'll not rashly part with this without having my witnesses; I'll have it stated to whom I pay it, *and* for what purpose I pay it.

Geta (*apart.*) How cautious he is, when there's no need for it!

Chrem. Why yes, you had need do so, and with all haste, while the fit is upon him; for if this other woman shall prove more pressing, perhaps he may throw us over.

Geta. You've hit upon the very thing.

Dem. Lead me to him then.

Geta. I won't delay.

Chrem. (*to* Demipho.) When you've done so, go over to my wife, that she may call upon her before she goes away. She must tell her that we are going to give her in marriage to Phormio, that she may not be angry with us; and that he is a fitter match for her, as knowing more of her; that we have in no way departed from our duty; that as much has been given for a portion as he asked for.

Dem. What the plague does that matter to you?

Chrem. A great deal, Demipho. It is not enough for you to do your duty, if common report does not approve of it; I wish *all* this to be done with her own sanction as well, that she mayn't be saying that she has been turned out of doors.

Dem. I can do *all* that myself.

Chrem. It will come better from one woman to another.

Dem. I'll ask her. (*Goes into the house of* Chremes; *and exit* Geta.)

Chrem. (*to himself.*) I'm thinking where I can find them now.[1]

[1] *Can find them now*)—Ver. 726. His Lemnian wife and daughter. Colman remarks: "This is intended as a transition to the next Scene; but I think it would have been better if it had followed without this kind of introduction. The Scene itself is admirable, and is, in many places, both affecting and comic, and the discovery of the real character of Phanium is made at a very proper time."

Scene VI.

Enter Sophrona *from the house of* Demipho, *at a distance.*

Soph. (*to herself.*) What am I to do? What friend, in my distress, shall I find, to whom to disclose these plans; and where shall I look for relief? For I'm afraid that my mistress, in consequence of my advice, may undeservingly sustain some injury, so extremely ill do I hear that the young man's father takes what has happened.

Chrem. (*apart, to himself.*) But what old woman's this, that has come out of my brother's house, half dead with fright?

Soph. (*to herself, continuing.*) It was distress that compelled me to this step, though I knew that the match was not likely to hold good; my object was, that in the mean time life might be supported.

Chrem. (*apart, to himself.*) Upon my faith, surely, unless my recollection deceives me, or my sight's not very good, I espy my daughter's nurse.[1]

Soph. (*to herself.*) And we are not able to find——

Chrem. (*apart.*) What must I do?

Soph. (*to herself.*) Her father.

Chrem. (*to himself, apart.*) Shall I accost her, or shall I wait to learn more distinctly what it is she's saying?

Soph. (*to herself.*) If now I could find him, there's nothing that I should be in fear of.

Chrem. (*apart, to himself, aloud.*) 'Tis the very woman. I'll address her.

Soph. (*turning round.*) Who's that speaking here?

Chrem. (*coming forward.*) Sophrona.

Soph. Mentioning my name, too?

Chrem. Look round at me.

Soph. (*seeing him.*) Ye Gods, I do beseech you, isn't this Stilpho?

Chrem. No.

[1] *My daughter's nurse*)—Ver. 735. Among the ancients, it was the custom for nurses who had brought up children to remain with them in after-life.

Soph. Do you deny it?

Chrem. (*in a low voice.*) Step a little this way from that door, Sophrona, if you please (*pointing*). Don't you, henceforth, be calling me by that name.

Soph. Why? Pray, are you not the person you always used to say you were?

Chrem. Hush! (*pointing to his own house.*)

Soph. Why are you afraid about that door?

Chrem. (*in a low voice.*) I have got a shrew of a wife shut up there. For by that name I formerly falsely called myself, in order that you might not chance indiscreetly to blab it out of doors, and then my wife, by some means or other, might come to know of it.

Soph. I' faith, that's the very reason why we, wretched creatures, have never been able to find you out here.

Chrem. Well, but tell me, what business have you with that family from whose house you were coming out? Where are the ladies?[1]

Soph. Ah, wretched me!

Chrem. Hah! What's the matter? Are they still alive?

Soph. Your daughter is alive. Her poor mother died of grief.

Chrem. An unfortunate thing!

Soph. As for me, being a lone old woman, in want, *and* unknown, I contrived, as well as I could, to get the young woman married to the young man who is master of this house (*pointing*).

Chrem. What! to Antipho?

Soph. The very same, I say.

Chrem. What? *Has* he *got* two wives?

Soph. Dear no, prithee, he has only got this one.

Chrem. What about the other one that's called his relative?

Soph. Why, this is she.

Chrem. What is it you say?

Soph. It was done on purpose, in order that her lover might be enabled to marry her without a portion.

Chrem. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! How often do those things come about through accident, which you couldn't dare

[1] *Where are the ladies?*)—Ver. 748. "Ubi illæ?" literally, "Where are these women?"

to hope for? On my return, I have found my daughter matched with the very person I wished, and just as I wanted; a thing that we were both using our endeavors, with the greatest earnestness, to bring about. Without any very great management on our part, by her own management, she has by herself brought this about.

Soph. Now consider what's to be done. The young man's father has returned, and they say that he bears this with feelings highly offended.

Chrem. There's no danger *of that*. But, by Gods and men, do take care that no one comes to know that she's my daughter.

Soph. No one shall know *it* from me.

Chrem. Follow me; in-doors we'll hear the rest. (*He goes into* Demipho's *house, followed by* Sophrona.)

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Demipho *and* Geta.

Dem. 'Tis caused by our own fault, that it is advantageous to be dishonest; while we wish ourselves to be styled very honest and generous. "So run away as *not to run* beyond the house,"[1] as the saying is. Was it not enough to receive an injury from him, but money must be voluntarily offered him as well, that he may have something on which to subsist while he plans some other *piece* of roguery?

[1] *Run beyond the house*)—Ver. 767. "Fugias ne præter casam." This passage has given much trouble to the Commentators; but it is pretty clear that the explanation of Donatus is the correct one: "Don't abandon your own home," that being the safest place. Stallbaum agrees with Gronovius in thinking that it was first applied as a piece of advice to runaway slaves, as being likely to become worse off by the change; probably much in the same spirit as we say, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

Geta. Most clearly so.

Dem. They now get rewarded for it, who confound right with wrong.

Geta. Most undoubtedly.

Dem. How very foolishly, in fact, we have managed the affair with him!

Geta. If by these means we can only manage for him to marry her.

Dem. Is that, then, a matter of doubt?

Geta. I' faith, judging from what the fellow is, I don't know whether he mightn't change his mind.

Dem. How! change it indeed?

Geta. I don't know: but "if perhaps," I say.

Dem. I'll do as my brother advised me, bring hither his wife, to talk with her. Do you, Geta, go before; tell her that Nausistrata is about to visit her. (Demipho *goes into the house of* Chremes.)

Scene II.

Geta, *alone.*

Geta. The money's been got for Phædria; it's all hushed about the lawsuit; due care has been taken that she's not to leave for the present. What next, then? What's to be done? You are still sticking in the mud. You are paying by borrowing;[1] the evil that was at hand, has been put off for a day. The toils are increasing upon you, if you don't look out. Now I'll away home, and tell Phanium not to be afraid of Nausistrata, or his talking.[2] (*Goes into the house of* Demipho.)

[1] *Paying by borrowing*)—Ver. 779. "Versura solvere," was "to pay a debt by borrowing money," and consequently to be no better off than before. Geta having, by the money he has procured, freed Phædria from all danger of losing his mistress, but at the same time having brought Antipho into still greater danger of losing his wife.

[2] *Or his talking*)—Ver. 782. "Ejus" here alludes, not to Nausistrata but to Phormio. Madame Dacier suggests that it should be "hujus."

SCENE III.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA, *from the house of* CHREMES.

DEM. Come now, Nausistrata, after your usual way, manage to keep her in good-humor with us, *and* make her do of her own accord what must be done.

NAUS. I will.

DEM. You are now seconding me with your endeavors, just as you assisted me with your money[1] before.

NAUS. I wish to do so; and yet, i' faith, through the fault of my husband, I am less able than I ought to be.

DEM. Why so?

NAUS. Because, i' faith, he takes such indifferent care of the property that was so industriously acquired by my father; for from those farms he used regularly to receive two talents of silver *yearly;* there's an instance, how superior one man is to another.

DEM. Two *talents*, pray?

NAUS. *Aye*, and when things were much worse, two talents even.

DEM. Whew!

NAUS. What! does this seem surprising?

DEM. Of course it does.

NAUS. I wish I had been born a man; I'd have shown——

DEM. That I'm quite sure of.

NAUS. In what way——

DEM. Forbear, pray, that you may be able *to do battle* with her; lest she, *being* a young woman, may be more than a match for you.

NAUS. I'll do as you bid me; but I see my husband coming out of your house.

[1] *With your money*)—Ver. 785. Colman observes: "Alluding to the money borrowed of her to pay Phormio; and as Donatus observes in another place, it is admirably contrived, in order to bring about a humorous catastrophe that Chremes should make use of his wife's money on this occasion."

Scene IV.

Enter Chremes, *hastily, from* Demipho's *house.*

Chrem. Ha! Demipho, has the money been paid him yet?

Dem. I took care immediately.

Chrem. I wish it hadn't been paid him. (*On seeing* Nausistrata, *aside.*) Halloo, I espy my wife; I had almost said more than I ought.

Dem. Why do you wish I hadn't, Chremes?

Chrem. It's all right.

Dem. What *say* you? Have you been letting her know why we are going to bring her? (*pointing to* Nausistrata.)

Chrem. I've arranged it.

Dem. Pray, what does she say?

Chrem. She can't be got to leave.

Dem. Why can't she?

Chrem. Because they are fond of one another.

Dem. What's that to us?

Chrem. (*apart, to* Demipho.) A great deal; besides that, I've found out that she is related to us.

Dem. (*apart.*) What! You are mad, *surely.*

Chrem. (*apart.*) So you will find; I don't speak at random; I've recovered my recollection.

Dem. (*apart.*) Are you quite in your senses?

Chrem. (*apart.*) Nay, prithee, do take care not to injure your kinswoman.

Dem. (*apart.*) She is not.

Chrem. (*apart.*) Don't deny it; her father went by another name; that was the cause of your mistake.

Dem. (*apart.*) Did she not know who was her father?

Chrem. (*apart.*) She did.

Dem. (*apart.*) Why did she call him by another *name?*

Chrem. (*apart, frowning.*) Will you never yield to me, nor understand *what I mean?*

Dem. (*apart.*) If you don't tell me of any thing——

Chrem. (*impatiently.*) Do you persist?

Naus. I wonder what *all* this can be.

Dem. For my part, upon my faith, I don't know.

Chrem. (*whispering to him.*) Would you like to know? Then, so may Jupiter preserve me, not a person is there more nearly related to her than are you and I.

Dem. (*starting.*) Ye Gods, by our trust in you! let's away to her; I wish for all of us, one way or other, to be sure about this (*going*).

Chrem. (*stopping him.*) Ah!

Dem. What's the matter?

Chrem. That you should put so little confidence in me!

Dem. Do you wish me to believe you? Do you wish me to consider this as quite certain? Very well, be it so. Well, what's to be done with our friend's[1] daughter?

Chrem. She'll do well enough.

Dem. Are we to drop her, then?

Chrem. Why not?

Dem. The other one to stop?

Chrem. Just so.

Dem. You may go then, Nausistrata.

Naus. I' faith, I think it better for all that she should remain here as it is, than as you *first* intended; for she seemed to me a very genteel person when I saw her. (*Goes into her house.*)

Scene V.

Demipho *and* Chremes.

Dem. What is the meaning of all this?

Chrem. (*looking at the door of his house.*) Has she shut the door yet?

Dem. Now *she has.*

Chrem. O Jupiter! the Gods do befriend us; I have found that it is my daughter married to your son.

Dem. Ha! How can that possibly be?

Chrem. This spot is not exactly suited for me to tell it *you.*

Dem. Well then, step in-doors.

Chrem. Hark you, I don't wish our sons even to come to know of this. (*They go into* Demipho's *house.*)

[1] *Our friend's*)—Ver. 811. Chremes himself is so called, to deceive Nausistrata.

Scene VI.

Enter Antipho.

Ant. I'm glad that, however my own affairs go, my brother has succeeded in his wishes. How wise it is to cherish desires of that nature in the mind, that when things run counter, you may easily find a cure *for them!* He has both got the money, *and* released himself from care; I, by no method, can extricate myself from these troubles; on the contrary, if the matter is concealed, *I am* in dread—but if disclosed, in disgrace. Neither should I now go home, were not a hope *still* presented me of retaining her. But where, I wonder, can I find Geta, that I may ask him what opportunity he would recommend me to take for meeting my father?

Scene VII.

Enter Phormio, *at a distance.*

Phor. (*to himself.*) I received the money; handed it over to the Procurer; brought away the woman, that Phædria might have her as his own—for she has *now* become free. Now there is one thing still remaining for me to manage,—to get a respite from the old gentlemen for carousing; for I'll enjoy myself the *next* few days.

Ant. But *here's* Phormio. (*Going up to him.*) What have you to say?

Phor. About what?

Ant. Why—what's Phædria going to do now? In what way does he say that he intends to take his fill of love?

Phor. In his turn, he's going to act your part.

Ant. What *part?*

Phor. To run away from his father; he begs that you in your return will act on his behalf—to plead his cause for him. For he's going to carouse at my house. I shall tell the old man that I'm going to Sunium, to the fair, to purchase the female servant that Geta mentioned a while since, so that,

when they don't see me here, they mayn't suppose that I'm squandering their money. But there is a noise at the door of your house.

ANT. See who's coming out.

PHOR. It's Geta.

SCENE VIII.

Enter GETA, *at a distance, hastily, from the house of* DEMIPHO.

GETA (*to himself.*) O fortune! O good luck![1] with blessings how great, how suddenly hast thou loaded this day with thy favors to my master Antipho!——

ANT. (*apart to* PHORMIO.) I wonder what it is he means.

GETA (*continuing.*) And relieved us, his friends, from alarm; but I'm now delaying, in not throwing my cloak[2] over my shoulder (*throws it over his shoulder*), and making haste to find him, that he may know what has happened.

ANT. (*apart to* PHORMIO.) Do you understand what he's talking about?

PHOR. (*apart to* ANTIPHO.) Do you?

ANT. (*apart to* PHORMIO.) Not at all.

PHOR. (*apart to* ANTIPHO.) And I just as much.

GETA (*to himself.*) I'll be off hence to the Procurer's; they are there just now. (*Runs along.*)

ANT. (*calling out.*) Halloo! Geta!

GETA (*still running.*) There's for you. Is it any thing new or wonderful to be called back, directly you've started?

ANT. Geta!

GETA. Do you persist? Troth, you shall not on this occasion get the better of me by your annoyance.

ANT. (*running after him.*) Won't you stop?

GETA. You'll be getting a beating.

ANT. Assuredly that will befall yourself just now unless you stop, you whip-knave.

[1] *O good luck*)—Ver. 840. "Fors fortuna," "good fortune;" while "fortuna" merely means "chance."

[2] *Throwing my cloak*)—Ver. 843. When expedition was required, it was usual to throw the ends of the "pallium," or "cloak," over the shoulders.

GETA. This must be some one pretty familiar, threatening me with a beating. (*Turns round.*) But is it the person I'm in search of or not? 'Tis the very man! Up to him at once.

ANT. What's the matter?

GETA. O being most blessed of all men living! For without question, Antipho, you are the only favorite of the Gods.

ANT. So I could wish; but I should like to be told why I'm to believe it is so.

GETA. Is it enough if I plunge you into a sea of joy?

ANT. You are worrying me to death.

PHOR. Nay but do have done with your promises, and tell us what you bring.

GETA (*looking round.*) Oh, are you here too, Phormio?

PHOR. I am: but *why* do you delay?

GETA. Listen, then. When we just now paid you the money at the Forum, we went straight to Chremes; in the mean time, my master sent me to your wife.

ANT. What for?

GETA. I'll omit telling you *that*, as it is nothing to the present purpose, Antipho. Just as I was going to the woman's apartments, the boy Mida came running up to me, and caught me behind by my cloak, *and* pulled me back; I turned about, *and* inquired for what reason he stopped me; he said that it was forbidden for any one to go in to his mistress. "Sophrona has just now," said he, "introduced here Chremes, the old gentleman's brother," and *he said* that he was then in the room with them: when I heard this, on tip-toe I stole softly along; I came there, stood, held my breath, I applied my ear, *and* so began to listen, catching the conversation every word in this fashion (*shows them*).

ANT. Well done, Geta.

GETA. Here I overheard a very pretty piece of business; so much so that I had nearly cried out for joy.

ANT. What *was it?*

GETA (*laughing.*) What do you think?

ANT. I don't know.

GETA. Why, something most marvelous. Your uncle has been discovered to be the father of your wife, Phanium.

ANT. (*starting.*) Ha! what's that you say?

GETA. He formerly cohabited secretly with her mother at Lemnos.

PHOR. A dream: how could she be ignorant about her own father?

GETA. Be sure, Phormio, that there is some reason: but do you suppose that, outside of the door, I was able to understand every thing that passed between them within?

ANT. On my faith, I too have heard the same story.

GETA. Aye, and I'll give you still further reason for believing it: your uncle in the mean time came out from there; not long after he returned again, with your father; each said that he gave you permission to retain her; in fine, I've been sent to find you, and bring you to them.

ANT. Why then carry me off[1] *at once*;—why do you delay?

GETA. I'll do so.

ANT. O my *dear* Phormio, farewell!

PHOR. Farewell, Antipho. (ANTIPHO *and* GETA *go into* DEMIPHO'S *house.*)

SCENE IX.

PHORMIO, *alone.*

PHOR. So may the Gods bless me, this has turned out luckily. I'm glad *of it*, that such good fortune has thus suddenly befallen them. I have now an excellent opportunity for diddling the old men, and ridding Phædria of *all* anxiety about the money, so that he mayn't be under the necessity of applying to any of his companions. For this same money, as it has been given him, shall be given *for good*, whether they like it or not: how to force them to this, I've found out the very way. I must now assume a new air and countenance. But I'll betake myself off to this next alley; from that spot I'll present myself to them, when they come

[1] *Carry me off*)—Ver. 881. Madame Dacier says that Antipho is so rejoiced here at Geta's news, that he jumps upon his shoulders, and is carried off in triumph, which was a sort of stage-trick, and was very diverting to the Audience. On this, Colman observes: "I believe Madame Dacier has not the least foundation for this extraordinary piece of information; and I must confess, that I have too high an opinion, both of the Roman audience and actors, to believe it to be true."

out of doors. I sha'n't go to the fair, where I pretended I was going. (*He retires into the alley.*)

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Demipho *and* Chremes, *from* Demipho's *house.*

Dem. I do give and return hearty thanks to the Gods, and with reason, brother, inasmuch as these matters have turned out for us so fortunately. We must now meet with Phormio as soon as possible, before he squanders our thirty minæ, so that we may get them from him.

Enter Phormio, *coming forward, and speaking aloud, as though not seeing them.*

Phor. I'll go see if Demipho's at home; that as to what[1]——

Dem. (*accosting him.*) Why, Phormio, we were coming to you.

Phor. Perhaps about the very same affair. (Demipho *nods assent.*) I' faith, I thought so. What were you coming to my house for? Ridiculous; are you afraid that I sha'n't do what I have once undertaken? Hark you, whatever is my poverty, still, of this one thing I have taken due care, not to forfeit my word.

Chrem. (*to* Demipho.) Is she not genteel-looking,[2] just as I told you?

[1] *That as to what*)—Ver. 898. Lemaire suggests that he is about to say: "that as to what was agreed upon between us, I may take home this young woman, and make her my wife."

[2] *Is she not genteel-looking*)—Ver. 904. Patrick has the following note here: "One can not conceive any thing more happy or just than these words of Chremes. Demipho's thoughts are wholly taken up how to recover the money, and Phormio is equally solicitous to retain it; but Chremes, who had just left his daughter, is regardless of their discourse, and fresh from the impressions which she had made on him, longs to know if his brother's sentiments of her were equally favorable, and naturally puts this paternal question to him."

DEM. Very much so.

PHOR. And this is what I'm come to tell you, Demipho, that I'm quite ready; whenever you please, give me my wife. For I postponed all my *other* business, as was fit I should, when I understood that you were so very desirous to have it so.

DEM. (*pointing to* CHREMES.) But he has dissuaded me from giving her to you. "For what," says he, "will be the talk among people if you do this? Formerly, when she might have been handsomely *disposed of*, then she wasn't given; now it's a disgrace for her to be turned out of doors, a repudiated woman;" pretty nearly, *in fact*, all the reasons which you yourself, some little time since, were urging to me.

PHOR. Upon my faith, you are treating me in a very insulting manner.

DEM. How so?

PHOR. Do you ask me? Because I shall not be able to marry the other person *I mentioned;* for with what face shall I return to her whom I've slighted?

CHREM. Then besides, I see that Antipho is unwilling to part with her. (*Aside, prompting* DEMIPHO.) Say so.

DEM. Then besides, I see that my son is very unwilling to part with the damsel. But have the goodness to step over to the Forum, and order this money to be transferred to my account,[1] Phormio.

PHOR. What, when I've paid it over to the persons to whom I was indebted?

DEM. What's to be done, then?

PHOR. If you will let me have her for a wife, as you promised, I'll take her; but if you prefer that she should stay with you, the portion must stay with me, Demipho. For it isn't fair that I should be misled for you, as it was for your own sakes that I broke off with the other woman, who was to have brought me a portion just as large.

DEM. Away with you to utter perdition, with this swaggering, you vagabond. What, then, do you fancy we don't know you, or your doings?

[1] *Transferred to my account*)—Ver. 921. "Rescribere argentum," or "nummos," meant "to transfer," or "set down money to the account of another person in one's banker's books." A passage in the Asinaria of Plautus, l. 445, seems to have the same meaning.

PHOR. You are provoking me.

DEM. Would you have married her, if she had been given to you?

PHOR. Try the experiment.

DEM. That my son might cohabit with her at your house, that was your design.

PHOR. Pray, what is that you say?

DEM. Then do you give me my money?

PHOR. Nay, but do you give me my wife?

DEM. Come before a magistrate. (*Going to seize hold of him.*)

PHOR. Why, really, if you persist in being troublesome—

DEM. What will you do?

PHOR. What, I? You fancy, perhaps, just now, that I am the protector of the portionless; for the well portioned,[1] I'm in the habit *of being so* as well.

CHREM. What's that to us?

PHOR. (*with a careless air.*) Nothing at all. I know a certain lady here (*pointing at* CHREMES's *house*) whose husband had——

CHREM. (*starting.*) Ha!

DEM. What's the matter?

PHOR. Another *wife* at Lemnos——

CHREM. (*aside.*) I'm ruined!

PHOR. By whom he had a daughter; and her he is secretly bringing up.

CHREM. (*aside.*) I'm *dead and* buried!

PHOR. This I shall assuredly now inform her of. (*Walks toward the house.*)

CHREM. (*running and catching hold of him.*) I beg of you, don't do so.

PHOR. (*with a careless air.*) Oh, were you the person?

DEM. What a jest he's making *of us.*

CHREM. (*to* PHORMIO.) We'll let you off.

PHOR. Nonsense.

CHREM. What would you have? We'll forgive you the money you've got.

PHOR. I hear you. Why the plague, then, do you *two* trifle with me in this way, you silly men, with your childish

[1] *For the well portioned*)—Ver. 939. Though Colman thinks otherwise, it is pretty clear that he alludes to Nausistrata in these words.

speeches—"I won't, *and* I will; I will, *and* I won't," over again: "keep it, give it me back; what has been said, is unsaid; what had been just a bargain, is *now* no bargain."

Chrem. (*aside, to* Demipho.) In what manner, or from whom has he come to know of this?

Dem. (*aside.*) I don't know; but that I've told it to no one, I know for certain.

Chrem. (*aside.*) So may the Gods bless me, 'tis as good as a miracle.

Phor. (*aside, to himself.*) I've graveled them.

Dem. (*apart, to* Chremes.) Well now, is he to be carrying off[1] from us such a sum of money as this, and so palpably to impose upon us? By heavens, I'd sooner die. Manage to show yourself of resolute and ready wit. You see that this slip of yours has got abroad, and that you can not now possibly conceal it from your wife; it is then more conducive to our quiet, Chremes, ourselves to disclose what she will be hearing from others; *and* then, in our own fashion, we shall be able to take vengeance upon this dirty fellow.

Phor. (*aside, to himself.*) Good lack-a-day, *now's* the sticking-point, if I don't look out for myself. They are making toward me with a gladiatorial air.

Chrem. (*apart, to* Demipho.) But I doubt whether it's possible for her to be appeased.

Dem. (*apart, to* Chremes.) Be of good courage; I'll effect a reconciliation between you; remembering this, Chremes, that she is dead and gone[2] by whom you had this girl.

Phor. (*in a loud voice.*) Is this the way you are going to deal with me? Very cleverly *done*. Come on with you. By heavens, Demipho, you have provoked me, not to his advantage (*pointing at* Chremes). How say you? (*addressing* Chremes). When you've been doing abroad just as you pleased, and have had no regard for this excellent lady *here*,

[1] *To be carrying off*)—Ver. 954. Patrick has the following note here: "The different characters of the two brothers are admirably preserved throughout this Scene. Chremes stands greatly in awe of his wife, and will submit to any thing rather than the story should come to her ears; but Demipho can not brook the thoughts of losing so much money, and encourages his brother to behave with spirit and resolution, promising to make up matters between him and his wife."

[2] *Dead and gone*)—Ver. 965. "E medio excedere," was an Euphemism signifying "to die," which it was deemed of ill omen to mention.

but on the contrary, have been injuring her in an unheard-of manner, would you be coming to me with prayers to wash away your offenses? On telling her of this, I'll make her so incensed with you, that you sha'n't quench her, though you should melt away into tears.

DEM. (*aside.*) A plague may *all* the Gods and Goddesses send upon him. That any fellow should be possessed of so much impudence! Does not this villain deserve to be transported hence to some desolate land at the public charge?

CHREM. (*aside.*) I am brought to such a pass, that I really don't know what to do in it.

DEM. I know; let's go into court.

PHOR. Into court? Here *in preference* (*pointing to* CHREMES'S *house*), if it suits you in any way. (*Moves toward the house.*)

DEM. (*to* CHREMES.) Follow him, and hold him back, till I call out the servants.

CHREM. (*trying to seize* PHORMIO.) But I can't by myself; run *and help me.*

PHOR. (*to* DEMIPHO, *who seizes hold of him.*) There's one action of damages against you.

CHREM. Sue him at law, then.

PHOR. *And* another with you, Chremes.

DEM. Lay hold of him. (*They both drag him.*)

PHOR. Is it thus you do? Why then I must exert my voice: Nausistrata, come out (*calling aloud*).

CHREM. (*to* DEMIPHO.) Stop his mouth.

DEM. See how strong the rascal is.

PHOR. (*calling aloud.*) Nausistrata, I say.

CHREM. Will you not hold your tongue?

PHOR. Hold my tongue?

DEM. (*to* CHREMES, *as they drag him along.*) If he won't follow, plant your fists in his stomach.

PHOR. Or e'en gouge out an eye. The time's coming when I shall have a full revenge on you.

SCENE II.

Enter NAUSISTRATA, *in haste, from the house.*

NAUS. Who calls my name?

CHREM. (*in alarm.*) Ha!

NAUS. My husband, pray what means this disturbance?

PHOR. (*to* CHREMES.) Oh, oh, why are you mute now?

NAUS. Who is this man? Won't you answer me?

PHOR. What, he to answer you? who, upon my faith, doesn't know where he is.

CHREM. (*to* NAUSISTRATA.) Take care how you believe that fellow in any thing.

PHOR. (*to* NAUSISTRATA.) Go, touch him; if he isn't in a cold sweat all over, why then kill me.

CHREM. 'Tis nothing at all.

NAUS. What is it, then, that this person is talking about?

PHOR. You shall know directly; listen *now*.

CHREM. Are you resolved to believe him?

NAUS. Pray, how can I believe him, when he has told me nothing?

PHOR. The poor creature is distracted from fright.

NAUS. It isn't for nothing, i' faith, that you are in such a fright.

CHREM. What, I in a fright?

PHOR. (*to* CHREMES.) All right, of course: since you are not in a fright at all, and this is nothing at all that I'm going to tell, do you relate it.

DEM. Villain, is he to relate it at your request?

PHOR. (*to* DEMIPHO.) Come now, you've managed nicely for your brother.

NAUS. My husband, will you not tell me?

CHREM. But——

NAUS. But what?

CHREM. There's no need to tell you.

PHOR. *Not* for you, indeed; but there's need for her to know it. At Lemnos——

CHREM. (*starting.*) Ha! what are you doing?

Dem. (*to* Phormio.) Won't you hold your tongue?

Phor. (*to* Nausistrata.) Unknown to you——

Chrem. Ah me!

Phor. He married another——

Naus. My *dear* sir, may the Gods forbid it!

Phor. Such is the fact.

Naus. Wretch that I am, I'm undone!

Phor. And had a daughter by her, too, while you never dreamed of it.

Chrem. What are we to do?

Naus. O immortal Gods!—a disgraceful and a wicked misdeed!

Dem. (*aside, to* Chremes.) It's all up *with* you.

Phor. Was ever any thing now more ungenerously done? Your men, who, when they come to their wives, then become incapacitated from old age.

Naus. Demipho, I appeal to you; for with that man it is irksome for me to speak. Were these those frequent journeys and long visits at Lemnos? Was this the lowness of prices that reduced our rents?

Dem. Nausistrata, I don't deny that in this matter he has been deserving of censure; but still, it may be pardoned.

Phor. (*apart.*) He is talking to the dead.

Dem. For he did this neither through neglect or aversion to yourself. About fifteen years since, in a drunken fit, he had an intrigue with this poor woman, of whom this girl was born, nor did he ever touch her afterward. She is dead and gone: the *only* difficulty that remained in this matter. Wherefore, I do beg of you, that, as in other things, you'll bear this with patience.

Naus. Why *should I* with patience? I could wish, afflicted as I am, that there were an end now of this matter. But how can I hope? Am I to suppose that, at his age, he will not offend in future? Was he not an old man then, if old age makes people behave themselves decently? Are my looks and my age more attractive now, Demipho? What do you advance to me, to make me expect or hope that this will not happen any more?

Phor. (*in a loud voice.*) Those who have[1] a mind to come

[1] *Those who have*)—Ver. 1025. He here uses the terms which it was

to the funeral of Chremes, why now's their time. 'Tis thus I retaliate: come now, let him challenge Phormio who pleases: I'll have him victimized[1] with just a like mischance. Why then, let him return again into her good graces. I have now had revenge enough. She has got something for her as long as she lives, to be forever ringing into his ears.

Naus. But it was because I deserved this, I suppose; why should I now, Demipho, make mention of each particular, how I have conducted myself toward him?

Dem. I know it all, as well as yourself.

Naus. Does it appear, then, that I deserved this treatment?

Dem. Far from it: but since, by reproaching, it can not now be undone, forgive him: he entreats you—he begs your pardon—owns his fault—makes an apology. What would you have more?

Phor. (*aside.*) But really, before she grants pardon to him, I must take care of myself and Phædria. (*To* Nausistrata.) Hark you, Nausistrata, before you answer him without thinking, listen *to me.*

Naus. What's the matter?

Phor. I got out of him thirty minæ by a stratagem. I give them to your son; he paid them to a Procurer for his mistress.

Chrem. Ha! what is it you say?

Phor. (*sneeringly.*) Does it seem to you so very improper for your son, a young man, to keep one mistress, *while* you *have* two wives? Are you ashamed of nothing? With what face will you censure him? Answer me that.

Dem. He shall do as you wish.

Naus. Nay, that you may now know my determination, I neither forgive nor promise any thing, nor give any answer,

customary to employ in the celebration of a public funeral. See also the form of proclaiming an auction, at the end of the Menæchmi of Plautus.

[2] *Have him victimized*)—Ver. 1027. "Mactatus" was the term applied to the pouring of wine and frankincense on the victim about to be sacrificed, on which it was said to be "magis auctus," "increased," or "amplified;" which, in time, became corrupted into the word "mactatus," or "mactus."

before I see my son: to his decision I leave every thing. What he bids me, I shall do.

Dem. You are a wise woman, Nausistrata.

Naus. Does that satisfy you, Chremes?

Chrem. Yes, indeed, I come off well, and fully to my satisfaction; indeed, beyond my expectation.

Naus. (*to* Phormio.) Do you tell me, what is your name?

Phor. What, mine? Phormio; a well-wisher to your family, upon my honor, and to your *son* Phædria in particular.

Naus. Then, Phormio, on my word, henceforward I'll both do and say for you all I can, and whatever you may desire.

Phor. You speak obligingly.

Naus. I' faith, it is as you deserve.

Phor. First, then, will you do this, Nausistrata, at once, to please me, and to make your husband's eyes ache *with vexation?*

Naus. With all my heart.

Phor. Invite me to dinner.

Naus. Assuredly indeed, I do invite you.

Dem. Let us now away in-doors.

Chrem. By all means; but where is Phædria, our arbitrator?

Phor. I'll have him here just now. (*To the* Audience.) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.[1]

[1] *Grant us your applause*)—Ver. 1054. Thus concludes the last, and certainly not the least meritorious of the Plays of our Author; indeed, for genuine comic spirit, it may challenge comparison with the Eunuch, which is in general considered to be the best.

Additional Scene.

(*Which is generally considered to be spurious.*)

Enter Phædria *and* Phormio, *from opposite sides of the stage.*

Phæd. Assuredly there is a God, who both hears and sees what we do. And I do not consider that to be true which is commonly said: "Fortune frames and fashions the affairs of mankind, just as she pleases."

Phor. (*aside.*) Heyday! what means this? I've met with Socrates, not Phædria, so far as I see. Why hesitate to go up and address him? (*Accosting him.*) How now, Phædria, whence have you acquired this new wisdom, and derived such great delight, as you show by your countenance?

Phæd. O welcome, *my* friend; O most delightful Phormio, welcome! There's not a person in all the world I could more wish just now to meet than yourself.

Phor. Pray, tell me what is the matter.

Phæd. Aye, faith, I have to beg of you, that you will listen to it. My Pamphila is a citizen of Attica, and of noble birth, and rich.

Phor. What is it you tell me? Are you dreaming, pray?

Phæd. Upon my faith, I'm saying what's true.

Phor. Yes, and this, too, is a true saying: "You'll have no great difficulty in believing that to be true, which you greatly wish *to be so.*"

Phæd. Nay, but do listen, I beg of you, to all the wonderful things I have to tell you of. It was while thinking of this to myself, that I just now burst forth into those expressions which you heard—that we, and what relates to us, are ruled by the sanction of the Gods, *and* not by blind chance.

Phor. I've been for some time in a state of suspense.

Phæd. Do you know Phanocrates?

Phor. As well as *I do* yourself.

Phæd. The rich man?

PHOR. I understand.

PHÆD. He is the father of Pamphila. Not to detain you, these were the circumstances: Calchas was his servant, a worthless, wicked fellow. Intending to run away from the house, he carried off this girl, whom her father was bringing up in the country, *then* five years old, and, secretly taking her with him to Eubæa, sold her to Lycus, a merchant. This person, a long time after, sold her, when now grown up, to Dorio. She, however, knew that she was the daughter of parents of rank, inasmuch as she recollected herself being attended *and* trained up by female servants: the name of her parents she didn't recollect.

PHOR. How, then, were they discovered?

PHÆD. Stay; I was coming to that. This runaway was caught yesterday, and sent back to Phanocrates: he related the wonderful circumstances I have mentioned about the girl, and how she was sold to Lycus, and afterward to Dorio. Phanocrates sent immediately, and claimed his daughter; but when he learned that she had been sold, he came running to me.

PHOR. O, how extremely fortunate!

PHÆD. Phanocrates has no objection to my marrying her; nor has my father, I imagine.

PHOR. Trust me for that; I'll have all this matter managed for you; Phormio has so arranged it, that you shall not be a suppliant to your father, but his judge.

PHÆD. You are joking.

PHOR. So it is, I tell you. Do you only *give me* the thirty minæ which Dorio——

PHÆD. You put me well in mind; I understand you; you may have them; for he must give them back, as the law forbids a free woman to be sold; and, on my faith, I do rejoice that an opportunity is afforded me of rewarding you, and taking a hearty vengeance upon him; a monster of a fellow! he has feelings more hardened than iron.

PHOR. Now, Phædria, I return you thanks; I'll make you a return upon occasion, if ever I have the opportunity. You impose a heavy task upon me, to be contending with you in good offices, as I can not in wealth; and in affection and zeal, I must repay you what I owe. To be surpassed in deserving well, is a disgrace to a man of principle.

PHÆD. Services badly bestowed, I take to be disservices. But I do not know any person more grateful and more mindful *of a service* than yourself. What is it you were just now mentioning about my father?

PHOR. There are many particulars, which at present I have not the opportunity to relate. Let's go in-doors, for Nausistrata has invited me to dinner, and I'm afraid we may keep them waiting.

PHÆD. Very well; follow me. (*To the* AUDIENCE.) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

THE

COMEDIES

OF

TERENCE.

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim:
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

HORACE.

THE ANDRIAN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Prologue.	Byrrhia.
Simo.	Dromo.
Pamphilus.	Servants, etc.
Chremes.	
Charinus.	Glycerium.
Crito.	Mysis.
Sosia.	Lesbia.
Davus.	Archyllis.

Scene, Athens.

PROLOGUE.

The Bard, when first he gave his mind to write,
Thought it his only business, that his Plays
Should please the people: but it now falls out,
He finds, much otherwise, and wastes, perforce,
His time in writing Prologues; not to tell
The argument, but to refute the slanders
Broach'd by the malice of an older Bard.
And mark what vices he is charg'd withal!
Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian:
Know one, and you know both; in argument
Less diff'rent than in sentiment and style.
What suited with the Andrian he confesses
From the Perinthian he transferr'd, and us'd
For his: and this it is these sland'rers blame,
Proving by deep and learned disputation,
That Fables should not be contaminated.
Troth! all the knowledge is they nothing know:
Who, blaming him, blame Nævius, Plautus, Ennius,
Whose great example is his precedent;
Whose negligence he'd wish to emulate
Rather than *their* dark diligence. Henceforth,
Let them, I give them warning, be at peace,
And cease to rail, lest they be made to know
Their own misdeeds. Be favorable! sit
With equal mind, and hear our play; that hence
Ye may conclude, what hope to entertain,
The comedies he may hereafter write
Shall merit approbation or contempt.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Simo, Sosia, *and* Servants *with Provisions.*

Simo. Carry those things in: go! (*Exit* Servants.
Sosia, come here;
A word with you!
Sosia. I understand: that these
Be ta'en due care of.
Simo. Quite another thing.
Sosia. What can my art do more for you?
Simo. This business
Needs not that art; but those good qualities,
Which I have ever known abide in you,
Fidelity and secrecy.
Sosia. I wait
Your pleasure.
Simo. Since I bought you, from a boy
How just and mild a servitude you've pass'd
With me, you're conscious: from a purchas'd slave
I made you free, because you serv'd me freely:
The greatest recompense I could bestow.
Sosia. I do remember.
Simo. Nor do I repent.
Sosia. If I have ever done, or now do aught
That's pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad,
And thankful that you hold my service good.
And yet this troubles me: for this detail,
Forcing your kindness on my memory,
Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.
Oh tell me then at once, what would you? Sir!
Simo. I will; and this I must advise you first;
The nuptial you suppose preparing now,
Is all unreal.
Sosia. Why pretend it then?
Simo. You shall hear all from first to last: and thus
The conduct of my son, my own intent,
And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
For my son, Sosia, now to manhood grown,
Had freer scope of living: for before
How might you know, or how indeed divine
His disposition, good or ill, while youth,
Fear, and a master, all constrain'd him?
Sosia. True.
Simo. Though most, as is the bent of youth, apply
Their mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
Or to the study of philosophy;

Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he
Pursue; and yet, in moderation, all.
I was o'erjoy'd.
SOSIA. And not without good cause.
For this I hold to be the Golden Rule
Of Life, too much of one thing's good for nothing.
SIMO. So did he shape his life to bear himself
With ease and frank good-humor unto all;
Mix'd in what company soe'er, to them
He wholly did resign himself; and join'd
In their pursuits, opposing nobody,
Nor e'er assuming to himself: and thus
With ease, and free from envy, may you gain
Praise, and conciliate friends.
SOSIA. He rul'd his life
By prudent maxims: for, as times go now,
Compliance raises friends, and truth breeds hate.
SIMO. Meanwhile, 'tis now about three years ago,
A certain woman from the isle of Andros,
Came o'er to settle in this neighborhood,
By poverty and cruel kindred driv'n:
Handsome and young.
SOSIA. Ah! I begin to fear
Some mischief from this Andrian.
SIMO. At first
Modest and thriftily, though poor, she liv'd,
With her own hands a homely livelihood
Scarce earning from the distaff and the loom.
But when a lover came, with promis'd gold,
Another, and another, as the mind
Falls easily from labor to delight,
She took their offers, and set up the trade.
They, who were then her chief gallants, by chance
Drew thither, as oft happen with young men
My son to join their company. So, so!
Said I within myself, he's smit! he has it!
And in the morning as I saw their servants
Run to and fro, I'd often call, here, boy!
Prithee now, who had Chrysis yesterday?
The name of this same Andrian.
SOSIA. I take you.
SIMO. Phædrus they said, Clinia, or Niceratus,
For all these three then follow'd her.—Well, well,
But what of Pamphilus?—Of Pamphilus!
He supp'd, and paid his reck'ning.—I was glad.
Another day I made the like inquiry,
But still found nothing touching Pamphilus.
Thus I believ'd his virtue prov'd, and hence
Thought him a miracle of continence:
For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,

May well be trusted with the governance
Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
Delighted with his life, but all the world
With one accord said all good things, and prais'd
My happy fortunes, who possess'd a son
So good, so lib'rally disposed.—In short
Chremes, seduc'd by this fine character,
Came of his own accord, to offer me
His only daughter with a handsome portion
In marriage with my son. I lik'd the match;
Betroth'd my son; and this was pitch'd upon,
By joint agreement, for the wedding-day.
Sosia. And what prevents it's being so?
Simo. I'll tell you.
In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
This neighbor Chrysis dies.
Sosia. In happy hour:
Happy for you! I was afraid of Chrysis.
Simo. My son, on this event, was often there
With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis;
Assisted to prepare the funeral,
Ever condol'd, and sometimes wept with them.
This pleas'd me then; for in myself I thought,
Since merely for a small acquaintance-sake
He takes this woman's death so nearly, what
If he himself had lov'd? What would he feel
For me, his father? All these things, I thought,
Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender disposition.
In short, on his account, e'en I myself
Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
No harm.
Sosia. And what—
Simo. You shall hear all. The Corpse
Borne forth, we follow: when among the women
Attending there, I chanc'd to cast my eyes,
Upon one girl, in form——
Sosia. Not bad, perhaps——
Simo. And look; so modest, and so beauteous, Sosia!
That nothing could exceed it. As she seem'd
To grieve beyond the rest; and as her air
Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
I went and ask'd her women who she was.
Sister, they said, to Chrysis: when at once
It struck my mind; So! so! the secret's out;
Hence were those tears, and hence all that compassion!
Sosia. Alas! I fear how this affair will end!
Simo. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;
Come to the sepulchre: the body's plac'd
Upon the pile, lamented: whereupon
This sister I was speaking of, all wild,

Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
His well-dissembled and long-hidden love:
Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
Oh my Glycerium! what is it you do?
Why, why endeavor to destroy yourself?
Then she, in such a manner, that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long, love,
Threw herself back into his arms, and wept,
Oh how familiarly!

SOSIA. How say you!

SIMO. I
Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had no cause sufficient for reproof.
What have I done? he'd say; or how deserv'd
Reproach? or how offended, Father?—Her
Who meant to cast herself into the flames,
I stopped. A fair excuse!

SOSIA. You're in the right;
For him, who sav'd a life, if you reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong?

SIMO. Chremes next day came open-mouth'd to me:
Oh monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this stranger woman.
Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short we part
On such bad terms, as let me understand
He would refuse his daughter.

SOSIA. Did not you
Then take your son to task?

SIMO. Not even this
Appear'd sufficient for reproof.

SOSIA. How so?

SIMO. Father, (he might have said) You have, you know,
Prescrib'd a term to all these things yourself.
The time is near at hand, when I must live
According to the humor of another.
Meanwhile, permit me now to please my own!

SOSIA. What cause remains to chide him then?

SIMO. If he
Refuses, on account of this amour,
To take a wife, such obstinate denial
Must be considered as his first offense.
Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,
Endeavor to draw real cause to chide:
And that same rascal Davus, if he's plotting,
That he may let his counsel run to waste,
Now, when his knaveries can do no harm:
Who, I believe, with all his might and main
Will strive to cross my purposes; and that
More to plague me, than to oblige my son.

Sosia. Why so?
Simo. Why so! Bad mind, bad heart: But if
I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?
—If, as I wish it may, it should appear
That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon,
And will, I hope, consent. 'Tis now your place
To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly;
To frighten Davus; and observe my son,
What he's about, what plots they hatch together.
Sosia. Enough; I'll take due care. Let's now go in!
Simo. Go first: I'll follow you. (*Exit* Sosia.
Beyond all doubt
My son's averse to take a wife: I saw
How frighten'd Davus was, but even now,
When he was told a nuptial was preparing.
But here he comes.

Scene II.

Enter Davus.

Davus (*to himself*). I thought 'twere wonderful
If this affair went off so easily;
And dreaded where my master's great good-humor
Would end at last: who, after he perceiv'd
The Lady was refus'd, ne'er said a word
To any of us, nor e'er took it ill.
Simo (*behind*). But now he will; to your cost too, I warrant you!
Davus. This was his scheme; to lead us by the nose
In a false dream of joy; then all agape
With hope, even then that we were most secure,
To have o'erwhelm'd us, nor have giv'n us time
To cast about which way to break the match.
Cunning old Gentleman!
Simo. What says the rogue?
Davus. My master and I did not see him!
Simo. Davus!
Davus. Well! what now? (*Pretending not to see him.*)
Simo. Here! this way!
Davus. What can he want? (*To himself.*)
Simo (*overhearing*). What say you?
Davus. Upon what? Sir.
Simo. Upon what!
The world reports that my son keeps a mistress.
Davus. Oh, to be sure, the world cares much for that.
Simo. D'ye mind what I say? Sirrah!
Davus. Nothing more, Sir.
Simo. But for me now to dive into these matters
May seem perhaps like too severe a father:

For all his youthful pranks concern not me.
While 'twas in season, he had my free leave
To take his swing of pleasure. But to-day
Brings on another stage of life, and asks
For other manners: wherefore I desire,
Or, if you please, I do beseech you, Davus,
To set him right again.
Davus. What means all this?
Simo. All, who are fond of mistresses, dislike
The thoughts of matrimony.
Davus. So they say.
Simo. And then, if such a person entertains
An evil counselor in those affairs,
He tampers with the mind, and makes bad worse.
Davus. Troth, I don't comprehend one word of this.
Simo. No?
Davus. No. I'm Davus, and not Œdipus.
Simo. Then for the rest I have to say to you,
You choose I should speak plainly.
Davus. By all means.
Simo. If I discover then, that in this match
You get to your dog's tricks to break it off,
Or try to show how shrewd a rogue you are,
I'll have you beat to mummy, and then thrown
In prison, Sirrah! upon this condition,
That when I take you out again, I swear
To grind there in your stead. D'ye take me now?
Or don't you understand this neither?
Davus. Clearly.
You have spoke out at last: the very thing!
Quite plain and home; and nothing round about.
Simo. I could excuse your tricks in any thing,
Rather than this.
Davus. Good words! I beg of you.
Simo. You laugh at me: well, well!—I give you warning
That you do nothing rashly, nor pretend
You was not advertis'd of this—take heed! (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Davus.

Troth Davus, 'tis high time to look about you;
No room for sloth, as far as I can sound
The sentiments of our old gentleman
About this marriage, which if not fought off,
And cunningly, spoils me, or my poor master.
I know not what to do; nor can resolve
To help the son, or to obey the father.
If I desert poor Pamphilus, alas!
I tremble for his life; if I assist him.

I dread his father's threats: a shrewd old Cuff,
Not easily deceiv'd. For first of all,
He knows of this amour; and watches me
With jealous eyes, lest I devise some trick
To break the match. If he discovers it,
Woe to poor Davus! nay, if he's inclin'd
To punish me, he'll seize on some pretense
To throw me into prison, right or wrong.
Another mischief is, this Andrian,
Mistress or wife, 's with child by Pamphilus.
And do but mark their confidence! 'tis sure
The dotage of mad people, not of lovers.
Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd
To educate: and have among themselves
Devis'd the strangest story! that Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen. "There was
Once on a time a certain merchant, shipwreck'd
Upon the isle of Andros; there he died:
And Chrysis' father took this orphan-wreck,
Then but an infant, under his protection."
Ridiculous! 'tis all romance to me:
And yet the story pleases them. And see!
Mysis comes forth. But I must to the Forum
To look for Pamphilus, for fear his father
Should find him first, and take him unawares.

Scene IV.

Enter Mysis. (*Speaking to a servant within.*)

I hear, Archyllis; I hear what you say:
You beg me to bring Lesbia. By my troth
That Lesbia is a drunken wretch, hot-headed,
Nor worthy to be trusted with a woman
In her first labor. Well, well! she shall come.
—Observe how earnest the old gossip is, (*Coming forward*)
Because this Lesbia is her pot-companion.
—Oh grant my mistress, Heav'n, a safe delivery,
And let the midwife trespass any where
Rather than here!—But what is it I see?
Pamphilus all disorder'd: How I fear
The cause! I'll wait a while, that I may know
If this commotion means us any ill.

Scene V.

Pamphilus, Mysis *behind.*

Pam. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
The action of a father?
Mysis. What's the matter?

Pam. Oh all ye pow'rs of heav'n and earth, what's wrong
If this is not so?—If he was determin'd
That I to-day should marry, should I not
Have had some previous notice?—ought not he
To have inform'd me of it long ago?
Mysis. Alas! what's this I hear?
Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to trust me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, because I change not mine.
Can he then be so obstinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium? To lose her
Is losing life.—Was ever man so cross'd,
So curs'd as I?—Oh pow'rs of heav'n and earth!
Can I by no means fly from this alliance
With Chremes' family?—so oft contemn'd
And held in scorn!—all done, concluded all!—
Rejected, then recall'd:—and why?—unless,
For so I must suspect, they breed some monster,
Whom as they can obtrude on no one else,
They bring to me.
Mysis. Alas, alas! this speech
Has struck me almost dead with fear.
Pam. And then
My father!—what to say of him?—Oh shame!
A thing of so much consequence to treat
So negligently!—For but even now
Passing me in the forum, Pamphilus!
To-day's your wedding-day, said he: prepare;
Go, get you home!—This sounded in my ears
As if he said, go, hang yourself!—I stood
Confounded. Think you I could speak one word?
Or offer an excuse, how weak soe'er?
No, I was dumb:—and had I been aware,
Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,
Rather than this, do any thing.—But now
What to resolve upon?—So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compassion,
This urgent match, my rev'rence for my father,
Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,
And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures.
—And I oppose him?—Racking thought!—Ah me!
I know not what to do.
Mysis. Alas, I fear
Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best
He should confer with her; or I at least
Speak touching her to him. For while the mind
Hangs in suspense, a trifle turns the scale.
Pam. Who's there? what, Mysis! Save you!
Mysis. Save you! Sir. (*Coming forward.*)
Pam. How does she?

Mysis. How! oppress'd with wretchedness.
To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
And then she fears lest you desert her.
Pam. I!
Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid! who trusted to my care
Her life and honor. Her whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cherish'd as my wife?
Or leave her modest and well nurtur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.
Mysis. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if constrain'd——
Pam. D'ye think me then so vile?
Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,
Neither long intercourse, nor love, nor shame,
Can make me keep my faith?
Mysis. I only know
That she deserves you should remember her.
Pam. I should remember her? Oh, Mysis, Mysis!
The words of Chrysis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chrysis thus began:
My Pamphilus, you see the youth and beauty
Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
These are but feeble guardians to preserve
Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
I do beseech you, by your better angel,
By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
I do conjure you, put her not away,
Nor leave her to distress. If I have ever,
As my own brother, lov'd you; or if she
Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
And ever shown obedience to your will——
I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
Friend, Guardian, Father: all our little wealth
To you I leave, and trust it to your care.——
She join'd our hands, and died.—I did receive her,
And once receiv'd will keep her.
Mysis. So we trust.
Pam. What make you from her?
Mysis. Going for a midwife.
Pam. Haste then! and hark, be sure take special heed,
You mention not a word about the marriage,
Lest this too give her pain.
Mysis. I understand.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Charinus, Byrrhia.

Char. How, Byrrhia? Is she to be married, say you,
To Pamphilus to-day?
Byr. 'Tis even so.
Char. How do you know?
Byr. I had it even now
From Davus at the Forum.
Char. Woe is me!
Then I'm a wretch indeed: till now my mind
Floated 'twixt hope and fear: now, hope remov'd,
Stunn'd, and o'erwhelm'd, it sinks beneath its cares.
Byr. Nay, prithee master, since the thing you wish
Can not be had, e'en wish for that which may!
Char. I wish for nothing but Philumena.
Byr. Ah, how much wiser were it, that you strove
To quench this passion, than, with words like these
To fan the fire, and blow it to a flame?
Char. How readily do men at ease prescribe
To those who're sick at heart! distress'd like me,
You would not talk thus.
Byr. Well, well, as you please.
Char. Ha! I see Pamphilus. I can resolve
On any thing, e'er give up all for lost.
Byr. What now?
Char. I will entreat him, beg, beseech him,
Tell him our course of love, and thus, perhaps,
At least prevail upon him to defer
His marriage some few days: meanwhile, I hope,
Something may happen.
Byr. Aye, that something's nothing.
Char. Byrrhia, what think you? Shall I speak to him?
Byr. Why not? for though you don't obtain your suit,
He will at least imagine you're prepar'd
To cuckold him, in case he marries her.
Char. Away, you hang-dog, with your base suspicions!

Scene II.

Enter Pamphilus.

Pam. Charinus, save you!
Char. Save you, Pamphilus!
Imploring comfort, safety, help, and counsel,
You see me now before you.

Pam. I do lack
Myself both help and counsel—But what mean you?
Char. Is this your wedding-day?
Pam. Aye, so they say.
Char. Ah, Pamphilus, if so, this day
You see the last of me.
Pam. How so?
Char. Ah me!
I dare not speak it: prithee tell him, Byrrhia.
Byr. Aye, that I will.
Pam. What is't?
Byr. He is in love
With your bride, Sir.
Pam. I' faith so am not I.
Tell me, Charinus, has aught further passed
'Twixt you and her?
Char. Ah, no, no.
Pam. Would there had!
Char. Now by our friendship, by my love I beg
You would not marry her.———
Pam. I will endeavor.
Char. If that's impossible, or if this match
Be grateful to your heart———
Pam. My heart!
Char. At least
Defer it some few days; while I depart,
That I may not behold it.
Pam. Hear, Charinus;
It is, I think, scarce honesty in him
To look for thanks, who means no favor. I
Abhor this marriage, more than you desire it.
Char. You have reviv'd me.
Pam. Now if you, or he,
Your Byrrhia here, can do or think of aught;
Act, plot, devise, invent, strive all you can
To make her yours; and I'll do all I can
That she may not be mine.
Char. Enough.
Pam. I see
Davus, and in good time: for he'll advise
What's best to do.
Char. But you, you sorry rogue, (*To* Byrrhia)
Can give me no advice, nor tell me aught,
But what it is impertinent to know.
Hence, Sirrah, get you gone!
Byr. With all my heart. (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Enter Davus *hastily.*

Davus. Good Heav'ns, what news I bring! what joyful new

But where shall I find Pamphilus, to drive
His fears away, and make him full of joy?
CHAR. There's something pleases him.
PAM. No matter what.
He has not heard of our ill fortune yet.
DAVUS. And he, I warrant, if he has been told
Of his intended wedding——
CHAR. Do you hear?
DAVUS. Poor soul, is running all about the town
In quest of me. But whither shall I go?
Or which way run?
CHAR. Why don't you speak to him?
DAVUS. I'll go.
PAM. Ho! Davus! Stop, come here!
DAVUS. Who calls?
O, Pamphilus! the very man.—Heyday!
Charinus too!—Both gentlemen, well met!
I've news for both.
PAM. I'm ruin'd, Davus.
DAVUS. Hear me!
PAM. Undone!
DAVUS. I know your fears.
CHAR. My life's at stake.
DAVUS. Yours I know also.
PAM. Matrimony mine.
DAVUS. I know it.
PAM. But to-day.
DAVUS. You stun me; plague!
I tell you I know ev'ry thing: you fear (*To* CHARINUS.)
You should *not* marry her.—You fear you *should*. (*To* PAM.)
CHAR. The very thing.
PAM. The same.
DAVUS. And yet that *same*
Is nothing. Mark!
PAM. Nay, rid me of my fear.
DAVUS. I will then. Chremes
Won't give his daughter to you.
PAM. How d'ye know?
DAVUS. I'm sure of it. Your Father but just now
Takes me aside, and tells me 'twas his will
That you should wed to-day; with much beside,
Which now I have not leisure to repeat.
I, on the instant, hastening to find you,
Run to the Forum to inform you of it:
There, failing, climb an eminence, look round:
No Pamphilus: I light by chance on Byrrhia;
Inquire; he hadn't seen you. Vex'd at heart,
What's to be done? thought I. Returning thence
A doubt arose within me. Ha! bad cheer,
The old man melancholy, and a wedding
Clapp'd up so suddenly! This don't agree.

Pam. Well, what then?
Davus. I betook me instantly
To Chremes' house; but thither when I came,
Before the door all hush. This tickled me.
Pam. You're in the right. Proceed.
Davus. I watch'd a while:
Meantime no soul went in, no soul came out;
No matron; in the house no ornament;
No note of preparation. I approach'd,
Look'd in——
Pam. I understand: a potent sign!
Davus. Does this seem like a nuptial?
Pam. I think not,
Davus.
Davus. *Think not*, d'ye say? you don't conceive:
The thing is evident. I met beside,
As I departed thence, with Chremes' boy,
Bearing some pot-herbs, and a pennyworth
Of little fishes for the old man's dinner.
Char. I am deliver'd, Davus, by your means,
From all my apprehensions of to-day.
Davus. And yet you are undone.
Char. How so? Since Chremes
Will not consent to give Philumena
To Pamphilus.
Davus. Ridiculous! As if,
Because the daughter is denied to him,
She must of course wed you. Look to it well;
Court the old Gentleman through friends, apply,
Or else——
Char. You're right: I will about it straight,
Although that hope has often fail'd. Farewell. (*Exit*

Scene IV.

Pam. What means my father then? Why counterfeit?
Davus. That I'll explain. If he were angry now,
Merely that Chremes has refus'd his daughter,
He'd think himself in fault; and justly too,
Before the bias of your mind is known.
But granting you refuse her for a wife,
Then all the blame devolves on you, and then
Comes all the storm.
Pam. What course then shall I take?
Shall I submit——
Davus. He is your Father, Sir,
Whom to oppose were difficult; and then
Glycerium's a lone woman; and he'll find
Some course, no matter what, to drive her hence.
Pam. To drive her hence?
Davus. Directly.

PAM. Tell me then,
Oh tell me, Davus, what were best to do?
DAVUS. Say that you'll marry!
PAM. How!
DAVUS. And where's the harm?
PAM. Say that I'll marry!
DAVUS. Why not?
PAM. Never, never.
DAVUS. Do not refuse!
PAM. Persuade not!
DAVUS. Do but mark
The consequence.
PAM. Divorcement from Glycerium.
And marriage with the other.
DAVUS. No such thing.
Your father, I suppose, accosts you thus.
I'd have you wed to-day;—I will, quoth you:
What reason has he to reproach you then?
Thus shall you baffle all his settled schemes,
And put him to confusion; all the while
Secure yourself: for 'tis beyond a doubt
That Chremes will refuse his daughter to you;
So obstinately too, you need not pause,
Or change these measures, lest he change his mind;
Say to your father then, that you will wed,
That, with the will, he may want cause to chide.
But if, deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
"No one will wed their daughter to a rake,
A libertine."—Alas, you're much deceiv'd.
For know, your father will redeem some wretch
From rags and beggary to be your wife,
Rather than see your ruin with Glycerium.
But if he thinks you bear an easy mind,
He too will grow indiff'rent, and seek out
Another match at leisure; the mean while
Affairs may take a lucky turn.
PAM. D'ye think so?
DAVUS. Beyond all doubt.
PAM. See, what you lead me to.
DAVUS. Nay, peace!
PAM. I'll say so then. But have a care
He knows not of the child, which I've agreed
To educate.
DAVUS. O confidence!
PAM. She drew
This promise from me, as a firm assurance
That I would not forsake her.
DAVUS. We'll take care.
But here's your father: let him not perceive
You're melancholy.

Scene V.

Enter Simo *at a distance.*

Simo. I return to see
What they're about, or what they meditate.
Davus. Now is he sure that you'll refuse to wed.
From some dark corner brooding o'er black thoughts
He comes, and fancies he has fram'd a speech
To disconcert you. See, you keep your ground!
Pam. If I can, Davus.
Davus. Trust me, Pamphilus,
Your father will not change a single word
In anger with you, do but say you'll wed.

Scene VI.

Enter Byrrhia *behind.*

Byr. To-day my master bade me leave all else
For Pamphilus, and watch how he proceeds,
About his marriage; wherefore I have now
Followed the old man hither: yonder too
Stands Pamphilus himself, and with him Davus.
To business then!
Simo. I see them both together.
Davus. Now mind. (*Apart to* Pam.)
Simo. Here, Pamphilus!
Davus. Now turn about,
As taken unawares. (*Apart.*)
Pam. Who calls? my father! (*Apart.*)
Simo. It is my pleasure, that to-day,
As I have told you once before, you marry.
Davus. Now on our part, I fear what he'll reply. (*Asi*
Pam. In that, and all the rest of your commands,
I shall be ready to obey you, Sir!
Byr. How's that! (*Overhearing.*)
Davus. Struck dumb. (*Aside.*)
Byr. What said he? (*Listening.*)
Simo. You perform
Your duty, when you cheerfully comply
With my desires.
Davus. There! said I not the truth? (*Apart to* Pam.)
Byr. My master then, so far as I can find,
May whistle for a wife.
Simo. Now then go in
That when you're wanted you be found.
Pam. I go. (*Exi*
Byr. Is there no faith in the affairs of men?
'Tis an old saying and a true one too;
"Of all mankind each loves himself the best."

I've seen the lady; know her beautiful;
And therefore sooner pardon Pamphilus,
If he had rather win her to his arms,
Than yield her to th' embraces of my master.
I will go bear these tidings, and receive
Much evil treatment for my evil news. (*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Manent Simo *and* Davus.

Davus. Now he supposes I've some trick in hand,
And loiter here to practice it on him!
Simo. Well, what now, Davus?
Davus. Nothing.
Simo. Nothing, say you?
Davus. Nothing at all.
Simo. And yet I look'd for something.
Davus. So, I perceive, you did:—This nettles him.
(*Aside.*)
Simo. Can you speak truth?
Davus. Most easily.
Simo. Say then,
Is not this wedding irksome to my son,
From his adventure with the Andrian?
Davus. No faith; or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know;
Then 'twill be over: for he sees the thing
In its true light.
Simo. I praise him for't.
Davus. While you
Restrain'd him not; and while his youth allow'd
'Tis true he lov'd; and even then by stealth,
As wise men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.
Simo. Yet, in my eyes, he seem'd a little sad.
Davus. Not upon that account. He has he thinks
Another reason to complain of you.
Simo. For what?
Davus. A trifle.
Simo. Well, what is't?
Davus. Nay, nothing.
Simo. Tell me, what is't?
Davus. You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too sparing of expense.
Simo. I?
Davus. You.
A feast of scarce ten Drachms? Does this, says he,
Look like a wedding-supper for his son?
What friends can I invite? especially

At such a time as this?—and, truly, Sir,
You have been very frugal; much too sparing.
I can't commend you for it.
SIMO. Hold your peace.
DAVUS. I've ruffled him. (*Aside.*)
SIMO. I'll look to that. Away! (*Exit* DAVUS.
What now? What means the varlet? Precious rogue,
For if there's any knavery on foot,
He, I am sure, is the contriver on't. (*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

SIMO, DAVUS, *coming out of* SIMO'S *house.*—MYSIS, LESBIA, *going toward the house of* GLYCERIUM.

MYSIS. Aye, marry, 'tis as you say, Lesbia:
Women scarce ever find a constant man.
SIMO. The Andrian's maid-servant! Is't not?
DAVUS. Aye.
MYSIS. But Pamphilus——
SIMO. What says she? (*Overhearing.*)
MYSIS. Has been true.
SIMO. How's that? (*Overhearing.*)
DAVUS. Would he were deaf, or she were dumb! (*Asia*
MYSIS. For the child, boy, or girl, he has resolv'd
To educate.
SIMO. O Jupiter! what's this
I hear? If this be true, I'm lost indeed.
LESBIA. A good young Gentleman!
MYSIS. Oh, very good.
But in, in, lest you make her wait.
LESBIA. I follow. (*Exeunt* MYSIS *and* LESBIA

SCENE II.

Manent SIMO, DAVUS.

DAVUS. Unfortunate! What remedy! (*Aside.*)
SIMO. How's this? (*To himself.*)
And can he be so mad? What! educate
A harlot's child!—Ah, now I know their drift:
Fool that I was, scarce smelt it out at last.
DAVUS (*listening*). What's this he says he has smelt ou
SIMO. Imprimis, (*To himself,*)
'Tis this rogue's trick upon me. All a sham:
A counterfeit deliv'ry, and mock labor,
Devis'd to frighten Chremes from the match.

Gly. (*within*). Juno Lucina, save me! Help, I pray thee.
Simo. Heyday! Already! Oh ridiculous!
Soon as she heard that I was at the door
She hastens to cry out: your incidents
Are ill-tim'd, Davus.
Davus. Mine, Sir?
Simo. Are your players
Unmindful of their cues, and want a prompter?
Davus. I do not comprehend you.
Simo (*apart.*) If this knave
Had, in the real nuptial of my son,
Come thus upon me unprepar'd, what sport,
What scorn he'd have exposed me to? But now
At his own peril be it. I'm secure.

Scene III.

Re-enter Lesbia.—Archyllis *appears at the door.*

Lesbia *to* Archyllis (*within*). As yet, Archyllis, all the symptoms seem
As good as might be wish'd in her condition:
First, let her make ablution: after that,
Drink what I've order'd her, and just so much:
And presently I will be here again. (*Coming forward.*)
Now, by this good day, Master Pamphilus
Has got a chopping boy: Heav'n grant it live!
For he's a worthy Gentleman, and scorn'd
To do a wrong to this young innocent. (*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Simo. This too where's he that knows you would not swear
Was your contrivance?
Davus. My contrivance! what, Sir?
Simo. While in the house, forsooth, the midwife gave
No orders for the Lady in the straw:
But having issued forth into the street,
Bawls out most lustily to those within.
—Oh Davus, am I then so much your scorn?
Seem I so proper to be play'd upon,
With such a shallow, barefac'd, imposition?
You might at least, in reverence, have us'd
Some spice of art, wer't only to pretend
You fear'd my anger, should I find you out.
Davus. I' faith now he deceives himself, not I. (*Aside.*)
Simo. Did not I give you warning? threaten too,
In case you play'd me false? But all in vain:
For what car'd you?—What! think you I believe
This story of a child by Pamphilus?
Davus. I see his error: Now I know my game. (*Aside.*)
Simo. Why don't you answer?

Davus. What! you don't believe it!
As if you had not been informed of this? (*Archly.*)
Simo. I been inform'd?
Davus. What then you found it out? (*Archly.*)
Simo. D'ye laugh at me?
Davus. You must have been inform'd:
Or whence this shrewd suspicion?
Simo. Whence! from you:
Because I know you.
Davus. Meaning, this was done
By my advice?
Simo. Beyond all doubt; I know it:
Davus. You do not know me, Simo.——
Simo. I not know you?
Davus. For if I do but speak, immediately
You think yourself impos'd on.——
Simo. Falsely, hey?
Davus. So that I dare not ope my lips before you.
Simo. All that I know is this; that nobody
Has been deliver'd here.
Davus. You've found it out?
Yet by-and-by they'll bring the bantling here,
And lay it at our door. Remember, Sir,
I give you warning that will be the case;
That you may stand prepar'd, nor after say,
'Twas done by Davus's advice, his tricks!
I would fain cure your ill opinion of me.
Simo. But how d'ye know?
Davus. I've heard so, and believe so.
Besides a thousand things concur to lead
To this conjecture. In the first place, she
Profess'd herself with child by Pamphilus:
That proves a falsehood. Now that she perceives
A nuptial preparation at our house,
A maid's dispatch'd immediately to bring
A midwife to her, and withal a child;
You too they will contrive shall see the child,
Or else the wedding must proceed.
Simo. How's this?
Having discover'd such a plot on foot,
Why did you not directly tell my son?
Davus. Who then has drawn him from her but myself
For we all know how much he doted on her:
But now he wishes for a wife. In fine,
Leave that affair to me; and you meanwhile
Pursue, as you've begun, the nuptials; which
The Gods, I hope, will prosper!
Simo. Get you in.
Wait for me there, and see that you prepare
What's requisite. (*Exit* Davus
He has not wrought upon me

To yield implicit credit to his tale,
Nor do I know if all he said be true.
But, true or false, it matters not: to me
My Son's own promise is the main concern.
Now to meet Chremes, and to beg his daughter
In marriage with my son. If I succeed,
What can I rather wish, than to behold
Their marriage-rites to-day? For since my son
Has given me his word, I've not a doubt,
Should he refuse, but I may force him to it:
And to my wishes see where Chremes comes.

Scene V.

Enter Chremes.

Simo. Chremes, good-day!
Chremes. The very man I look'd for.
Simo. And I for you.
Chremes. Well met.—Some persons came
To tell me you inform'd them, that my daughter
Was to be married to your son to-day:
And therefore came I here, and fain would know
Whether 'tis you or they have lost their wits.
Simo. A moment's hearing; you shall be inform'd,
What I request, and what you wish to know.
Chremes. I hear: what would you? speak.
Simo. Now by the Gods;
Now by our friendship, Chremes, which begun
In infancy, has still increas'd with age;
Now by your only daughter, and my son,
Whose preservation wholly rests on you;
Let me entreat this boon: and let the match
Which should have been, still be.
Chremes. Why, why entreat?
Knowing you ought not to beseech this of me.
Think you that I am other than I was,
When first I gave my promise? If the match
Be good for both, e'en call them forth to wed.
But if their union promises more harm
Than good to both, you also, I beseech you,
Consult our common interest, as if
You were her father, Pamphilus my son.
Simo. E'en in that spirit, I desire it, Chremes,
Entreat it may be done; nor would entreat,
But that occasion urges.
Chremes. What occasion?
Simo. A diff'rence 'twixt Glycerium and my son.
Chremes. I hear. (*Ironically.*)
Simo. A breach so wide as gives me hopes
To sep'rate them forever.

Chremes. Idle tales!
Simo. Indeed 'tis thus.
Chremes. Aye marry, thus it is.
Quarrels of lovers but renew their love.
Simo. Prevent we then, I pray, this mischief now;
While time permits, while yet his passion's sore
From contumelies; ere these women's wiles,
Their wicked arts, and tears made up of fraud
Shake his weak mind, and melt it to compassion.
Give him a wife: by intercourse with her,
Knit by the bonds of wedlock, soon I hope,
He'll rise above the guilt that sinks him now.
Chremes. So you believe: for me, I can not think
That he'll be constant, or that I can bear it.
Simo. How can you know, unless you make the trial?
Chremes. Aye, but to make that trial on a daughter
Is hard indeed.
Simo. The mischief, should he fail,
Is only this: divorce, which Heav'n forbid!
But mark what benefits if he amend!
First, to your friend you will restore a son;
Gain to yourself a son-in-law, and match
Your daughter to an honest husband.
Chremes. Well!
Since you're so thoroughly convinc'd 'tis right,
I can deny you naught that lies in me.
Simo. I see I ever lov'd you justly, Chremes.
Chremes. But then——
Simo. But what?
Chremes. Whence is't you know
That there's a difference between them?
Simo. Davus,
Davus, in all their secrets, told me so;
Advis'd me too, to hasten on the match
As fast as possible. Would he, d'ye think,
Do that, unless he were full well assur'd
My son desir'd it too?—Hear, what he says.
Ho there! call Davus forth.—But here he comes.

Scene VI.

Enter Davus.

Davus. I was about to seek you.
Simo. What's the matter?
Davus. Why is not the bride sent for? it grows late.
Simo. D'ye hear him?—Davus, I for some time past
Was fearful of you; lest, like other slaves,
As slaves go now, you should put tricks upon me,
And baffle me, to favor my son's love.
Davus. I, Sir?

Simo. I thought so: and in fear of that
Conceal'd a secret which I'll now disclose.
Davus. What secret, Sir?
Simo. I'll tell you: for I now
Almost begin to think you may be trusted.
Davus. You've found what sort of man I am at last.
Simo. No marriage was intended.
Davus. How! none!
Simo. None.
All counterfeit, to sound my son and you.
Davus. How say you?
Simo. Even so.
Davus. Alack, alack!
I never could have thought it. Ah, what art! (*Archly.*)
Simo. Hear me. No sooner had I sent you in,
But opportunely I encounter'd Chremes.
Davus. How! are we ruin'd then? (*Aside.*)
Simo. I told him all,
That you had just told me,——
Davus. Confusion! how? (*Aside.*)
Simo. Begged him to grant his daughter, and at length
With much ado prevail'd.
Davus. Undone! (*Aside.*)
Simo. How's that? (*Overhearing.*)
Davus. Well done! I said.
Simo. My good friend Chremes then
Is now no obstacle.
Chremes. I'll home a while,
Order due preparations, and return. (*Exit.*
Simo. Prithee, now, Davus, seeing you alone
Have brought about this match——
Davus. Yes, I alone.
Simo. Endeavor farther to amend my son.
Davus. Most diligently.
Simo. It were easy now,
While his mind's irritated.
Davus. Be at peace.
Simo. Do then: where is he?
Davus. Probably at home.
Simo. I'll in, and tell him, what I've now told you. (*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Davus *alone.*

Lost and undone! To prison with me straight!
No prayer, no plea: for I have ruin'd all!
Deceiv'd the old man, hamper'd Pamphilus
With marriage; marriage, brought about to-day
By my sole means; beyond the hopes of one;
Against the other's will.——Oh, cunning fool!

Had I been quiet, all had yet been well.
But see, he's coming. Would my neck were broken!
(*Retires.*)

Scene VIII.

Enter Pamphilus; Davus *behind.*

Pam. Where is this villain that has ruined me?
Davus. I'm a lost man.
Pam. And yet I must confess,
That I deserv'd this, being such a dolt,
A very idiot, to commit my fortunes
To a vile slave. I suffer for my folly,
But will at least take vengeance on him.
Davus. If I can but escape this mischief now,
I'll answer for hereafter.
Pam. To my father
What shall I say?—And can I then refuse,
Who have but now consented? with what face?
I know not what to do.
Davus. F faith, nor I;
And yet it takes up all my thoughts. I'll tell him
I've hit on something to delay the match.
Pam. Oh! (*Seeing* Davus.)
Davus. I am seen.
Pam. So, good Sir! What say you?
See, how I'm hamper'd with your fine advice.
Davus (*coming forward*). But I'll deliver you.
Pam. Deliver me?
Davus. Certainly, Sir.
Pam. What, as you did just now?
Davus. Better, I hope.
Pam. And can you then believe
That I would trust you, rascal? You amend
My broken fortunes, or redeem them lost?
You, who to-day, from the most happy state,
Have thrown me upon marriage.—Did not I
Foretell it would be thus?
Davus. You did indeed.
Pam. And what do you deserve for this?
Davus. The gallows.
—Yet suffer me to take a little breath,
I'll devise something presently.
Pam. Alas,
I have not leisure for your punishment.
The time demands attention to myself,
Nor will be wasted in revenge on you.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Charinus *alone.*

Is this to be believ'd, or to be told?
Can then such inbred malice live in man,
To joy in ill, and from another's woes
To draw his own delight?—Ah, is't then so?
—Yes, such there are, the meanest of mankind,
Who, from a sneaking bashfulness, at first
Dare not refuse; but when the time comes on
To make their promise good, then force per force
Open themselves and fear: yet must deny.
Then too, oh shameless impudence, they cry,
"Who then are you? and what are you to me?
Why should I render up my love to you?
Faith, neighbor, charity begins at home."
—Speak of their broken faith, they blush not, they,
Now throwing off that shame they ought to wear,
Which they before assum'd without a cause.
—What shall I do? go to him? on my wrongs
Expostulate, and throw reproaches on him?
What will that profit, say you?——very much.
I shall at least imbitter his delight,
And gratify my anger.

Scene II.

To him Pamphilus *and* Davus.

Pam. Oh, Charinus,
By my imprudence, unless Heav'n forefend,
I've ruin'd both myself and you.
Char. Imprudence!
Paltry evasion! you have broke your faith.
Pam. What now?
Char. And do you think that words like these
Can baffle me again?
Pam. What means all this?
Char. Soon as I told you of my passion for her,
Then she had charms for you.——Ah, senseless fool,
To judge your disposition by my own!
Pam. You are mistaken.
Char. Was your joy no joy,
Without abusing a fond lover's mind,
Fool'd on with idle hopes?—Well, take her.
Pam. Take her?
Alas, you know not what a wretch I am:
How many cares this slave has brought upon me,
My rascal here.

Char. No wonder if he takes
Example from his master.
Pam. Ah, you know not
Me, or my love, or else you would not talk thus.
Char. Oh yes, I know it all. You had but now
A dreadful altercation with your father:
And therefore he's enrag'd, nor could prevail
On you, forsooth, to wed. (*Ironically.*)
Pam. To show you then,
How little you conceive of my distress,
These nuptials were mere semblance, mock'ry all,
Nor was a wife intended me.
Char. I know it:
You are constrain'd, poor man, by inclination.
Pam. Nay, but have patience! you don't know—
Char. I know
That you're to marry her.
Pam. Why rack me thus?
Nay hear! he never ceas'd to importune
That I would tell my father, I would wed;
So press'd, and urg'd, that he at length prevail'd.
Char. Who did this?
Pam. Davus.
Char. Davus!
Pam. Davus all.
Char. Wherefore?
Pam. I know not: but I know the Gods
Meant in their anger I should listen to him.
Char. Is it so, Davus?
Davus. Even so.
Char. How, villain?
The Gods confound you for it!—Tell me, wretch,
Had all his most inveterate foes desir'd
To throw him on this marriage, what advice
Could they have given else?
Davus. I am deceiv'd,
But not dishearten'd.
Char. True. (*Ironically.*)
Davus. This way has fail'd;
We'll try another way: unless you think
Because the business has gone ill at first,
We can not graft advantage on misfortune.
Pam. Oh aye, I warrant you, if you look to 't,
Out of one wedding you can work me two.
Davus. Pamphilus, 'tis my duty, as your slave,
To strive with might and main, by day and night,
With hazard of my life, to do you service:
'Tis yours, if I am cross'd, to pardon me.
My undertakings fail indeed, but then
I spare no pains. Do better, if you can,
And send me packing.

Pam. Aye, with all my heart:
Place me but where you found me first.
Davus. I will.
Pam. But do it instantly.
Davus. Hist! hold a while:
I hear the creaking of Glycerium's door.
Pam. Nothing to you.
Davus. I'm thinking.
Pam. What, at last?
Davus. Your business shall be done, and presently.

Scene III.

Enter Mysis.

Mysis *to* Glycerium (*within*). Be where he will, I'll find your Pamphilus,
And bring him with me. Meanwhile, you, my soul,
Forbear to vex yourself.
Pam. Mysis!
Mysis. Who's there?
Oh Pamphilus, well met, Sir!
Pam. What's the matter?
Mysis. My mistress, by the love you bear her, begs
Your presence instantly. She longs to see you.
Pam. Ah, I'm undone: This sore breaks out afresh.
Unhappy that we are, through your curs'd means,
To be tormented thus. (*To* Davus.)—She has been told
A nuptial is prepar'd and therefore sends.
Char. From which how safe you were, had he been quiet!
(*Pointing to* Davus.)
Davus. Aye, if he raves not of himself enough,
Do, irritate him. (*To* Charinus.)
Mysis. Truly that's the cause;
And therefore 'tis, poor soul, she sorrows thus.
Pam. Mysis, I swear to thee by all the Gods,
I never will desert her: though assur'd
That I for her make all mankind my foes.
I sought her, carried her: our hearts are one,
And farewell they that wish us put asunder!
Death, naught but death shall part us.
Mysis. I revive.
Pam. Apollo's oracles are not more true.
If that my father may be wrought upon,
To think I hinder'd not the match, 'tis well:
But if that can not be, come what come may,
Why let him know, 'twas I—What think you now?
(*To* Charinus.)
Char. That we are wretches both.
Davus. My brain 's at work.
Char. O brave!

Pam. I know what you'd attempt.
Davus. Well, well!
I will effect it for you.
Pam. Aye, but now.
Davus. E'en now.
Char. What is 't?
Davus. For him, Sir, not for you.
Be not mistaken.
Char. I am satisfied.
Pam. Say, what do you propose?
Davus. This day, I fear,
Is scarce sufficient for the execution,
So think not I have leisure to relate.
Hence then! you hinder me: hence, hence I say.
Pam. I'll to Glycerium. (*Exit.*
Davus. Well, and what mean you?
Whither will you, Sir?
Char. Shall I speak the truth?
Davus. Oh to be sure: now for a tedious tale!
Char. What will become of me?
Davus. How! not content!
Is it not then sufficient, if I give you
The respite of a day, a little day,
By putting off his wedding?
Char. Aye, but Davus,——
Davus. But what?
Char. That I may wed——
Davus. Ridiculous!
Char. If you succeed, come to me.
Davus. Wherefore come?
I can't assist you.
Char. Should it so fall out——
Davus. Well, well, I'll come.
Char. If aught, I am at home. (*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Manent Davus, Mysis.

Davus. Mysis, wait here till I come forth.
Mysis. For what?
Davus. It must be so.
Mysis. Make haste then.
Davus. In a moment. (*Exit to* Glycerium's.

Scene V.

Mysis *alone.*

Can we securely then count nothing ours?
Oh all ye Gods! I thought this Pamphilus
The greatest good my mistress could obtain,

Friend, lover, husband, ev'ry way a blessing:
And yet what woe, poor wretch, endures she not
On his account? Alas, more ill than good.
But here comes Davus.

Scene VI.

Re-enter Davus *with the child.*

Mysis. Prithee, man, what now?
Where are you carrying the child?
Davus. Oh, Mysis,
Now have I need of all your ready wit,
And all your cunning.
Mysis. What are you about?
Davus. Quick, take the boy, and lay him at our door.
Mysis. What, on the bare ground?
Davus. From the altar then
Take herbs and strew them underneath.
Mysis. And why
Can't you do that yourself?
Davus. Because, that if
My master chance to put me to my oath
That 'twas not I who laid it there, I may
With a safe conscience swear. (*Gives her the child.*)
Mysis. I understand.
But pray how came this sudden qualm upon you?
Davus. Nay, but be quick, that you may comprehend
What I propose.—(Mysis *lays the child at* Simo's *door.*)
Oh Jupiter! (*Looking out.*)
Mysis. What now?
Davus. Here comes the father of the bride!—I change
My first-intended purpose.
Mysis. What you mean
I can't imagine.
Davus. This way from the right,
I'll counterfeit to come:—And be't your care
To throw in aptly now and then a word,
To help out the discourse as need requires.
Mysis. Still what you're at, I can not comprehend.
But if I can assist, as you know best,
Not to obstruct your purposes, I'll stay. (Davus *retires.*)

Scene VII.

Enter Chremes *going toward* Simo's.

Chremes. Having provided all things necessary,
I now return to bid them call the bride.
What's here? (*seeing the child*) by Hercules, a child! Ha, woman,
Was't you that laid it here?

Mysis. Where is he gone? (*Looking after* Davus.)
Chremes. What, won't you answer me?
Mysis. (*Looking about.*) Not here: Ah me!
The fellow's gone, and left me in the lurch.

(Davus *coming forward and pretending not to see them.*)

Davus. Good Heavens, what confusion at the Forum!
The people all disputing with each other!
The market-price is so confounded high. (*Loud.*)
What to say else I know not. (*Aside.*)
Mysis (*to* Davus). What d'ye mean, (Chremes *retires and*
By leaving me alone? *listens to their conversation.*
Davus. What farce is this?
Ha, Mysis, whence this child? Who brought it here?
Mysis. Have you your wits, to ask me such a question?
Davus. Whom should I ask, when no one else is here?
Chremes (*behind*). I wonder whence it comes. (*To himself.*)
Davus. Wilt answer me! (*Loud.*)
Mysis. Ah! (*Confused.*)
Davus. This way to the right! (*Apart to* Mysis.)
Mysis. You 're raving mad.
Was 't not yourself!
Davus. I charge you not a word,
But what I ask you. (*Apart to* Mysis.)
Mysis. Do you threaten me?
Davus. Whence comes this child? (*Loud.*)
Mysis. From our house.
Davus. Ha! ha! ha!
No wonder that a harlot has assurance.
Chremes. This is the Andrian's servant-maid, I take it.
Davus. Do we then seem to you such proper folks
To play these tricks upon? (*Loud to* Mysis.)
Chremes. I came in time. (*To himself.*)
Davus. Make haste, and take your bantling from our door
(*Loud.*)
Hold! do not stir from where you are, besure. (*Softly.*)
Mysis. A plague upon you: you so terrify me!
Davus. Wench, did I speak to you or no? (*Loud.*)
Mysis. What would you?
Davus. What would I? Say, whose child have you laid here
Tell me. (*Loud.*)
Mysis. You don't know?
Davus. Plague of what I know:
Tell what I ask. (*Softly.*)
Mysis. Yours.
Davus. Ours? Whose? (*Loud.*)
Mysis. Pamphilus's.
Davus. How say you? Pamphilus's? (*Loud.*)
Mysis. Why is 't not?
Chremes. I had good cause to be against this match. (*To himself.*)

DAVUS. O monstrous impudence! (*Bawling.*)
MYSIS. Why all this noise?
DAVUS. Did not I see this child convey'd by stealth
Into your house last night?
MYSIS. Oh rogue!
DAVUS. 'Tis true.
I saw old Canthara stuff'd out?
MYSIS. Thank Heav'n,
Some free-women were present at her labor?
DAVUS. Troth, she don't know the gentleman, for whom
She plays this game. She thinks, should Chremes see
The child laid here, he would not grant his daughter.
Faith, he would grant her the more willingly.
CHREMES. Not he indeed. (*To himself.*)
DAVUS. But now, one word for all,
Take up the child; or I shall trundle him
Into the middle of the street, and roll
You, madam, in the mire.
MYSIS. The fellow's drunk.
DAVUS. One piece of knavery begets another:
Now, I am told, 'tis whisper'd all about,
That she's a citizen of Athens—— (*Loud.*)
CHREMES. How!
DAVUS. And that by law he will be forc'd to wed her.
MYSIS. Why prithee is she not a citizen?
CHREMES. What a fine scrape was I within a hair
Of being drawn into! (*To himself.*)
DAVUS. What voice is that? (*Turning about.*)
Oh Chremes! you are come in time. Attend!
CHREMES. I have heard all already.
DAVUS. You've heard all?
CHREMES. Yes all, I say, from first to last.
DAVUS. Indeed?
Good lack, what knaveries! this lying jade
Should be dragg'd hence to torture.—This is he! (*To* MYSIS.)
Think not 'twas Davus you impos'd upon.
MYSIS. Ah me!—Good Sir, I spoke the truth indeed.
CHREMES. I know the whole.—Is Simo in the house?
DAVUS. Yes, Sir. (*Exit* CHREMES.

SCENE VIII.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS. DAVUS *runs up to her.*

MYSIS. Don't offer to touch me, you villain!
If I don't tell my mistress every word——
DAVUS. Why you don't know, you fool, what good we've done.
MYSIS. How should I?
DAVUS. This is father to the bride:
Nor could it otherwise have been contriv'd
That he should know what we would have him.

Mysis. Well,
You should have given me notice.
Davus. Is there then
No diff'rence, think you, whether all you say
Falls natural from the heart, or comes
From dull premeditation?

Scene IX.

Enter Crito.

Crito. In this street
They say that Chrysis liv'd: who rather chose
To heap up riches here by wanton ways,
Than to live poor and honestly at home:
She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.
But I see persons to inquire of. (*Goes up.*) Save you!
Mysis. Good now, who's that I see? is it not Crito,
Chrysis's kinsman? Aye, the very same.
Crito. O Mysis, save you!
Mysis. Save you, Crito!
Crito. Chrysis
Is then——ha?
Mysis. Aye, she has left us, poor souls!
Crito. And ye; how go ye on here?—pretty well?
Mysis. We?—as we *can*, as the old saying goes,
When as we *would* we can not.
Crito. And Glycerium,
Has she found out her parents?
Mysis. Would she had!
Crito. Not yet! an ill wind blew me hither then.
For truly, had I been appris'd of that,
I'd ne'er have set foot here: for this Glycerium
Was always call'd and thought to be her sister.
What Chrysis left, she takes possession of:
And now for me, a stranger, to commence
A lawsuit here, how good and wise it were,
Other examples teach me. She, I warrant,
Has got her some gallant too, some defender:
For she was growing up a jolly girl
When first she journeyed hither. They will cry
That I'm a pettifogger, fortune-hunter,
A beggar.—And besides it were not well
To leave her in distress.
Mysis. Good soul! troth Crito,
You have the good old-fashion'd honesty.
Crito. Well, since I am arriv'd here, bring me to her,
That I may see her.
Mysis. Aye, with all my heart.
Davus. I will in with them: for I would not choose
That our old gentleman should see me now. (*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Chremes, Simo.

Chremes. Enough already, Simo, and enough
I've shown my friendship for you; hazarded
Enough of peril: urge me then no more!
Wishing to please you, I had near destroy'd
My daughter's peace and happiness forever.
Simo. Ah, Chremes, I must now entreat the more,
More urge you to confirm the promis'd boon.
Chremes. Mark, how unjust you are through willfulness!
So you obtain what you demand, you set
No bounds to my compliance, nor consider
What you request; for if you did consider,
You'd cease to load me with these injuries.
Simo. What injuries?
Chremes. Is that a question now?
Have you not driven me to plight my child
To one possess'd with other love, averse
To marriage; to expose her to divorce,
And crazy nuptials; by her woe and bane
To work a cure for your distemper'd son?
You had prevail'd: I travel'd in the match,
While circumstances would admit; but now
The case is chang'd, content you:—It is said
That she's a citizen; a child is born:
Prithee excuse us!
Simo. Now, for Heav'n's sake.
Believe not them, whose interest it is
To make him vile and abject as themselves.
These stories are all feign'd, concerted all,
To break the match: when the occasion's past
That urges them to this, they will desist.
Chremes. Oh, you mistake: e'en now I saw the maid
Wrangling with Davus.
Simo. Artifice! mere trick.
Chremes. Aye, but in earnest; and when neither knew
That I was there.
Simo. It may be so: and Davus
Told me beforehand they'd attempt all this;
Though I, I know not how, forgot to tell you.

Scene II.

Enter Davus *from* Glycerium's.

Davus (*to himself*). He may be easy now, I warrant him—

Chremes. See yonder's Davus.
Simo. Ha! whence comes the rogue?
Davus. By my assistance, and this stranger's safe.
(*To himself.*)
Simo. What mischief's this? (*Listening.*)
Davus. A more commodious man,
Arriving just in season, at a time
So critical, I never knew. (*To himself.*)
Simo. A knave!
Who's that he praises? (*Listening.*)
Davus. All is now secure. (*To himself.*)
Simo. Why don't I speak to him?
Davus. My master here! (*Turning about.*)
What shall I do? (*To himself.*)
Simo. Good Sir, your humble Servant! (*Sneering.*)
Davus. Oh, Simo! and our Chremes!—All is now
Prepar'd within.
Simo. You've taken special care. (*Ironically.*)
Davus. E'en call them when you please.
Simo. Oh, mighty fine!
That to be sure is all that's wanting now.
—But tell me, Sir! what business had you there? (*Pointing to* Glycerium's.)
Davus. I? (*Confused.*)
Simo. You?
Davus. I——? (*Stammering.*)
Simo. You, Sir.
Davus. I went in but now. (*Disordered.*)
Simo. As if I ask'd, how long it was ago.
Davus. With Pamphilus.
Simo. Is Pamphilus within?
—Oh torture.—Did not you assure me, Sirrah,
They were at variance?
Davus. So they are.
Simo. Why then
Is Pamphilus within?
Chremes. Oh, why d'ye think?
He's gone to quarrel with her. (*Sneering.*)
Davus. Nay, but Chremes,
There's more in this, and you shall hear strange news.
There's an old countryman, I know not who,
Is just arriv'd here; confident and shrewd;
His look bespeaks him of some consequence.
A grave severity is in his face,
And credit in his words.
Simo. What story now?
Davus. Nay, nothing, Sir, but what I heard him say.
Simo. And what says he, then?
Davus. That he's well assur'd
Glycerium's an Athenian citizen.
Simo. Ho, Dromo! Dromo!

DAVUS. What now?
SIMO. Dromo!
DAVUS. Hear me.
SIMO. Speak but a word more—Dromo!
DAVUS. Pray, Sir, hear!

SCENE III.

Enter DROMO.

DROMO. Your pleasure, Sir?
SIMO. Here, drag him headlong in,
And truss the rascal up immediately.
DROMO. Whom?
SIMO. Davus.
DAVUS. Why!
SIMO. Because I'll have it so.
Take him, I say.
DAVUS. For what offense?
SIMO. Off with him!
DAVUS. If it appear that I've said aught but truth,
Put me to death.
SIMO. I will not hear. I'll trounce you.
DAVUS. But though it should prove true, Sir!
SIMO. True or false.
See that you keep him bound: and do you hear?
Bind the slave hand and foot. Away!
(*Exeunt* DROMO *and* DAVUS.

SCENE IV.

Manent SIMO, CHREMES.

—By Heav'n,
As I do live, I'll make you know this day
What peril lies in trifling with a master,
And make him know what 'tis to plague a father.
CHREMES. Ah, be not in such rage.
SIMO. Oh Chremes, Chremes,
Filial unkindness!—Don't you pity me!
To feel all this for such a thankless son!——
Here, Pamphilus, come forth! ho, Pamphilus!
Have you no shame? (*Calling at* GLYCERIUM'S *door.*)

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

PAM. Who calls?—Undone! my father!
SIMO. What say you? Most——
CHREMES. Ah, rather speak at once
Your purpose, Simo, and forbear reproach.

Simo. As if 'twere possible to utter aught
Severer than he merits!—Tell me then; (*To* Pam.)
Glycerium is a citizen?
Pam. They say so.
Simo. They say so!—Oh amazing impudence!——
Does he consider what he says? does he
Repent the deed? or does his color take
The hue of shame?—To be so weak of soul,
Against the custom of our citizens,
Against the law, against his father's will,
To wed himself to shame and this vile woman.
Pam. Wretch that I am!
Simo. Ah, Pamphilus! d'ye feel
Your wretchedness at last? Then, then, when first
You wrought upon your mind at any rate
To gratify your passion: from that hour
Well might you feel your state of wretchedness.
—But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
Why vex my spirit? Why afflict my age
For his distemp'rature? Why rue his sins?
—No; let him have her, joy in her, live with her.
Pam. My father!——
Simo. How, my father!—can I think
You want this father? You that for yourself
A home, a wife, and children have acquir'd
Against your father's will? And witnesses
Suborn'd, to prove that she's a citizen?
—You've gain'd your point.
Pam. My father, but one word!
Simo. What would you say?
Chremes. Nay, hear him, Simo.
Simo. Hear him?
What must I hear then, Chremes!
Chremes. Let him speak.
Simo. Well, let him speak: I hear him.
Pam. I confess,
I love Glycerium: if it be a fault,
That too I do confess. To you, my father,
I yield myself: dispose me as you please!
Command me! Say that I shall take a wife;
Leave her; I will endure it, as I may——
This only I beseech you, think not I
Suborn'd this old man hither.—Suffer me
To clear myself, and bring him here before you.
Simo. Bring him here!
Pam. Let me, father!
Chremes. 'Tis but just:
Permit him!
Pam. Grant me this!
Simo. Well, be it so.

(*Exit* Pamphilus.

I could bear all this bravely, Chremes; more,
Much more, to know that he deceiv'd me not.
CHREMES. For a great fault a little punishment
Suffices to a father.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS *with* CRITO.

CRITO. Say no more!
Any of these inducements would prevail:
Or your entreaty, or that it is truth,
Or that I wish it for Glycerium's sake.
CHREMES. Whom do I see? Crito, the Andrian?
Nay certainly 'tis Crito.
CRITO. Save you, Chremes!
CHREMES. What has brought you to Athens?
CRITO. Accident.
But is this Simo?
CHREMES. Aye.
SIMO. Asks he for me?
So, Sir, you say that this Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen?
CRITO. Do you
Deny it?
SIMO. What then are you come prepar'd?
CRITO. Prepar'd! for what?
SIMO. And dare you ask for what?
Shall you go on thus with impunity?
Lay snares for inexperienc'd, lib'ral youth,
With fraud, temptation, and fair promises
Soothing their minds?——
CRITO. Have you your wits?
SIMO. —And then
With marriage solder up their harlot loves?
PAM. Alas, I fear the stranger will not bear this. (*Aside.*)
CHREMES. Knew you this person, Simo, you'd not think
thus:
He's a good man.
SIMO. A good man he?—To come,
Although at Athens never seen till now,
So opportunely on the wedding-day!—
Is such a fellow to be trusted, Chremes?
PAM. But that I fear my father, I could make
That matter clear to him. (*Aside.*)
SIMO. A Sharper!
CRITO. How?
CHREMES. It is his humor, Crito: do not heed him.
CRITO. Let him look to 't. If he persists in saying
Whate'er he pleases, I shall make him hear
Something that may displease him.—Do I stir

In these affairs, or make them my concern?
Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,
If I speak true or false, shall now be known.
—"A man of Athens once upon a time
Was shipwreck'd on the coast of Andros: with him
This very woman, then an infant. He
In this distress applied, it so fell out,
For help to Chrysis' father——"

Simo. All romance.

Chremes. Let him alone.

Crito. And will he interrupt me?

Chremes. Go on.

Crito. "Now Chrysis' father, who receiv'd him,
Was my relation. There I've often heard
The man himself declare, he was of Athens.
There too he died."

Chremes. His name?

Crito. His name so quickly!—Phania.

Chremes. Amazement!

Crito. By my troth, I think 'twas Phania:
But this I'm sure, he said he was of Rhamnus.

Chremes. Oh Jupiter!

Crito. These circumstances, Chremes,
Were known to many others, then in Andros.

Chremes. Heav'n grant it may be as I wish!—Inform me,
Whose daughter, said he, was the child? his own?

Crito. No, not his own.

Chremes. Whose then?

Crito. His brother's daughter.

Chremes. Mine, mine undoubtedly!

Crito. What say you?

Simo. How!

Pam. Hark, Pamphilus!

Simo. But why believe you this?

Chremes. That Phania was my brother.

Simo. True. I knew him.

Chremes. He, to avoid the war, departed hence:
And fearing 'twere unsafe to leave the child,
Embark'd with her in quest of me for Asia:
Since when I've heard no news of him till now.

Pam. I'm scarce myself, my mind is so enrapt
With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of so great,
So sudden happiness.

Simo. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice she's found your daughter.

Pam. I do believe you, father.

Chremes. But one doubt
There still remains, which gives me pain.

Pam. Away
With all your doubts! you puzzle a plain cause. (*Aside.*)

Crito. What is that doubt?

"A Thief," he cried, "no Poet gives this piece.
Yet has he not deceived us: for we know,
The Colax is an ancient comedy
Of Nævius, and of Plautus; and from thence
The Parasite and Soldier both are stolen."

If that's the Poet's crime, it is a crime
Of ignorance, and not a studied theft.
Judge for yourselves! the fact is even thus.
The Colax is a fable of Menander's;
Wherein is drawn the character of Colax
The parasite, and the vain-glorious soldier;
Which characters, he scruples not to own,
He to his Eunuch from the Greek transferr'd:
But that he knew those pieces were before
Made Latin, that he steadfastly denies.

Yet if to other Poets 'tis not lawful
To draw the characters our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro; to represent
Good matrons, wanton harlots; or to show
An eating parasite, vain-glorious soldier.

In these affairs, or make them my concern?
Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,
If I speak true or false, shall now be known.
—"A man of Athens once upon a time
Was shipwreck'd on the coast of Andros: with him
This very woman, then an infant. He
In this distress applied, it so fell out,
For help to Chrysis' father——"

Simo. All romance.

Chremes. Let him alone.

Crito. And will he interrupt me?

Chremes. Go on.

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Was my relation. There I've often heard
The man himself declare, he was of Athens.
There too he died."

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Crito. His name so quickly!—Phania.

Chremes. Amazement!

Crito. By my troth, I think 'twas Phania;
But this I'm sure, he said he was of Rhamnus.

Chremes. Oh Jupiter!

Crito. These circumstances, Chremes,

PROLOGUE.

To please the candid, give offense to none,
This, says the Poet, ever was his care:
Yet if there's one who thinks he's hardly censur'd,
Let him remember he was the aggressor:
He, who translating many, but not well,
On good Greek fables fram'd poor Latin plays:
He, who but lately to the public gave
The Phantom of Menander; *He*, who made,
In the Thesaurus, the Defendant plead
And vouch the question'd treasure to be his,
Before the Plaintiff his own title shows,
Or whence it came into his father's tomb.

Henceforward, let him not deceive himself,
Or cry, "I'm safe, he can say naught of me."
I charge him that he err not, and forbear
To urge me farther; for I've more, much more,
Which now shall be o'erlook'd, but shall be known,
If he pursue his slanders, as before.

Soon as this play, the Eunuch of Menander,
Which we are now preparing to perform,
Was purchas'd by the Ædiles, he obtain'd
Leave to examine it: and afterward
When 'twas rehears'd before the Magistrates,

"A Thief," he cried, "no Poet gives this piece.
Yet has he not deceived us: for we know,
The Colax is an ancient comedy
Of Nævius, and of Plautus; and from thence
The Parasite and Soldier both are stolen."

If that's the Poet's crime, it is a crime
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He to his Eunuch from the Greek transferr'd:
But that he knew those pieces were before
Made Latin, that he steadfastly denies.

Yet if to other Poets 'tis not lawful
To draw the characters our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro; to represent
Good matrons, wanton harlots; or to show
An eating parasite, vain-glorious soldier,
Supposititious children, bubbled dotards,
Or love, or hate, or jealousy?—In short,
Nothing's said now but has been said before.
Weigh then these things with candor, and forgive
The Moderns, if what Ancients did, they do.

Attend, and list in silence to our play,
That ye may know what 'tis the Eunuch means.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Phædria *and* Parmeno.

Phæd. And what then shall I do? not go? not now?
When she herself invites me? or were 't best
Fashion my mind no longer to endure
These harlots' impudence?—Shut out! recall'd!
Shall I return? No, not if she implore me.
Par. Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you try, and can't go through with spirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it,

Good-night! all's over! ruin'd and undone:
She'll jilt you, when she sees you in her pow'r.
Phæd. You then, in time consider and advise!
Par. Master! the thing which hath not in itself
Or measure or advice, advice can't rule.
In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,
Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again:
Things thus uncertain, if by reason's rules
You'd certain make, it were as wise a task
To try with reason to run mad. And now
What you in anger meditate—I her?
That him?—that me? that would not——pardon me!
I would die rather: No! she shall perceive
How much I am a man.——Big words like these,
She in good faith with one false tiny drop,
Which, after grievous rubbing, from her eyes
Can scarce perforce be squeez'd, shall overcome.
Nay, she shall swear, 'twas you in fault, not she;
You too shall own th' offense, and pray for pardon.
Phæd. Oh monstrous! monstrous! now indeed I see
How false she is, and what a wretch I am!
Spite of myself I love; and knowing, feeling,
With open eyes run on to my destruction;
And what to do I know not.
Par. What to do?
What should you do, Sir, but redeem yourself
As cheaply as you can?——at easy rates
If possible——if not——at any rate——
And never vex yourself.
Phæd. Is that your counsel?
Par. Aye, if you're wise; and do not add to love
More troubles than it has, and those it has
Bear bravely! But she comes, our ruin comes;
For she, like storms of hail on fields of corn,
Beats down our hopes, and carries all before her.

Scene II.

Enter Thais.

Thais. Ah me! I fear lest Phædria take offense
And think I meant it other than I did,
That he was not admitted yesterday. (*To herself, not seeing them.*)
Phæd. I tremble, Parmeno, and freeze with horror.
Par. Be of good cheer! approach yon fire—she'll warm yo
Thais. Who's there? my Phædria? Why did you stand here
Why not directly enter?
Par. Not one word
Of having shut him out!
Thais. Why don't you speak?

PHÆD. Because, forsooth, these doors will always fly
Open to me, or that because I stand
The first in your good graces. (*Ironically.*)
THAIS. Nay, no more!
PHÆD. No more?—O Thais, Thais, would to Heaven
Our loves were parallel, that things like these
Might torture you, as this has tortur'd me:
Or that your actions were indifferent to me!
THAIS. Grieve not, I beg, my love, my Phædria!
Not that I lov'd another more, I did this.
But I by circumstance was forc'd to do it.
PAR. So then, it seems, for very love, poor soul,
You shut the door in 's teeth.
THAIS. Ah Parmeno!
Is 't thus you deal with me? Go to!—But hear
Why I did call you hither?
PHÆD. Be it so.
THAIS. But tell me first, can yon slave hold his peace?
PAM. I? oh most faithfully: But hark ye, madam!
On this condition do I bind my faith:
The truths I hear, I will conceal; whate'er
Is false, or vain, or feign'd, I'll publish it.
I'm full of chinks, and run through here and there:
So if you claim my secrecy, speak truth.
THAIS. My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.
PAR. This sleeps in silence. (*Archly.*)
THAIS. There a certain merchant
Made her a present of a little girl,
Stol'n hence from Attica.
PHÆD. A citizen?
THAIS. I think so, but we can not tell for certain.
Her father's and her mother's name she told
Herself; her country and the other marks
Of her original, she neither knew,
Nor, from her age, was 't possible she should.
The merchant added further, that the pirates,
Of whom he bought her, let him understand,
She had been stol'n from Sunium. My mother
Gave her an education, brought her up
In all respects as she had been her own;
And she in gen'ral was suppos'd my sister.
I journeyed hither with the gentleman
To whom alone I was connected then,
The same who left me all I have.
PAR. Both these
Are false, and shall go forth at large.
THAIS. Why so?
PAR. Because nor you with one could be content,
Nor he alone enrich'd you; for my master
Made good and large addition.

Thais. I allow it,
But let me hasten to the point I wish:
Meantime the captain, who was then but young
In his attachment to me, went to Caria.
I, in his absence, was address'd by you;
Since when, full well you know, how very dear
I've held you, and have trusted you with all
My nearest counsels.
Phæd. And yet Parmeno
Will not be silent even here.
Par. Oh, Sir,
Is that a doubt?
Thais. Nay, prithee now, attend!
My mother's lately dead at Rhodes: her brother,
Too much intent on wealth, no sooner saw
This virgin, handsome, well-accomplish'd, skill'd
In music, than, spurr'd on by hopes of gain,
In public market he expos'd and sold her.
It so fell out, my soldier-spark was there,
And bought her, all unknowing these events,
To give to me: but soon as he return'd,
And found how much I was attach'd to you,
He feign'd excuses to keep back the girl;
Pretending, were he thoroughly convinc'd
That I would still prefer him to yourself,
Nor fear'd that when I had receiv'd the girl,
I would abandon him, he'd give her to me;
But that he doubted. For my part, I think
He is grown fond of her himself.
Phæd. Is there
Aught more between them?
Thais. No; for I've inquir'd,
And now, my Phædria, there are sundry causes
Wherefore I wish to win the virgin from him.
First, for she's call'd my sister; and moreover,
That I to her relations may restore her.
I'm a lone woman, have nor friend, nor kin:
Wherefore, my Phædria, I would raise up friends
By some good turn:—And you, I prithee now,
Help me to do it. Let him some few days
Be my gallant in chief. What! no reply?
Phæd. Abandon'd woman! Can I aught reply
To deeds like these?
Par. Oh excellent! well said!
He feels at length; Now, master, you're a man.
Phæd. I saw your story's drift.—A little girl
Stol'n hence—My mother brought her up—was call'd
My sister—I would fain obtain her from him,
That I to her relations might restore her—
All this preamble comes at last to this.

I am excluded, he's admitted. Why?
But that you love him more than me, and fear
Lest this young captive win your hero from you.
THAIS. Do I fear that?
PHÆD. Why, prithee now, what else?
Does he bring gifts alone? didst e'er perceive
My bounty shut against you? Did I not,
Because you told me you'd be glad to have
An Ethiopian servant-maid, all else
Omitted, seek one out? You said besides,
You wish'd to have an Eunuch, 'cause forsooth,
They were for dames of quality; I found one:
For both I yesterday paid twenty *minæ*,
Yet you contemn me—I forgot not these,
And for these I'm despis'd.
THAIS. Why this, my Phædria?
Though I would fain obtain the girl, and though
I think by these means it might well be done;
Yet, rather than make you my enemy,
I'll do as you command.
PHÆD. Oh, had you said
Those words sincerely. "Rather than make you
My enemy!"—Oh, could I think those words
Came from your heart, what is 't I'd not endure!
PAR. Gone! conquer'd with one word! alas, how soon!
THAIS. Not speak sincerely? from my very soul?
What did you ever ask, although in sport,
But you obtain'd it of me? yet I can't
Prevail on you to grant but two short days.
PHÆD. Well—for two days—so those two be not twenty.
THAIS. No in good faith but two, or—
PHÆD. Or? no more.
THAIS. It shall not be: but you will grant me those.
PHÆD. Your will must be a law.
THAIS. Thanks, my sweet Phædria!
PHÆD. I'll to the country: there consume myself
For these two days: it must be so: we must
Give way to Thais. See you, Parmeno,
The slaves brought hither.
PAR. Sir, I will.
PHÆD. My Thais,
For these two days farewell!
THAIS. Farewell, my Phædria!
Would you aught else with me?
PHÆD. Aught else, my Thais?
Be with yon soldier present, as if absent:
All night and day love me: still long for me:
Dream, ponder still of me; wish, hope for me:
Delight in me; be all in all with me;
Give your whole heart, for mine's all yours, to me. (*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Manet Thais.

Ah me! I fear that he believes me not,
And judges of my heart from those of others.
I in my conscience know, that nothing false
I have deliver'd, nor to my true heart
Is any dearer than this Phædria:
And whatsoe'er in this affair I've done,
For the girl's sake I've done: for I'm in hopes
I know her brother, a right noble youth.
To-day I wait him, by his own appointment;
Wherefore I'll in, and tarry for his coming.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Phædria, Parmeno.

Phædria. Carry the slaves according to my order.
Par. I will.
Phæd. But diligently.
Par. Sir, I will.
Phæd. But soon.
Par. I will, Sir!
Phæd. Say, is it sufficient?
Par. Ah! what a question 's that? as if it were
So difficult! I wish, Sir Phædria,
You could gain aught so easy, as lose these.
Phæd. I lose, what's dearer yet, my comfort with them.
Repine not at my gifts.
Par. Not I: moreover
I will convey them straight. But have you any
Other commands?
Phæd. Oh yes: set off our presents
With words as handsome as you can: and drive,
As much as possible, that rival from her!
Par. Ah, Sir, I should, of course, remember that.
Phæd. I'll to the country, and stay there.
Par. O, aye! (*Ironically.*)
Phæd. But hark you!
Par. Sir, your pleasure?
Phæd. Do you think
I can with constancy hold out, and not
Return before my time?
Par. Hold out? Not you.

Either you'll straight return, or soon at night
Your dreams will drive you out o' doors.
PHÆD. I'll toil;
That, weary, I may sleep against my will.
PAR. Weary you may be; but you'll never sleep.
PHÆD. Ah, Parmeno, you wrong me. I'll cast out
This treacherous softness from my soul, nor thus
Indulge my passions. Yes, I could remain,
If need, without her even three whole days.
PAR. Hui! three whole livelong days! consider, Sir.
PHÆD. I am resolved.

PARMENO *alone.*

Heav'ns, what a strange disease is this! that love
Should so change men, that one can hardly swear
They are the same!——No mortal liv'd
Less weak, more grave, more temperate than he.
—But who comes yonder?—Gnatho, as I live;
The Captain's parasite! and brings along
The Virgin for a present: oh rare wench!
How beautiful! I shall come off, I doubt,
But scurvily with my decrepit Eunuch.
This Girl surpasses ev'n Thais herself.

SCENE II.

Enter GNATHO *leading* PAMPHILA; PARMENO *behind.*

GNAT. Good Heav'ns! how much one man excels another!
What diff'rence 'twixt a wise man and a fool!
What just now happen'd proves it: coming hither
I met with an old countryman, a man
Of my own place and order, like myself,
No scurvy fellow, who, like me, had spent
In mirth and jollity his whole estate.
He was in a most wretched trim; his looks
Lean, sick, and dirty; and his clothes all rags.
How now! cried I, what means this figure, friend?
Alas! says he, my patrimony's gone.
—Ah, how am I reduc'd! my old acquaintance
And friends all shun me.—Hearing this, how cheap
I held him in comparison with me!
Why, how now? wretch, said I, most idle wretch!
Have you spent all, nor left ev'n hope behind?
What! have you lost your sense with your estate?
Me!—look on me—come from the same condition!
How sleek! how neat! how clad! in what good case!
I've ev'ry thing, though nothing; naught possess,
Yet naught I ever want.—Ah, Sir, but I
Have an unhappy temper, and can't bear
To be the butt of others, or to take

A beating now and then.—How then! d'ye think
Those are the means of thriving? No, my friend!
Such formerly indeed might drive a trade:
But mine 's a new profession; I the first
That ever struck into this road. There are
A kind of men, who wish to be the head
Of ev'ry thing; but are not. These I follow;
Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain
To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts:
Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again
They contradict, I praise that too: does any
Deny? I too deny: affirm? I too
Affirm: and in a word, I've brought myself
To say, unsay, swear, and forswear, at pleasure:
And that is now the best of all professions.

PAR. A special fellow this! who drives fools mad.

GNAT. Deep in this conversation, we at length
Come to the market, where the sev'ral tradesmen,
Butchers, cooks, grocers, poult'rers, fishmongers,
(Who once did profit and still profit by me,)
All run with joy to me, salute, invite,
And bid me welcome. He, poor half-starv'd wretch,
Soon as he saw me thus caress'd, and found
I got my bread so easily, desired
He might have leave to learn that art of me.
I bade him follow me, if possible:
And, as the Schools of the Philosophers
Have ta'en from the Philosophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all Parasites
Be call'd from me Gnathonics!

PAR. Mark, what ease,
And being kept at other's cost, produces!

GNAT. But hold, I must convey this girl to Thais,
And bid her forth to sup.—Ha, Parmeno!
Our rival's slave, standing at Thais' door!
—How melancholy he appears! All 's safe:
These poor rogues find but a cold welcome here.
I'll play upon this knave. (*Aside.*)

PAR. These fellows think
This present will make Thais all their own. (*Aside.*)

GNAT. To Parmeno, his lov'd and honor'd friend,
Gnatho sends greeting. (*Ironically.*)—What are you upon?

PAR. My legs.

GNAT. I see it.—Is there nothing here
Displeasing to you?

PAR. You.

GNAT. I do believe it.
But prithee, is there nothing else?

PAR. Wherefore?

GNAT. Because you're melancholy.

PAR. Not at all.

GNAT. Well, do not be so!—Pray, now, what d'ye think
Of this young handmaid?
PAR. Troth, she 's not amiss.
GNAT. I plague the rascal. (*Half aside.*)
PAR. How the knave 's deceiv'd! (*Half aside.*)
GNAT. Will not this gift be very acceptable
To Thais, think you?
PAR. You'd insinuate
That we're shut out.—There is, alas, a change
In all things.
GNAT. For these six months, Parmeno,
For six whole months at least, I'll make you easy;
You sha'n't run up and down, and watch till daylight;
Come, don't I make you happy?
PAR. Very happy.
GNAT. 'Tis my way with my friends.
PAR. You're very good.
GNAT. But I detain you: you, perhaps, was going
Somewhere else.
PAR. Nowhere.
GNAT. May I beg you then
To use your int'rest here, and introduce me
To Thais?
PAR. Hence! away! these doors
Fly open now, because you carry her.
GNAT. Would you have any one call'd forth? (*Exit.*
PAR. Well, well!
Pass but two days; and you, so welcome now,
That the doors open with your little finger,
Shall kick against them then, I warrant you,
Till your heels ache again.

Re-enter GNATHO.

GNAT. Ha! Parmeno!
Are you here still? What! are you left a spy,
Lest any go-between should run by stealth
To Thais from the Captain? (*Exit.*
PAR. Very smart!
No wonder such a wit delights the Captain!
But hold! I see my master's younger son
Coming this way. I wonder much he should
Desert Piræus, where he 's now on guard.
'Tis not for nothing. All in haste he comes,
And seems to look about.

SCENE III.

Enter CHÆREA; PARMENO *behind.*

CHÆR. Undone! undone!
The Girl is lost; I know not where she is,

Nor where I am: ah, whither shall I trace?
Where seek? of whom inquire? or which way turn?
I'm all uncertain; but have one hope still:
Where'er she is, she can not long lie hid.
Oh charming face! all others from my memory
Hence I blot out. Away with common beauties!

Par. So, here's the other! and he mutters too
I know not what of love. Oh what a poor
Unfortunate old man their father is!
As for this stripling, if he once begin,
His brother's is but jest and children's play
To his mad fury.

Chær. Twice ten thousand curses
Seize the old wretch, who kept me back to-day;
And me for staying! with a fellow too
I did not care a farthing for!—But see!
Yonder stands Parmeno.—Good-day!

Par. How now?
Wherefore so sad? and why this hurry, Chærea?
Whence come you?

Chær. I? I can not tell, i' faith,
Whence I am come, or whither I am going,
I've so entirely lost myself.

Par. And why?

Chær. I am in love.

Par. Oh brave!

Chær. Now, Parmeno,
Now you may show what kind of man you are.
You know you've often told me; Chærea,
Find something out to set your heart upon,
And mark how I will serve you! yes, you know
You've often said so, when I scrap'd together
All the provisions for you at my father's.

Par. Away, you trifler!

Chær. Nay, in faith, it's true:
Now make your promise good! and in a cause
Worthy the utmost reachings of your soul:
A girl! my Parmeno, not like our misses;
Whose mothers try to keep their shoulders down,
And bind their bosoms, that their shapes may seem
Genteel and slim. Is a girl rather plump?
They call her nurse, and stint her in her food:
Thus art, in spite of nature, makes them all
Mere bulrushes: and therefore they're belov'd.

Par. And what's this girl of yours?

Chær. A miracle.

Par. Oh, to be sure!

Chær. True, natural red and white;
Her body firm, and full of precious stuff!

Par. Her age?

Chær. About sixteen.

PAR. The very prime!
CHÆR. This girl, by force, by stealth, or by entreaty,
Procure me! how I care not, so I have her.
PAR. Well, whom does she belong to?
CHÆR. I don't know.
PAR. Whence comes she?
CHÆR. I can't tell.
PAR. Where does she live?
CHÆR. I can't tell neither.
PAR. Where was it you saw her?
CHÆR. Here in the street.
PAR. And how was it you lost her?
CHÆR. Why it was that, which I so fumed about,
As I came hither! nor was ever man
So jilted by good fortune as myself.
PAR. What mischief now?
CHÆR. Confounded luck.
PAR. How so?
CHÆR. How so! d'ye know one Archidemides,
My father's kinsman, and about his age?
PAR. Full well.
CHÆR. As I was in pursuit of her
He met me.
PAR. Rather inconveniently.
CHÆR. Oh most unhappily! for other ills
May be told, Parmeno!—I could swear too,
For six, nay seven months, I had not seen him,
Till now, when least I wish'd and most would shun it.
Is not this monstrous? Eh!
PAR. Oh! very monstrous.
CHÆR. Soon as from far he saw me, instantly,
Bent, trembling, drop-jaw'd, gasping, out of breath,
He hobbled up to me.—Holo! ho! Chærea!—
I stopp'd.—D'ye know what I want with you?—What?
—I have a cause to-morrow.—Well! what then?—
—Fail not to tell your father, he remember
To go up with me, as an advocate.——
His prating took some time. Aught else? said I.
Nothing, said he:—Away flew I, and saw
The girl that instant turn into this street.
PAR. Sure he must mean the virgin, just now brought
To Thais for a present.
CHÆR. Soon as I
Came hither, she was out of sight.
PAR. Had she
Any attendants?
CHÆR. Yes; a parasite,
With a maid-servant.
PAR. 'Tis the very same:
Away! have done! all's over.
CHÆR. What d'ye mean?

Par. The girl I mean.
Chær. D'ye know then who she is?
Tell me!—or have you seen her?
Par. Yes, I've seen her;
I know her; and can tell you where she is.
Chær. How! my dear Parmeno, d'ye know her?
Par. Yes.
Chær. And where she is, d'ye know?
Par. Yes,—there she is; (*Pointing.*)
Carried to Madam Thais for a present.
Chær. What monarch could bestow a gift so precious?
Par. The mighty Captain Thraso, Phædria's rival.
Chær. Alas, poor brother!
Par. Aye, and if you knew
The gift he sends to be compar'd with this,
You'd cry alas, indeed!
Chær. What is his gift?
Par. An Eunuch.
Chær. What! that old and ugly slave
That he bought yesterday?
Par. The very same.
Chær. Why, surely, he'll be trundled out o' doors
He and his gift together—I ne'er knew
Till now that Thais was our neighbor.
Par. She
Has not been long so.
Chær. Ev'ry way unlucky:
Ne'er to have seen her neither:—Prithee, tell me,
Is she so handsome, as she's said to be?
Par. Yes, faith?
Chær. But nothing to compare to mine.
Par. Oh, quite another thing.
Chær. But Parmeno!
Contrive that I may have her.
Par. Well, I will.
Depend on my assistance:—have you any
Further commands? (*As if going.*)
Chær. Where are you going?
Par. Home;
To bring according to your brother's order,
The slaves to Thais.
Chær. Oh, that happy Eunuch!
To be convey'd into that house!
Par. Why so?
Chær. Why so? why, he shall have that charming girl
His fellow-servant, see her, speak with her,
Be with her in the same house all day long,
And sometimes eat, and sometimes sleep by her.
Par. And what if you should be so happy?
Chær. How?
Tell me, dear Parmeno!

PAR. Assume his dress.
CHÆR. His dress! what then?
PAR. I'll carry you for him.
CHÆR. I hear you.
PAR. I will say that you are he.
CHÆR. I understand you.
PAR. So shall you enjoy
Those blessings which but now you envied him:
Eat with her, be with her, touch, toy with her,
And sleep by her: since none of Thais' maids
Know you, or dream of what you are. Besides,
Your figure, and your age are such, that you
May well pass for an Eunuch.
CHÆR. Oh, well said!
I ne'er heard better counsel. Come, let's in?
Dress me, and carry me! Away, make haste!
PAR. What are you at? I did but jest.
CHÆR. You trifle.
PAR. I'm ruin'd: fool, what have I done? Nay, whither
D'ye push me thus? You'll throw me down. Nay, stay!
CHÆR. Away.
PAR. Nay, prithee!
CHÆR. I'm resolv'd.
PAR. Consider;
You carry this too far.
CHÆR. No, not at all.
Give way!
PAR. And Parmeno must pay for all.
Ah, we do wrong!
CHÆR. Is it then wrong for me
To be convey'd into a house of harlots,
And turn those very arts on them, with which
They hamper us, and turn our youth to scorn?
Can it be wrong for me too, in my turn,
To deceive them, by whom we're all deceiv'd?
No, rather let it be! 'tis just to play
This trick upon them: which, if gray-beards know,
They'll blame indeed, but all will think well done.
PAR. Well, if you must, you must; but do not then,
After all's over, throw the blame on me.
CHÆR. No, no!
PAR. But do you order me?
CHÆR. I do:
Order, command, force.
PAR. Oh, I'll not dispute
Your pow'r. So, follow me.
CHÆR. Heav'n speed the plow.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Thraso *and* Gnatho.

Thraso. And Thais then returns me many thanks?
Gnat. Ten thousand.
Thra. Say, is she delighted with it?
Gnat. Not so much with the gift itself, as that
By you 'twas given: but therein she triumphs.

Enter Parmeno *behind.*

Par. I'm come to look about me, and observe
A proper opportunity to bring
My presents. But behold the Captain!
Thra. 'Tis
Something, I know not how, peculiar to me,
That all I do 's agreeable.
Gnat. In truth
I have observ'd it.
Thra. E'en the King always
Held himself much obliged, whate'er I did:
Not so to others.
Gnat. Men of wit, like you,
The glory, got by others' care and toil,
Often transfer unto themselves.
Thra. You've hit it.
Gnat. The king then held you——
Thra. Certainly.
Gnat. Most dear.
Thra. Most near. He trusted his whole army to me,
His counsels.——
Gnat. Wonderful!
Thra. And then whene'er
Satiety of company, or hate
Of business seiz'd him—when he would repose—
As if——you understand me.
Gnat. Perfectly.
When he would—in a manner—clear his stomach
Of all uneasiness.
Thra. The very thing.
On such occasions he chose none but me.
Gnat. Hui! there's a king indeed! a king of taste!
Thra. One of a thousand.
Gnat. Of a million sure!
—If he could live with you. (*Aside.*)
Thra. The courtiers all
Began to envy me, and rail'd in secret:
I car'd not; whence their spleen increas'd the more.

One in particular, who had the charge
Of th' Indian elephants; who grew at last
So very troublesome, "I prithee, Strato,
Are you so savage, and so fierce, (says I,)
Because you're governor of the wild beasts?"
GNAT. Oh, finely said! and shrewdly! excellent!
Too hard upon him!—what said he to't?
THRA. Nothing.
GNAT. And how the devil should he?
PAR. Gracious Heav'n!
The stupid coxcomb!—and that rascal too! (*Aside.*)
THRA. Aye! but the story of the Rhodian, Gnatho!
How smart I was upon him at a feast——
Did I ne'er tell you?
GNAT. Never: but pray do!
—I've heard it o'er and o'er a thousand times. (*Aside.*)
THRA. We were by chance together at a feast——
This Rhodian, that I told you of and I.—
I, as it happen'd, had a wench: the spark
Began to toy with her, and laugh at me.
"Why how now, Impudence! (said I,) are you
A *hare* yourself, and yet would hunt for *game?*"
GNAT. Ha! ha! ha!
THRA. What's the matter?
GNAT. Ha! ha! ha!
Witty! smart! excellent! incomparable!
Is it your own? I swear I thought 'twas old.
THRA. Why, did you ever hear it?
GNAT. Very often;
And reckon'd admirable.
THRA. 'Tis my own.
GNAT. And yet 'twas pity to be so severe
On a young fellow, and a gentleman.
PAR. Ah! devil take you! (*Aside.*)
GNAT. What became of him?
THRA. It did for him. The company were all
Ready to die with laughing:—in a word,
They dreaded me.
GNAT. No wonder.
THRA. Harkye, Gnatho!
Thais, you know, suspects I love this girl.
Shall I acquit myself?
GNAT. On no account.
Rather increase her jealousy.
THRA. And why?
GNAT. Why?—do you ask?—as if you didn't know!—
Whene'er she mentions Phædria, or whene'er
She praises him, to vex you——
THRA. I perceive.
GNAT. To hinder that, you've only this resource.
When she names Phædria, name you Pamphila.

If she should say, come! let's have Phædria
To dinner with us!—aye, and Pamphila
To sing to us!—if she praise Phædria's person,
Praise you the girl's! so give her tit for tat,
And gall her in her turn.
THRA. Suppose she lov'd me,
This might avail me, Gnatho!
GNAT. While she loves
The presents which you give, expecting more,
So long she loves you; and so long you may
Have pow'r to vex her. She will always fear
To make you angry, lest some other reap
The harvest, which she now enjoys alone.
THRA. You're right: and yet I never thought of it.
GNAT. Ridiculous! because you did not turn
Your thoughts that way; or with how much more ease
Would you have hit on this device yourself!

SCENE II.

Enter THAIS *and* PYTHIAS.

THAIS. I thought I heard the Captain's voice: and see!
Good-day, my Thraso!
THRA. Oh my Thais, welcome!
How does my sweeting?—are you fond of me
For sending you that music-girl?
PAR. Oh brave!
He sets out nobly!
THAIS. For your worth I love you.
GNAT. Come, let's to supper? why do you delay?
PAR. Mark t'other! he's a chip of the old block.
THAIS. I'm ready when you please.
PAR. I'll up to her,
And seem as if but now come forth.—Ha! Thais,
Where are you gadding?
THAIS. Well met, Parmeno!
I was just going——
PAR. Whither?
THAIS. Don't you see
The Captain?
PAR. Yes, I see him—to my sorrow.
The presents from my master wait your pleasure.
THRA. Why do we stop thus? wherefore go not hence?
(Angri
PAR. Beseech you, Captain, let us, with your leave,
Produce our presents, treat, and parley with her!
THRA. Fine gifts, I warrant you, compar'd with mine!
PAR. They'll answer for themselves—Holo, there! order
The slaves, I told you, to come forth.—Here, this way!

Enter a Black Girl.

Do you stand forward!—This girl, ma'am, comes quite
From Ethiopia.
Thra. Worth about three Minæ.
Gnat. Scarce.
Par. Ho! where are you, Dorus?—Oh, come hither!

Enter Chærea *in the Eunuch's habit.*

An Eunuch, Madam! of a lib'ral air,
And in his prime!
Thais. Now as I live, he's handsome!
Par. What say you, Gnatho? Is he despicable?
Or, Captain, what say you?—Dumb?—Praise sufficient;
Try him in letters, exercises, music:
In all the arts, a gentleman should know,
I'll warrant him accomplish'd.
Thra. Troth, that Eunuch
Is well enough.
Par. And he, who sends these presents,
Requires you not to live for him alone,
And for his sake to shut out all mankind:
Nor does he tell his battles, show his wounds,
Or shackle your free will, as some folks do.
(*Looking at* Thraso.)
But when 'twill not be troublesome, or when
You've leisure, in due season, he's content
If then he is admitted.
Thra. This poor fellow
Seems to belong to a poor wretched master.
Gnat. Beyond all doubt; for who that could obtain
Another, would endure a slave like this?
Par. Peace, wretch, that art below the meanest slave!
You that could bring your mind so very low,
As to cry aye and no at yon fool's bidding,
I'm sure, might get your bread out o' the fire.
Thra. Why don't we go? (*Impatiently.*)
Thais. Let me but carry in
These first, and give some orders in the house,
And I'll attend you.
(*Exit with* Chærea, *and the Ethiopian.*
Thra. I'll depart from hence.
Gnatho, wait you for her!
Par. It ill beseems
The dignity of a renown'd commander,
T' escort his mistress in the street.
Thra. Away,
Slave! you're beneath my notice—like your master.
(*Exit* Parmeno.
Gnat. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Thra. What moves your laughter?
Gnat. That

You said just now: and then the Rhodian came
Across my mind.——But Thais comes.
Thra. Go run,
And see that ev'ry thing's prepar'd at home!
Gnat. It shall be done. (*Exit.*
Thais (*entering with* Pythias). Take care now, Pythias,
Great care, if Chremes come, to press him stay;
Or, if that's inconvenient, to return:
If that's impossible, then bring him to me!
Pyth. I'll do so.
Thais. Hold! what else had I to say?
Take care, be sure, of yonder virgin! see,
You keep at home.
Thra. Let's go.
Thais. Girls, follow me!
(*Exit, attended by Servants and* Thraso.

Scene III.

Chremes *alone.*

In truth the more and more I think, the more
I am convinc'd that Thais means me ill:
So plain I see her arts to draw me in.
Ev'n when she first invited me, (and when
Had any ask'd, *What business have you there?*
The question would have stagger'd me,) she fram'd
Sev'ral excuses to detain me there.
Said she had made a sacrifice, and had
Affairs of consequence to settle with me.
—Oho! thought I immediately, I smell
A trick upon me!—down she sat, behav'd
Familiarly, and tried to beat about
For conversation. Being at a loss,
She ask'd, how long my parents had been dead?
—I told her, long time since:—on which she ask'd,
Whether I had a country-house at Sunium?
—And how far from the sea?—I half believe
She likes my villa, and would wheedle me
To give it her.—Her final questions were,
If I ne'er lost a little sister thence?
—Who was miss'd with her?—what she had when lost?
If any one could know her? Why should Thais
Demand all this, unless,—a saucy baggage!—
She means to play the counterfeit, and feign
Herself that sister?—but if she's alive,
She is about sixteen, not more; Thais
Is elder than myself.—She sent beside
To beg I'd come again.—Or, let her say
What she would have; or, not be troublesome!
I'll not return a third time.—Ho! who's there?
Here am I! Chremes!

Scene IV.

Enter Pythias.

Pyth. Oh, sweet, charming, Sir!
Chre. A coaxing hussy!
Pyth. Thais begs and prays
You'd come again to-morrow.
Chre. I am going
Into the country.
Pyth. Nay, now prithee come!
Chre. I can't, I tell you.
Pyth. Walk in, then, and stay
Till she returns herself.
Chre. Not I.
Pyth. And why,
Dear Chremes?
Chre. Go, and hang yourself!
Pyth. Well, Sir,
Since you're so positive, shall I entreat you
To go to her?
Chre. I will.
Pyth. Here, Dorias! (*A maid-servant enters.*)
Conduct this gentleman to Captain Thraso's.
(Pythias *re-enters.*—Chremes *goes out another way with* Dorias.)

Scene V.

Antipho *alone.*

But yesterday a knot of us young fellows
Assembled at Piræus, and agreed
To club together for a feast to-day.
Chærea had charge of all; the rings were given,
And time and place appointed.—The time's past;
No entertainment's at the place; and Chærea
Is nowhere to be found.—I can't tell what
To think on't.—Yet the rest of my companions
Have all commission'd me to seek him out.
I'll see if he's at home;—but who comes here
From Thais?—Is it he, or no?—'Tis he.——
—What manner of man's here?—what habit's that?
—What mischief has the rogue been at? I'm all
Astonishment, and can not guess.—But I'll
Withdraw a while, and try to find it out. (*Retires.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Chærea, *in the Eunuch's habit.*

Chær. (*looking about*). Is any body here?—No, nobody.
Does any follow me?—No, nobody.

May I then let my ecstasy break forth!
O Jupiter! 'tis now the very time,
When I could suffer to be put to death,
Lest not another transport like to this,
Remain in life to come.—But is there not
Some curious impertinent to come
Across me now, and murder me with questions?
—To ask, why I'm so flutter'd? why so joyful?
Whither I'm going? whence I came? and where
I got this habit? what I'm looking after?
Whether I'm in my senses? or stark mad?

ANTI. I'll go myself, and do that kindness to him.
Chærea, (*advancing.*) what's all this flutter? what's this dre
What is't transports you? what d'ye want? art mad?
Why do ye start at me? and why not speak?

CHÆR. O happy, happy day!—Save you, dear friend!
There's not a man on earth I'd rather see
This moment than yourself.

ANTI. Come, tell me all!

CHÆR. Tell you! I will beseech you give me hearing.
D'ye know my brother's mistress here?

ANTI. Yes: Thais,
Or I'm deceiv'd.

CHÆR. The same.

ANTI. I do remember.

CHÆR. To-day a girl was sent a present to her.
Why need I speak or praise her beauty now
To you, that know me, and my taste so well?
She set me all on fire.

ANTI. Is she so handsome?

CHÆR. Most exquisite: Oh, had you but once seen her
You would pronounce her, I am confident,
The first of womankind.—But to be brief,
I fell in love with her.—By great good luck
There was at home an Eunuch, which my brother
Had bought for Thais, but not yet sent thither.
—I had a gentle hint from Parmeno,
Which I seiz'd greedily.

ANTI. And what was that?

CHÆR. Peace, and I'll tell you.—To change dresses wi
And order Parmeno to carry me [hi
Instead of him.

ANTI. How? for an Eunuch, you?

CHÆR. E'en so.

ANTI. What good could you derive from that?

CHÆR. What good!—why, see, and hear, and be with
I languish'd for, my Antipho!—was that
An idle reason, or a trivial good?
—To Thais I'm deliver'd; she receives me,
And carries me with joy into her house;
Commits the charming girl——

ANTI. To whom?——to you?
CHÆR. To me.
ANTI. In special hands, I must confess.
CHÆR. —Enjoins me to permit no man come near her;
Nor to depart, myself, one instant from her;
But in an inner chamber to remain
Alone with her alone. I nod, and look
Bashfully on the ground.
ANTI. Poor simple soul!
CHÆR. I am bid forth, says she; and carries off
All her maid-servants with her, save some few
Raw novices, who straight prepar'd the bath.
I bade them haste; and while it was preparing,
In a retiring-room the Virgin sat;
Viewing a picture, where the tale was drawn
Of Jove's descending in a golden show'r
To Danæ's bosom.——I beheld it too,
And because he of old the like game play'd,
I felt my mind exult the more within me,
That Jove should change himself into a man,
And steal in secret through a stranger-roof,
With a mere woman to intrigue.—Great Jove,
Who shakes the highest heav'ns with his thunder!
And I, poor mortal man, not do the same!—
I did it, and with all my heart I did it.
—While thoughts, like these, possess'd my soul, they call'd
The girl to bathe. She goes, bathes, then returns:
Which done, the servants put her into bed.
I stand to wait their orders. Up comes one,
Here, harkye, Dorus! take this fan and mark
You cool her gently thus, while we go bathe.
When we have bath'd, you, if you please, bathe too,
I, with a sober air, receive the fan.
ANTI. Then would I fain have seen your simple face!
I should have been delighted to behold
How like an ass you look'd, and held the fan.
CHÆR. Scarce had she spoke, when all rush'd out o'doors;
Away they go to bathe; grow full of noise,
As servants use, when masters are abroad.
Meanwhile sleep seiz'd the virgin: I, by stealth,
Peep'd through the fan-sticks thus; then looking round,
And seeing all was safe, made fast the door.
ANTI. What then?
CHÆR. What then, fool!
ANTI. I confess.
CHÆR. D'ye think,
Bless'd with an opportunity like this,
So short, so wish'd for, yet so unexpected,
I'd let it slip? No. Then I'd been, indeed,
The thing I counterfeited.

Anti. Very true.
But what's become of our club-supper?
Chær. Ready.
Anti. An honest fellow! where? at your own house?
Chær. At Freeman Discus's.
Anti. A great way off.
Chær. Then we must make more haste.
Anti. But change your dress.
Chær. Where can I change it? I'm distress'd. From ho
I must play truant, lest I meet my brother.
My father too, perhaps, is come to town.
Anti. Come then to my house! that's the nearest place
Where you may shift.
Chær. With all my heart! let's go!
And at the same time, I'll consult with you
How to enjoy this dear girl.
Anti. Be it so.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Dorias, *with a Casket.*

Dorias.

Now, as I hope for mercy, I'm afraid,
From what I've seen, lest yonder swaggerer
Make some disturbance, or do violence
To Thais. For as soon as Chremes came,
(The youth that's brother to the virgin,) she
Beseech'd of Thraso he might be admitted.
This piqu'd him; yet he durst not well refuse.
She, fearing Chremes should not be detain'd,
Till she had time and opportunity
To tell him all she wish'd about his sister,
Urg'd Thraso more and more to ask him in.
The Captain coldly asks him; down he sat;
And Thais enter'd into chat with him.
The Captain, fancying a rival brought
Before his face, resolv'd to vex her too:
Here, boy, said he, let Pamphila be call'd
To entertain us!—Pamphila! cries Thais;
She at a banquet?—No it must not be.—
Thraso insisting on't, a broil ensued:
On which my mistress slyly slipping off
Her jewels, gave them me to bear away;
Which is, I know, a certain sign, she will,
As soon as possible, sneak off herself. E

Scene II.

Enter Phædria.

Phæd. Going into the country, I began
(As happens when the mind is ill at ease)
To ponder with myself upon the road,
Tossing from thought to thought, and viewing all
In the worst light. While thus I ruminate,
I pass unconsciously my country-house,
And had got far beyond, ere I perceiv'd it.
I turn'd about, but with a heavy heart;
And soon as to the very spot I came
Where the roads part, I stop. Then paus'd a while:
Alas! thought I, and must I here remain
Two days? alone: without her?—Well! what then?
That's nothing.—What, is't nothing?—If I've not
The privilege to touch her, shall I not
Behold her neither?—If *one* may not be,
At least the *other* shall.—And certainly
Love, in its last degree, is something still.
—Then I, on purpose, pass'd the house.—But see!
Pythias breaks forth affrighted.—What means this?

Scene III.

Enter Pythias *and* Dorias; Phædria *at a distance.*

Pyth. Where shall I find, unhappy that I am,
Where seek this rascal-slave?—this slave, that durst
To do a deed like this?—Undone! undone!
Phæd. What this may be, I dread.
Pyth. And then the villain,
After he had abused the virgin, tore
The poor girl's clothes, and dragg'd her by the hair.
Phæd. How's this!
Pyth. Who, were he now within my reach,
How could I fly upon the vagabond,
And tear the villain's eyes out with my nails?
Phæd. What tumult's this, arisen in my absence?
I'll go and ask her.—(*Going up.*) What's the matter, Pythias?
Why thus disturb'd? and whom is it you seek?
Pyth. Whom do I seek? Away, Sir Phædria!
You and your gifts together!
Phæd. What's the matter?
Pyth. The matter, Sir! the Eunuch, that you sent us,
Has made fine work here! the young virgin, whom
The Captain gave my mistress, he has ravish'd.
Phæd. Ravish'd? How say you?
Pyth. Ruin'd, and undone!
Phæd. You're drunk.

Pyth. Would those who wish me ill were so!
Dori. Ah Pythias! what strange prodigy is this?
Phæd. You're mad: how could an Eunuch——
Pyth. I don't know
Or who, or what he was.—What he has done,
The thing itself declares.——The virgin weeps,
Nor, when you ask what ails her, dare she tell.
But he, good man, is nowhere to be found:
And I fear too, that when he stole away,
He carried something off.
Phæd. I can't conceive
Whither the rascal can have flown, unless
He to our house, perhaps, slunk back again.
Pyth. See now, I pray you, if he has.
Phæd. I will. (*Exit.*
Dori. Good lack! so strange a thing I never heard.
Pyth. I've heard, that they lov'd women mightily
But could do nothing; yet I never thought on't:
For if I had, I'd have confin'd him close
In some by-place, nor trusted the girl to him.

Scene IV.

Re-enter Phædria, *with* Dorus *the Eunuch, in* Chærea's *clothes.*

Phæd. Out, rascal, out!—What are you resty, Sirrah?
Out, thou vile bargain!
Dor. Dear Sir! (*Crying.*)
Phæd. See the wretch!
What a wry mouth he makes!—Come, what's the meaning
Of your returning? and your change of dress?
What answer, Sirrah!—If I had delay'd
A minute longer, Pythias, I had miss'd him,
He was equipp'd so bravely for his flight.
Pyth. What, have you got the rogue?
Phæd. I warrant you.
Pyth. Well done! well done!
Dori. Aye, marry, very well.
Pyth. Where is he?
Phæd. Don't you see him?
Pyth. See him? whom?
Phæd. This fellow, to be sure.
Pyth. This man! who is he?
Phæd. He that was carried to your house to-day.
Pyth. None of our people ever laid their eyes
Upon this fellow, Phædria!
Phæd. Never saw him?
Pyth. Why, did you think this fellow had been brough
To us?
Phæd. Yes, surely; for I had no other.
Pyth. Oh dear! this fellow's not to be compar'd
To t'other.——He was elegant, and handsome.

PHÆD. Aye, so he might appear a while ago,
Because he had gay clothes on: now he seems
Ugly, because he's stripped.
PYTH. Nay, prithee, peace!
As if the diff'rence was so very small!——
The youth conducted to our house to-day,
'Twould do you good to cast your eyes on, Phædria:
This is a drowsy, wither'd, weasel-fac'd,
Old fellow.
PHÆD. How?——you drive me to that pass,
That I scarce know what I have done myself.
—Did not I buy you, rascal? (*To* DORUS.)
DOR. Yes, Sir.
PYTH. Order him
To answer me.
PHÆD. Well, question him.
PYTH. (*to* DORUS). Was you
Brought here to-day? (*Shakes his head.*) See there! Not he. It was
Another, a young lad, about sixteen,
Whom Parmeno brought with him.
PHÆD. (*to* DORUS). Speak to me!
First tell me, whence had you that coat? What, dumb?
I'll make you speak, you villain? (*Beating him.*)
DOR. Chærea came—— (*Crying.*)
PHÆD. My brother?
DOR. Yes, Sir!
PHÆD. When?
DOR. To-day.
PHÆD. How long since?
DOR. Just now.
PHÆD. With whom?
DOR. With Parmeno.
PHÆD. Did you
Know him before?
DOR. No, Sir; nor e'er heard of him.
PHÆD. How did you know then that he was my brother?
DOR. Parmeno told me so; and Chærea
Gave me these clothes——
PHÆD. Confusion! (*Aside.*)
DOR. Put on mine;
And then they both went out o' doors together.
PYTH. Now, Sir, do you believe that I am sober?
Now do you think, I've told no lie? And now
Are you convinc'd the girl has been abus'd!
PHÆD. Away, fool! d'ye believe what this wretch says?
PYTH. What signifies belief?—It speaks itself.
PHÆD. (*apart to* DORUS). Come this way—hark ye!——further still.——Enough.
Tell me once more.——Did Chærea strip you?
DOR. Yes.

Phæd. And put your clothes on?
Dor. Yes, Sir!
Phæd. And was brought
In your stead hither?
Dor. Yes.
Phæd. Great Jupiter! (*Pretending to be in a passion with him*
What a most wicked scoundrel's this?
Pyth. Alas!
Don't you believe, then, we've been vilely us'd?
Phæd. No wonder if you credit what he says.
I don't know what to do. (*Aside.*)—Here, harkye, Sirrah!
Deny it all again. (*Apart to* Dorus.)—What! can't I beat
The truth out of you, rascal?—have you seen
My brother Chærea? (*Aloud, and beating him.*)
Dor. No, Sir! (*Crying.*)
Phæd. So! I see
He won't confess without a beating.—This way! (*Apart.*)
Now
He owns it; now denies it.—Ask my pardon! (*Apart.*)
Dor. Beseech you, Sir, forgive me!
Phæd. Get you gone. (*Kicking him.*)
Oh me! oh dear! (*Exit, howling.*
Phæd. (*aside*). I had no other way
To come off handsomely.—We're all undone.
—D'ye think to play your tricks on me, you rascal?
(*Aloud, and Exit after* Dorus.

Scene V.

Manent Pythias *and* Doria.

Pyth. As sure as I'm alive, this is a trick
Of Parmeno's.
Dori. No doubt on't.
Pyth. I'll devise
Some means to-day to fit him for't.—But now
What would you have me do?
Dori. About the girl!
Pyth. Aye; shall I tell; or keep the matter secret?
Dori. Troth, if you're wise you know not what you know,
Nor of the Eunuch, nor the ravishment:
So shall you clear yourself of all this trouble,
And do a kindness to our mistress too.
Say nothing, but that Dorus is gone off.
Pyth. I'll do so.
Dori. Prithee is not Chremes yonder?
Thais will soon be here.
Pyth. How so?
Dori. Because
When I came thence, a quarrel was abroach
Among them.

PYTH. Carry in the jewels, Dorias.
Meanwhile I'll learn of Chremes what has happen'd.
(*Exit* DORIAS.

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES *tipsy.*

CHREM. So! so!—I'm in for't—and the wine I've drank
Has made me reel again.—Yet while I sat,
How sober I suppos'd myself!—But I
No sooner rose, than neither foot, nor head,
Knew their own business!
PYTH. Chremes!
CHREM. Who's that?—Ha!
Pythias!—How much more handsome you seem now,
Than you appear'd a little while ago!
PYTH. I'm sure you seem a good deal merrier.
CHREM. I' faith it's an old saying, and a true one,
"Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus."
—But, pray, has Thais been here long before me?
PYTH. Has she yet left the Captain's?
CHREM. Long time since:
An age ago. They've had a bloody quarrel.
PYTH. Did not she bid you follow her?
CHREM. Not she:
Only she made a sign to me at parting.
PYTH. Well, wasn't that enough?
CHREM. No, faith! I did not
At all conceive her meaning, till the Captain
Gave me the hint, and kick'd me out o' doors!
—But here she is! I wonder how it was,
I overtook her!

SCENE VII.

Enter THAIS.

THAIS. I am apt to think,
The Captain will soon follow me, to take
The virgin from me: Well then, let him come!
But if he does but lay a finger on her,
We'll tear his eyes out.—His impertinence,
And big words, while mere words, I can endure;
But if he comes to action, woe be to him!
CHREM. Thais, I have been here some time.
THAIS. My Chremes!
The very man I wanted!—Do you know
That you have been th' occasion of this quarrel?
And that this whole affair relates to you?
CHREM. To me! how so?

Thais. Because, while I endeavor,
And study to restore your sister to you,
This and much more I've suffer'd.
Chrem. Where's my sister?
Thais. Within, at my house.
Chrem. Ha! (*With concern.*)
Thais. Be not alarm'd:
She has been well brought up, and in a manner
Worthy herself and you.
Chrem. Indeed?
Thais. Tis true:
And now most freely I restore her to you,
Demanding nothing of you in return.
Chrem. I feel your goodness, Thais, and shall ever
Remain much bounden to you.
Thais. Aye, but now
Take heed, my Chremes, lest ere you receive
The maid from me, you lose her! for 'tis she,
Whom now the Captain comes to take by storm.
—Pythias, go, fetch the casket with the proofs!
Chrem. D'ye see him, Thais? (*Looking out.*)
Pyth. Where's the casket plac'd?
Thais. Plac'd in the cabinet.—D'ye loiter, hussy?
(*Exit* Pythias.
Chrem. What force the Captain brings with him against you!
Good Heav'n!
Thais. Are you afraid, young gentleman?
Chrem. Away!—who? I? afraid?—There is no man
Alive less so.
Thais. You'd need be stout at present.
Chrem. What kind of man d'ye take me for?
Thais. Consider,
He, whom you've now to cope with, is a stranger
Less powerful than you, less known, and less
Befriended here than you!
Chrem. I know all that:
But why, like fools, admit what we may shun?
Better prevent a wrong, than afterward
Revenge it, when receiv'd——Do you step in,
And bolt the door, while I run to the Forum,
And call some officers to our assistance. (*Going.*)
Thais. Stay! (*Holding him.*)
Chrem. 'Twill be better.
Thais. Hold!
Chrem. Nay, let me go!
I'll soon be back.
Thais. We do not want them, Chremes.
Say, only, that this maiden is your sister,
And that you lost her when a child, and now
Know her again for yours.

Enter Pythias.

Thais (*to* Pyth.) Produce the proofs!
Pyth. Here they are.
Thais. Take them, Chremes!—If the Captain
Attempts to do you any violence,
Lead him before a magistrate. D'ye mark me?
Chrem. I do.
Thais. Be sure now speak with a good courage!
Chrem. I will.
Thais. Come, gather up your cloak.——Undone!
I've got a champion, who wants help himself. (*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Enter Thraso, Gnatho, Sanga, *etc.*

Thraso. Shall I put up with an affront so gross,
So monstrous, Gnatho?—No, I'd rather die.
Simalio, Donax, Syrus, follow me!
First, I will storm their castle.
Gnat. Excellent!
Thra. Next carry off the Virgin.
Gnat. Admirable!
Thra. Then punish Thais herself.
Gnat. Incomparable!
Thra. Here, in the centre, Donax, with your club!
Do you, Simalio, charge on the left wing!
You, Syrus, on the right!—Bring up the rest!
Where's the Centurion Sanga, and his band
Of rascal runaways?
San. Here, Sir!
Thra. How now?
Think'st thou to combat with a dish-clout, slave!
That thus thou bring'st it here?
San. Ah, Sir! I knew
The valor of the gen'ral and his troops;
And seeing this affair must end in blood,
I brought a clout, to wipe the wounds withal.
Thra. Where are the rest?
San. Rest! Plague, whom d'ye mean?
There's nobody, but Sannio, left at home.
Thra. Lead you the van (*to* Gnatho); and I'll bring up the rear:
Thence give the word to all.
Gnat. What wisdom is!
Now he has drawn up these in rank and file,
His post behind secures him a retreat.
Thra. Just so his line of battle Pyrrhus form'd.

(Chremes *and* Thais *appear above at a window.*)

Chrem. D'ye see, my Thais, what he is about?
To bar and bolt the doors was good advice.

Thais. Tut, man! you fool, that seems so mighty brave,
Is a mere coward. Do not be afraid!
Thra. What were best? (*To* Gnatho.)
Gnat. Troth, I wish you had a sling:
That you from far in ambush might attack them!
They'd soon fly then, I warrant you.
Thra. But see!
Thais appears.
Gnat. Let's charge them then! Come on!
Thra. Halt!—'Tis the part of a wise general
To try all methods, ere he come to arms.
How do you know, but Thais may obey
My orders without force?
Gnat. Oh, gracious Heavens!
Of what advantage is it to be wise!
I ne'er approach but I go wiser from you.
Thra. Thais, first answer this! Did you, or no,
When I presented you the Virgin, promise,
To give yourself some days to me alone?
Thais. What then?
Thra. Is that a question, when you durst
To bring a rival to my face?
Thais. And what
Business have you with him?
Thra. ——And then stole off
In company with him?
Thais. It was my pleasure.
Thra. Therefore, restore my Pamphila; unless
You choose to see her carried off by force.
Chrem. She restore Pamphila to you? Or you
Attempt to touch her, rascal?
Gnat. Ah, beware!
Peace, peace, young gentleman!
Thra. (*to* Chrem.) What is't you mean?
Shall I not touch my own?
Chrem. Your own, you scoundrel?
Gnat. Take heed! you know not whom you rail at thus.
Chrem. Won't you be gone? — here, hark ye, Sir! d'ye know
How matters stand with you?—if you attempt
To raise a riot in this place to-day,
I'll answer for it, that you shall remember
This place, to-day, and me, your whole life-long.
Gnat. I pity you: to make so great a man
Your enemy!
Chrem. Hence! or I'll break your head.
Gnat. How's that, you hang-dog? Are you for that sport
Thra. Who are you, fellow?—what d'ye mean?—and wha
Have you to do with Pamphila?
Chrem. I'll tell you,
First, I declare, that she's a free-born woman!

Thra. How?
Chrem. And a citizen of Athens.
Thra. Hui!
Chrem. My sister.
Thra. Impudence!
Chrem. So, Captain, now
I give you warning, offer her no force!
—Thais, I'll now to Sophrona, the Nurse,
And bring her here with me to see the proofs.
Thra. And you prohibit me to touch my own?
Chrem. Yes, I prohibit you.
Gnat. D'ye hear? he owns
The robbery himself. Isn't that sufficient?
Thra. And, Thais, you maintain the same?
Thais. Ask those
Who care to answer. (*Shuts down the window.*)

Manent Thraso *and* Gnatho, *etc.*

Thra. What shall we do now?
Gnat. Why—e'en go back again!—This harlot here
Will soon be with you to request forgiveness.
Thra. D'ye think so?
Gnat. Aye, most certainly. I know
The ways of women.—When you will, they won't;
And when you won't, they're dying for you.
Thra. True.
Gnat. Shall I disband the army?
Thra. When you will.
Gnat. Sanga, as well becomes a brave militia,
Take to your houses and firesides again.
San. My mind was like a sop i' th' pan, long since.
Gnat. Good fellow!
San. To the right about there! march!
(*Exit, with* Gnatho *and* Thraso *at the head of the troops.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Thais *and* Pythias.

Thais. Still, still, you, baggage, will you shuffle with me?
—"I know—I don't know—he's gone off—I've heard—
"I was not present"—Be it what it may,
Can't you inform me openly?—The Virgin,
Her clothes all torn, in sullen silence weeps.
The Eunuch's fled.—What means all this? and what
Has happen'd?—Won't you answer me?

Pyth. Alas!
What can I answer you?—He was, they say,
No Eunuch.
Thais. What then?
Pyth. Chærea.
Thais. Chærea!
What Chærea?
Pyth. Phædria's younger brother.
Thais. How!
What's that, hag?
Pyth. I've discover'd it: I'm sure on't.
Thais. Why, what had he to do with us? or why
Was he brought hither?
Pyth. That I can not tell;
Unless, as I suppose, for love of Pamphila.
Thais. Alas! I am undone; undone, indeed,
If that, which you have told me now, be true.
Is 't that the girl bemoans thus?
Pyth. I believe so.
Thais. How, careless wretch! was that the charge I gave you
At my departure?
Pyth. What could I do? She
Was trusted, as you bade, to him alone.
Thais. Oh, jade, you set the wolf to keep the sheep.
—I'm quite asham'd to 've been so poorly bubbled.
Pyth. Who comes here?—Hist! peace, madam. I beseech
you!
We're safe: we have the very man.
(*Seeing* Chærea *at a distance.*)
Thais. Where is he?
Pyth. Here, on the left; d'ye see him, ma'am?
Thais. I see him.
Pyth. Let him be seiz'd immediately!
Thais. And what
Can we do to him, fool?
Pyth. Do to him, say you?
—See, what a saucy face the rogue has got!
Ha'nt he?—and then how settled an assurance!

Scene II.

Enter Chærea.

Chær. At Antipho's, as if for spite, there were
His father and his mother both at home,
So that I could by no means enter, but
They must have seen me. Meanwhile, as I stood
Before the door, came by an old acquaintance,
At sight of whom I flew, with all my speed,
Into a narrow, unfrequented alley;
And thence into another, and another,
Frighten'd and flurried as I scampered on,

Lest any one should know me.—But is that
Thais? 'Tis she herself. I'm all aground.
What shall I do?—Pshaw! what have I to care?
What can she do to me?
THAIS. Let's up to him.
Oh, Dorus! good Sir, welcome!—And so, Sirrah,
You ran away.
CHÆR. Yes, madam!
THAIS. And you think
It was a clever trick?
CHÆR. No, madam!
THAIS. Can you
Believe that you shall go unpunish'd for it?
CHÆR. Forgive me this one fault! If I commit
Another, kill me!
THAIS. Do you dread my cruelty?
CHÆR. No, ma'am!
THAIS. What then?
CHÆR. I was afraid, lest She
Accuse me to you. (*Pointing to* PYTHIAS.)
THAIS. Upon what account?
CHÆR. A little matter.
PYTH. Rogue! a little matter?
Is it so little, think you, to abuse
A virgin, and a citizen!
CHÆR. I thought
She was my fellow-servant.
PYTH. Fellow-servant!
I can scarce hold from flying at his hair.
Monstrous! he's come to make his sport of us.
THAIS. Away! you rave.
PYTH. Why so? if I had done 't,
I should have still been in the monster's debt;
Particularly, as he owns himself
Your servant.
THAIS. Well—no more of this.—Oh, Chærea,
You've done a deed unworthy of yourself:
For granting I, perhaps, might well deserve
This injury, it was not honorable
In you to do it.—As I live, I know not
What counsel to pursue about this girl;
You've so destroy'd my measures, that I can't
Restore her, without blushing to her friends,
Nor so deliver her, as I propos'd,
To make them thank me for my kindness, Chærea!
CHÆR. Henceforth, I hope, eternal peace shall be
Betwixt us, Thais! Oft from things like these,
And bad beginnings, warmest friendships rise.
What if some God hath order'd this?
THAIS. Indeed,
I'll so interpret it, and wish it so.

Chær. I prithee do!—and be assured of this,
That naught I did in scorn, but all in love.
Thais. I do believe it; and, on that account,
More readily forgive you: for oh! Chærea,
I am not form'd of an ungentle nature,
Nor am I now to learn the pow'r of love.
Chær. Now, Thais, by my life, I love thee too.
Pyth. Then, by my troth, you must take care of him.
Chær. I durst not——
Pyth. I don't mind a word you say.
Thais. Have done!
Chær. But now, in this one circumstance,
Let me beseech you to assist me! I
Commit myself entirely to your care:
Invoke you, as my patroness; implore you.
Perdition seize me, but I'll marry her!
Thais. But if your father——
Chær. What of him? I know
He'll soon consent, provided it appears
That she's a citizen.
Thais. If you will wait
A little while, her brother will be here:
He's gone to fetch the nurse that brought her up;
And you shall witness the discovery.
Chær. I will remain then.
Thais. But, in the mean time,
Had you not rather wait within, than here
Before the door?
Chær. Much rather.
Pyth. What the plague
Are you about?
Thais. What now?
Pyth. What now, indeed?
Will you let him within your doors again?
Thais. Why not?
Pyth. Remember that I prophesy,
He'll make some fresh disturbance.
Thais. Prithee, peace!
Pyth. It seems, you have not had sufficient proof
Of his assurance.
Chær. I'll do no harm, Pythias!
Pyth. I'll not believe it, Chærea, till I see it.
Chær. But you shall keep me, Pythias!
Pyth. No, not I.
For, by my troth, I would trust nothing with you,
Neither to keep, nor be kept by you.—Hence!
Away!
Thais. Oh brave! the brother's here! (*Looking out.*)
Chær. Confusion!
Let's in, dear Thais! I'd not have him see me
Here in this dress.

THAIS. Why so? Are you asham'd?
CHÆR. I am indeed.
PYTH. Indeed! asham'd! oh dear!
Think of the girl!
THAIS. Go in! I'll follow you.
Pythias, do you stay here to bring in Chremes.
(*Exeunt* THAIS *and* CHÆREA.

SCENE III.

PYTHIAS, CHREMES, SOPHRONA.

PYTH. What can I think of? what can I devise?
Some trick now to be even with that rogue
Who palm'd this young spark on us.
CHREM. (*leading the nurse*). Nay, but stir
Your stumps a little faster, nurse!
SOPH. I come.
CHREM. Aye, marry; but you don't come on a jot.
PYTH. Well! have you shown the tokens to the nurse?
CHREM. I have.
PYTH. And pray what says she? Did she know them?
CHREM. At first sight.
PYTH. Oh brave news! I'm glad to hear it;
For I've a kindness for the girl. Go in;
My mistress is impatient for your coming.
(*Exeunt* CHREMES *and* SOPHRONA.
See, yonder's my good master Parmeno,
Marching this way: How unconcern'd, forsooth,
He stalks along!—But I've devis'd, I hope,
The means to vex him sorely.—First I'll in,
To know the truth of this discovery,
And then return to terrify this rascal. (*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PARMENO.

PAR. I'm come to see what Chærea has been doing:
Who, if he has but manag'd matters well,
Good Heav'ns, how much, and what sincere applause
Shall Parmeno acquire!—For not to mention,
In an intrigue so difficult as this,
Of so much probable expense at least,
Since with a griping harlot he'd have bargain'd,
That I've procur'd for him the girl he lov'd,
Without cost, charge, or trouble; t'other point,
That, that I hold my master-piece, there think
I've gain'd the prize, in showing a young spark
The dispositions and the ways of harlots:
Which having early learn'd, he'll ever shun.
(*Enter* PYTHIAS *behind.*)

When they're abroad, forsooth, there's none so clean,
Nothing so trim, so elegant, as they;
Nor, when they sup with a gallant, so nice!
To see these very creatures' gluttony,
Filth, poverty, and meanness, when at home;
So eager after food, that they devour
From yesterday's stale broth the coarse black bread:—
All this to know is safety to young men.

Scene V.

Pythias, Parmeno.

Pyth. (*behind*). 'Faith, Sirrah, I'll be handsomely revenged
For all you've done and said. You shall not boast
Your tricks on us without due punishment.
(*Aloud, coming forward.*)
Oh Heav'ns! oh dreadful deed! oh hapless youth!
Oh wicked Parmeno, that brought him here!
Par. What now?
Pyth. It mov'd me so, I could not bear
To see it: therefore I flew out o' doors.
What an example will they make of him!
Par. Oh Jupiter! What tumult can this be?
Am I undone, or no?—I'll e'en inquire.
Pythias! (*going up.*) What now? what is't you rave about?
Who's to be made this terrible example?
Pyth. Who? most audacious monster! while you meant
To play your tricks on us, you have destroyed
The youth whom you brought hither for the Eunuch.
Par. How so? and what has happen'd? Prithee tell me!
Pyth. Tell you? D'ye know the virgin, that was sent
To-day to Thais, is a citizen?
Her brother too a man of the first rank?
Par. I did not know it.
Pyth. Aye, but so it seems.
The poor young spark abus'd the girl; a thing
No sooner known, than he, the furious brother——
Par. Did what?
Pyth. First bound him hand and foot——
Par. How! bound him!
Pyth. And now, though Thais begged him not to do it—
Par. How! what!
Pyth. Moreover threatens, he will serve him
After the manner of adulterers;
A thing I ne'er saw done, and ne'er desire.
Par. How durst he offer at an act so monstrous?
Pyth. And why so monstrous?
Par. Is it not most monstrous?
Who ever saw a young man seiz'd and bound
For rapes and lewdness in a house of harlots?

PYTH. I don't know.
PAR. Aye; but you must all know this.
I tell you, and foretell you, that young spark
Is my old master's son.
PYTH. Indeed, is he?
PAR. And let not Thais suffer any one
To do him violence!—But why don't I
Rush in myself?
PYTH. Ah! take care, Parmeno,
What you're about; lest you do him no good,
And hurt yourself: for they imagine you,
Whatever has been done, the cause of all.
PAR. What shall I do then, wretch? what undertake?
—Oh! yonder's my old master, just return'd
To town. Shall I tell him, or no?—I' faith
I'll tell him, though I am well convinc'd it will
Bring me into a scrape; a heavy one: And yet
It must be done to help poor Chærea.
PYTH. Right.
I'll in again; and you, in the mean while,
Tell the old gentleman the whole affair. (*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter LACHES.

LACHES. I've this convenience from my neighb'ring villa;
I'm never tir'd of country or of town.
For as disgust comes on, I change my place.
—But is not that our Parmeno? 'Tis he
For certain.—Whom d'ye wait for, Parmeno,
Before that door?
PAR. Who's that? Oh, Sir! you're welcome:
I'm glad to see you safe return'd to town.
LACHES. Whom do you wait for?
PAR. I'm undone: my tongue
Cleaves to my mouth through fear.
LACHES. Ha! what's the matter?
Why do you tremble so? Is all right? Speak!
PAR. First, Sir, I'd have you think, for so it is,
Whatever has befall'n has not befall'n
Through any fault of mine.
LACHES. What is't?
PAR. That's true.
Your pardon, Sir, I should have told that first.
—Phædria, Sir, bought a certain Eunuch, as
A present to send her.
LACHES. Her!—Her! whom?
PAR. Thais.
LACHES. Bought? I'm undone! at what price?
PAR. Twenty Minæ.

Laches. I'm ruin'd.
Par. And then Chærea's fall'n in love
With a young music-girl.
Laches. How! what! in love!
Knows he already what a harlot is?
Has he stol'n into town? More plagues on plagues.
Par. Nay, Sir! don't look on me! it was not done
By my advice.
Laches. Leave prating of yourself.
As for you, rascal, if I live——But first
Whatever has befallen, tell me, quick!
Par. Chærea was carried thither for the Eunuch.
Laches. He for the Eunuch!
Par. Yes: since when, within
They've seiz'd and bound him for a ravisher.
Laches. Confusion!
Par. See the impudence of harlots!
Laches. Is there aught else of evil or misfortune
You have not told me yet?
Par. You know the whole.
Laches. Then why do I delay to rush in on them? (*Exit.*
Par. There is no doubt but I shall smart for this.
But since I was oblig'd to 't, I rejoice
That I shall make these strumpets suffer too:
For our old gentleman has long desir'd
Some cause to punish them; and now he has it.

Scene VII.

Enter Pythias; Parmeno *at a distance.*

Pyth. Well! I was ne'er more pleas'd in all my life
Than when I saw th' old man come blund'ring in.
I had the jest alone; for I alone
Knew what he was afraid of.
Par. Hey! what now?
Pyth. I'm now come forth t' encounter Parmeno.
Where is he?
Par. She seeks me.
Pyth. Oh, there he is.
I'll go up to him.
Par. Well, fool, what's the matter? (Pythias *laughs.*)
What would you? what d'ye laugh at? Hey! what still?
Pyth. Oh, I shall die: I'm horribly fatigu'd
With laughing at you. (*Laughing heartily.*)
Par. Why so? pray!
Pyth. Why so? (*Laughing.*)
I ne'er saw, ne'er shall see, a greater fool.
Oh, it's impossible to tell what sport
You've made within.—I swear, I always thought
That you had been a shrewd, sharp, cunning fellow.

What! to believe directly what I told you!
Or was you prick'd in conscience for the sin
The young man had committed through your means,
That you must after tell his father of him?
How d'ye suppose he felt when old gray-beard
Surpris'd him in that habit?—What! you find
That you're undone. (*Laughing heartily.*)
PAR. What's this, impertinence?
Was it a lie you told me? D'ye laugh still?
Is't such a jest to make fools of us, hag?
PYTH. Delightful! (*Laughing.*)
PAR. If you don't pay dearly for it!——
PYTH. Perhaps so. (*Laughing.*)
PAR. I'll return it.
PYTH. Oh, no doubt on't. (*Laughing.*)
But what you threaten, Parmeno, is distant:
You'll be truss'd up to-day; who first draw in
A raw young man to sin, and then betray him.
They'll both conspire to make you an example. (*Laughing.*)
PAR. I'm done for.
PYTH. Take this, slave, as a reward
For the fine gift you sent us; so, farewell! (*Exit* PYTHIAS.
PAR. I've been a fool indeed; and like a rat,
Betray'd myself to-day by my own squeaking.

SCENE VIII.

Enter THRASO, GNATHO; PARMENO *behind.*

GNAT. What now? in what hope, or with what design
Advance we hither? what adventure, Thraso?
THRASO. What do I mean?—To Thais to surrender
On her own terms?
GNAT. Indeed?
THRASO. Indeed! why not,
As well as Hercules to Omphale?
GNAT. A fit example.—Would I might behold
Your head broke with her slipper. (*Aside.*) But her doors
Creak, and fly open.
THRASO. 'Sdeath! what mischief now?
I ne'er so much as saw this face before.
Why bursts he forth with such alacrity?

SCENE IX.

Enter CHÆREA *at another part of the stage.*

CHÆR. Lives there, my countrymen, a happier man
To-day than I?—Not one.—For on my head
The gods have plainly emptied all their store,
On whom they've pour'd a flood of bliss at once.

Par. What's he so pleas'd at?
Chær. (*seeing him.*) Oh my Parmeno
Inventor, undertaker, perfecter
Of all my pleasures, know'st thou my good fortunes?
Know'st thou my Pamphila's a citizen?
Par. I've heard so.
Chær. Know'st thou she's betroth'd my wife?
Par. Oh brave, by Heav'n!
Gnat. Hear you what he says? (*To* Thraso.)
Chær. Then I rejoice, my brother Phædria's love
Is quietly secur'd to him forever:
We're now one family: and Thais has
Found favor with my father, and resign'd
Herself to us for patronage and care.
Par. She's then entirely Phædria's!
Chær. Aye, entirely.
Par. Another cause of joy: the Captain routed!
Chær. See, Parmeno, my brother (wheresoe'er
He be) know this, as soon as possible!
Par. I'll see if he's at home. (*Exit.*
Thraso. Hast any doubt,
Gnatho, but I'm entirely ruin'd?
Gnat. None at all.
Chær. What shall I mention first? whom praise the mos
Him that advis'd this action? or myself
That durst to undertake it?—or extol
Fortune, the governess of all, who deign'd,
Events so many, of such moment too,
So happily to close within one day?
Or shall I praise my father's frank good-humor,
And gay festivity?——Oh, Jupiter,
Make but these blessings sure!

Scene X.

Enter Phædria.

Phæd. O heavenly powers!
What wondrous things has Parmeno just told me!
But where's my brother?
Chær. Here he is.
Phæd. I'm happy.
Chær. I dare believe you are; and trust me, brother,
Naught can be worthier of your love than Thais:
Our family are all much bounden to her.
Phæd. So! you'd need sing her praise to me!
Thraso. Confusion!
As my hope dies, my love increases. Gnatho
Your help! my expectation's all in you.
Gnat. What would you have me do?
Thraso. Accomplish this;

By pray'r, by purchase, that I still may have
Some little share in Thais.
GNAT. A hard task!
THRASO. Do but incline to do't, you can, I know.
Effect it, and demand whatever gift,
Whate'er reward you please, it shall be yours.
GNAT. Indeed?
THRASO. Indeed!
GNAT. If I accomplish this,
I claim, that you agree to throw your doors,
Present or absent, always open to me;
A welcome, uninvited guest forever.
THRASO. I pawn my honor as the pledge.
GNAT. I'll try.
PHÆD. What voice is that? Oh, Thraso!
THRASO. Gentlemen,
Good-day!
PHÆD. Perhaps you're not acquainted yet
With what has happen'd here?
THRASO. I am.
PHÆD. Why then
Do I behold you in these territories?
THRASO. Depending on——
PHÆD. Depend on naught but this!
Captain, I give you warning, if, henceforth,
I ever find you in this street, although
You tell me, "*I was looking for another,*
I was but passing through," expect no quarter.
GNAT. Oh fie! that is not handsome.
PHÆD. I have said it.
GNAT. You can not be so rude.
PHÆD. It shall be so.
GNAT. First grant me a short hearing: if you like
What I propose, agree to't.
PHÆD. Let us hear!
GNAT. Do you retire a moment, Thraso! (THRASO *retires.*)
First,
I must beseech you both, most firmly think,
That I, whate'er I do in this affair,
For my own sake I do it: but if that
Likewise advantage you, not to agree
In you were folly.
PHÆD. What is't you propose?
GNAT. I think you should admit the Captain, as
Your rival.
PHÆD. How? admit him?
GNAT. Nay consider!
Phædria, you live at a high rate with her,
Revel, and feast, and stick at no expense.
Yet what you give's but little, and you know
'Tis needful Thais should receive much more.

Now to supply your love without your cost,
A fitter person, one more form'd, can't be
Than Thraso is: first, he has wherewithal
To give, and gives most largely: a fool too,
A dolt, a block, that snores out night and day;
Nor can you fear she'll e'er grow fond of him;
And you may drive him hence whene'er you please.
Phæd. What shall we do? (*To* Chærea.)
Gnat. Moreover this; the which
I hold no trifle, no man entertains
More nobly or more freely.
Phæd. I begin
To think we've need of such a fool.
Chær. And I.
Gnat. Well judg'd! and let me beg one favor more;
Admit me of your family!—I have
Roll'd this stone long enough.
Phæd. We do admit you.
Chær. With all our hearts.
Gnat. And you, Sirs, in return,
Shall pledge me in the Captain; eat him; drink him:
And laugh at him.
Chær. A bargain!
Phæd. 'Tis his due.
Gnat. Thraso, whene'er you please, approach!
Thraso. Pray now,
How stands the case?
Gnat. Alas! they knew you not!
But when I drew your character, and prais'd
Your worth, according to your deeds and virtues,
I gain'd my point.
Thraso. 'Tis well: I'm much oblig'd;
I ne'er was any where, in all my life,
But all folks lov'd me dearly.
Gnat. Did not I
Say he had all the Attic elegance?
Phæd. He is the very character you drew.
Gnat. Retire then.—Ye, (*to the audience,*) farewell, and clap
your hands!

THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Prologue.	Sostrata.
Menedemus.	Antiphila.
Chremes.	Bacchis.
Clinia.	Nurse.
Clitipho.	Phrygia, *and other servants of* Bacchis.
Syrus.	
Dromo.	

Scene, *a Village near* Athens.

PROLOGUE.

Lest any of you wonder, why the Bard
To an old actor hath assign'd the part
Sustain'd of old by young performers; that
I'll first explain: then say what brings
To-day, a whole play, wholly from the Greek,
We mean to represent:—The Self-Tormentor:
Wrought from a single to a double plot.
Now therefore that our comedy is new,
And what it is, I've shown: who wrote it too,
And whose in Greek it is, were I not sure
Most of you knew already, would I tell.
But, wherefore I have ta'en this part upon me,
In brief I will deliver: for the Bard
Has sent me here as pleader, not as Prologue;
You he declares his judges, me his counsel:
And yet as counsel nothing can I speak
More than the Author teaches me to say,
Who wrote th' oration which I now recite.
As to reports, which envious men have spread,
That he has ransack'd many Grecian plays,
While he composes some few Latin ones,
That he denies not, he has done; nor does
Repent he did it; means to do it still;
Safe in the warrant and authority
Of greater bards, who did long since the same.
Then for the charge, that his arch-enemy
Maliciously reproaches him withal,

That he but lately hath applied himself
To music, with the genius of his friends,
Rather than natural talents, fraught; how true,
Your judgment, your opinion, must decide.
I would entreat you, therefore, not to lean
To tales of slander, rather than of candor.
Be favorable; nurse with growing hopes
The bards, who give you pleasing novelties;
Pleasing I say, not such as *His* I mean,
Who lately introduc'd a breathless slave,
Making the crowd give way—But wherefore trace
A dunce's faults? which shall be shown at large,
When more he writes, unless he cease to rail.
Attend impartially! and let me once
Without annoyance act an easy part;
Lest your old servant be o'er-labor'd still
With toilsome characters, the running slave,
The eating parasite, enrag'd old man,
The bold-fac'd sharper, covetous procurer;
Parts, that ask pow'rs of voice, and iron sides.
Deign then, for my sake, to accept this plea,
And grant me some remission from my labor.
For they, who now produce new comedies,
Spare not my age! If there is aught laborious,
They run to me; but if of little weight,
Away to others. In our piece to-day
The style is pure: now try my talents then
In either character. If I for gain,
Never o'er-rated my abilities;
If I have held it still my chief reward
To be subservient to your pleasure; fix
In me a fair example, that our youth
May seek to please you, rather than themselves.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Chremes, Menedemus.

Chrem. Though our acquaintance is as yet but young,
Since you have bought this farm that neighbors mine,
And little other commerce is betwixt us;
Yet or your virtue, or good neighborhood,
(Which is in my opinion kin to friendship,)
Urge me to tell you, fairly, openly,
That you appear to me to labor more
Than your age warrants, or affairs require.

Now, in the name of heav'n and earth, what is't
You want? what seek you? Threescore years of age,
Or older, as I guess; with an estate,
Better than which, more profitable, none
In these parts hold; master of many slaves;
As if you had not one at your command,
You labor in their offices yourself.
I ne'er go out so soon at morn, return
So late at eve, but in your grounds I see you
Dig, plow, or fetch and carry: in a word,
You ne'er remit your toil, nor spare yourself.
This, I am certain, is not done for pleasure.
—You'll say, perhaps, it vexes you to see
Your work go on so slowly;—do but give
The time you spend in laboring yourself
To set your slaves to work, 'twill profit more.

MENE. Have you such leisure from your own affairs
To think of those, that don't concern you, Chremes?

CHREM. I am a man, and feel for all mankind.
Think, I advise, or ask for information:
If right, that I may do the same; if wrong,
To turn you from it.

MENE. I have need to do thus.
Do you as you think fit.

CHREM. Need any man
Torment himself?

MENE. I need.

CHREM. If there's a cause,
I'd not oppose it. But what evil's this?
What is th' offense so grievous to your nature,
That asks such cruel vengeance on yourself?

MENE. Alas! alas! (*In tears.*)

CHREM. Nay, weep not; but inform me.
Be not reserv'd; fear nothing: prithee, trust me:
By consolation, counsel, or assistance,
possibly may serve you.

MENE. Would you know it?

CHREM. Aye, for the very reason I have mention'd.

MENE. I will inform you.

CHREM. But meanwhile lay down
Those rakes: don't tire yourself.

MENE. It must not be.

CHREM. What mean you?

MENE. Give me leave: that I may take
No respite from my toil.

CHREM. I'll not allow it. (*Taking away the rakes.*)

MENE. Ah, you do wrong.

CHREM. What, and so heavy too!
(*Weighing them in his hand.*)

MENE. Such my desert.

CHREM. Now speak. (*Laying down the rakes.*)

MENE. One only son
I have.—*Have*, did I say?—*Had* I mean, Chremes.
Have I or no, is now uncertain.
CHREM. Wherefore?
MENE. That you shall know. An old Corinthian woman
Now sojourns here, a stranger in these parts,
And very poor. It happen'd, of her daughter
My son became distractedly enamor'd;——
E'en to the brink of marriage; and all this
Unknown to me: which I no sooner learn'd
Than I began to deal severely with him,
Not as a young and love-sick mind requir'd,
But in the rough and usual way of fathers.
Daily I chid him; crying, "How now, Sir!
Think you that you shall hold these courses long,
And I your father living?—Keep a mistress,
As if she were your wife!—You are deceiv'd,
If you think that, and do not know me, Clinia.
While you act worthily, you're mine; if not,
I shall act toward you worthy of myself.
All this arises from mere idleness.
I, at your age, ne'er thought of love; but went
To seek my fortune in the wars in Asia,
And there acquir'd in arms both wealth and glory."
—In short, things came to such a pass, the youth,
O'ercome with hearing still the self-same thing,
And wearied out with my reproaches; thinking,
Age and experience had enabled me
To judge his interest better than himself,
Went off to serve the king in Asia, Chremes.
CHREM. How say you?
MENE. Stole away three months ago,
Without my knowledge.
CHREM. Both have been to blame:
And yet this enterprise bespeaks a mind,
Modest and manly.
MENE. Having heard of this
From some of his familiars, home I came
Mournful, half-mad, and almost wild with grief.
I sit me down; my servants run to me;
Some draw my sandals off; while others haste
To spread the couches, and prepare the supper:
Each in his way, I mark, does all he can
To mitigate my sorrow. Noting this,
"How, said I to myself, so many then
Anxious for me alone? to pleasure me?
So many slaves to dress me? All this cost
For me alone?—Meanwhile, my only son,
For whom all these were fit, as well as me,
Nay rather more, since he is of an age
More proper for their use; him, him, poor boy,

Has my unkindness driven forth to sorrow.
Oh I were worthy of the heaviest curse,
Could I brook that!—No; long as he shall lead
A life of penury abroad, an exile
Through my unjust severity, so long
Will I revenge his wrongs upon myself,
Laboring, scraping, sparing, slaving for him."
—In short, I did so; in the house I left
Nor clothes, nor movables: I scrap'd up all.
My slaves, both male and female, except those
Who more than earn'd their bread in country-work,
I sold: Then set my house to sale: In all
I got together about fifteen talents;
Purchas'd this farm; and here fatigue myself;
Thinking I do my son less injury,
While I'm in misery too; nor is it just
For me, I think, to taste of pleasure here,
Till he return in safety to partake on't.

CHREM. You I believe a tender parent, him
A duteous son, if govern'd prudently.
But you was unacquainted with his nature,
And he with yours: sad life, where things are so!
You ne'er betray'd your tenderness to him;
Nor durst he place that confidence in you,
Which well becomes the bosom of a father.
Had that been done, this had not happen'd to you.

MENE. True, I confess; but I was most in fault.

CHREM. All, Menedemus, will, I hope, be well,
And trust, your son will soon return in safety.

MENE. Grant it, good Gods!

CHREM. They will. Now, therefore, since
The Dionysia are held here to-day,
If 'tis convenient, come, and feast with me.

MENE. Impossible.

CHREM. Why so?——Nay, prithee now,
Indulge yourself a while: your absent son,
I'm sure, would have it so.

MENE. It is not meet,
That I, who drove him forth to misery,
Should fly it now myself.

CHREM. You are resolv'd?

MENE. Most constantly.

CHREM. Farewell then!

MENE. Fare you well! (*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CHREMES *alone.*

He draws tears from me.—How I pity him!
—But 'tis high time, as the day goes, to warn

My neighbor Phania to come forth to supper.
I'll go, and see if he's at home.
(*Goes to* Phania's *door, and returns.*)
There was,
It seems, no need of warning: for, they tell me,
He has been gone to my house some time since;
I keep my guests in waiting; so I'll in.
But my doors creak. (Clitipho *appears.*)
Who's this? I'll step aside. (*Retires.*)

Scene III.

Enter Clitipho, *speaking to* Clinia *within.*

As yet, my Clinia, you've no cause to fear:
They are not long: and she, I'm confident,
Will be here shortly with the messenger.
Prithee, away then with these idle cares,
Which thus torment you!
Chrem. (*behind.*) Whom does my son speak to?
Clit. My father as I wish'd—Good Sir, well met.
Chrem. What now?
Clit. D'ye know our neighbor Menedemus?
Chrem. Aye, very well.
Clit. D'ye know he has a son?
Chrem. I've heard he is in Asia.
Clit. No such thing.
He's at our house, Sir.
Chrem. How!
Clit. But just arriv'd:
Ev'n at his landing I fell in with him,
And brought him here to supper: for, from boys,
We have been friends and intimates.
Chrem. Good news:
Now do I wish the more that Menedemus,
Whom I invited, were my guest to-day,
That I, and under my own roof, had been
The first to have surpris'd him with this joy!
And I may yet. (*Going.*)
Clit. Take heed! it were not good.
Chrem. How so?
Clit. Because the youth is yet in doubt:
Newly arriv'd; in fear of ev'ry thing;
He dreads his father's anger, and suspects
The disposition of his mistress tow'rds him;
Her, whom he dotes upon; on whose account,
This diff'rence and departure came about.
Chrem. I know it.
Clit. He has just dispatch'd his boy
Into the city to her, and our Syrus
I sent along with him.

CHREM. What says the son?
CLIT. Says? that he's miserable.
CHREM. Miserable!
Who needs be less so? for what earthly good
Can man possess which he may not enjoy?
Parents, a prosp'rous country, friends, birth, riches.
Yet these all take their value from the mind
Of the possessor: he that knows their use,
To him they're blessings; he that knows it not,
To him misuse converts them into curses.
CLIT. Nay, but he ever was a cross old man:
And now there's nothing that I dread so much,
As lest he be transported in his rage
To some gross outrages against his son.
CHREM. He!—He!—But I'll contain myself. 'Tis good
For Menedemus that his son should fear. (*Aside.*)
CLIT. What say you, Sir, within yourself! (*Overhearing.*)
CHREM. I say,
Be't as it might, the son should have remain'd.
Grant that the father bore too strict a hand
Upon his loose desires; he should have borne it.
Whom would he bear withal, if not a parent?
Was't fitting that the father should conform
To the son's humor, or the son to his?
And for the rigor that he murmurs at,
'Tis nothing: the severities of fathers,
Unless perchance a hard one here and there,
Are much the same: they reprimand their sons
For riotous excesses, wenching, drinking;
And starve their pleasures by a scant allowance.
Yet this all tends to good: but when the mind
Is once enslav'd to vicious appetites,
It needs must follow vicious measures too.
Remember then this maxim, Clitipho,
A wise one 'tis to draw from others' faults
A profitable lesson for yourself.
CLIT. I do believe it.
CHREM. Well, I'll in, and see
What is provided for our supper: you,
As the day wears, see that you're not far hence. (*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

CLITIPHO *alone.*

What partial judges of all sons are fathers!
Who ask gray wisdom from our greener years,
And think our minds should bear no touch of youth;
Governing by their passions, now kill'd in them,
And not by those that formerly rebell'd.
If ever I've a son, I promise him

He shall find me an easy father; fit
To know, and apt to pardon his offenses!
Not such as mine, who, speaking of another,
Shows how he'd act in such a case himself:
Yet when he takes a cup or two too much,
Oh, what mad pranks he tells me of his own:
But warns me now "to draw from others' faults
A profitable lesson for myself."
Cunning old gentleman! he little knows,
He pours his proverbs in a deaf man's ear.
The words of Bacchis, *Give me*, *Bring me*, now
Have greater weight with me: to whose commands,
Alas! I've nothing to reply withal;
Nor is there man more wretched than myself.
For Clinia here (though he, I must confess,
Has cares enough) has got a mistress, modest,
Well-bred, and stranger to all harlot arts:
Mine is a self-will'd, wanton, haughty madam,
Gay, and extravagant; and let her ask
Whate'er she will, she must not be denied;
Since poverty I durst not make my plea.
This is a plague I have but newly found,
Nor is my father yet appris'd of it.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Clinia.

Clin. Had my affairs in love been prosperous,
They had, I know, been here long since: but, ah,
I fear she's fall'n from virtue in my absence:
So many things concur to prove it so,
My mind misgives me; opportunity,
The place, her age, an infamous old mother,
Under whose governance she lives, to whom
Naught but gain's precious.

To him Clitipho.

Clit. Clinia!
Clin. Woe is mé! (*To himself.*)
Clit. Take heed, lest some one issue from your father's,
And chance to see you here.
Clin. I will: but yet
My mind forebodes I know not what of ill.
Clit. What, still foreboding, ere you know the truth?
Clin. Had there been no untoward circumstance,
They had return'd already

CLIT. Patience, Clinia!
They'll be here presently.
CLIN. Presently! but when?
CLIT. Consider, 'tis a long way off: and then
You know the ways of women; to set off,
And trick their persons out, requires an age.
CLIN. Oh Clitipho, I fear——
CLIT. Take courage; see,
Dromo and Syrus!

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS *and* DROMO, *conversing at a distance.*

SYRUS. Say you?
DROMO. Even so.
SYRUS. But while we chat, the girls are left behind.
CLIT. (*listening.*) Girls, Clinia! do you hear?
CLIN. I hear, I see,
And now, at last, I'm happy, Clitipho.
DROMO (*to* SYRUS). Left behind! troth, no wonder: so encumber'd;
A troop of waiting-women at her heels!
CLIN. (*listening*). Confusion! Whence should she have waiting-women?
CLIT. How can I tell?
SYRUS (*to* DROMO). We ought not to have dropp'd them.
They bring a world of baggage!
CLIN. (*listening*). Death!
SYRUS. Gold, clothes!
It grows late too, and they may miss their way.
We've been to blame: Dromo, run back, and meet them.
Away! quick! don't loiter. (*Exit* DROMO.
CLIN. What a wretch!
All my fair hopes quite blasted!
CLIT. What's the matter?
What is it troubles you?
CLIN. What troubles me?
D'ye hear? She waiting-women, gold, and clothes!
She, whom I left with one poor servant-girl!
Whence come they, think you?
CLIT. Oh, I take you now.
SYRUS (*to himself*). Gods, what a crowd! our house will hardly hold them.
What eating, and what drinking will there be!
How miserable our old gentleman!
But here are those I wish'd to see! (*Seeing* CLIT. *and* CLIN.)
CLIN. Oh Jove!
Where then are truth, and faith, and honor fled?
While I a fugitive, for love of you,
Quit my dear country, you, Antiphila,

For sordid gain desert me in distress!
You, for whose sake I courted infamy,
And cast off my obedience to my father.
He, I remember now with grief and shame,
Oft warn'd me of these women's ways; oft tried
In vain by sage advice to wean me from her.
But now I bid farewell to her forever;
Though, when 'twere good and wholesome, I was froward.
No wretch more curs'd than I!

Syrus. He has misconstrued
All our discourse, I find——You fancy, Clinia,
Your mistress other than she is. Her life,
As far as we from circumstance could learn,
Her disposition tow'rd you, are the same.

Clin. How! tell me all: for there is naught on earth
I'd rather know than that my fears are false.

Syrus. First then, that you may be appris'd of all,
Th' old woman, thought her mother, was not so:
That beldam also is deceas'd; for this
I overheard her, as we came along,
Telling the other.

Clit. Other! who? what other?

Syrus. Let me but finish what I have begun,
And I shall come to that.

Clit. Dispatch then.

Syrus. First,
Having arriv'd, Dromo knocks at the door:
Which an old woman had no sooner open'd,
But in goes Dromo, and I after him.
Th' old woman bolts the door, and spins again,
And now, or never, Clinia, might be known,
Coming thus unexpectedly upon her,
Antiphila's employments in your absence:
For such, as then we saw, we might presume
Her daily practice, which of all things else,
Betrays the mind and disposition most.
Busily plying of the web we found her,
Decently clad in mourning,—I suppose,
For the deceas'd old woman.——She had on
No gold or trinkets, but was plain and neat,
And dress'd like those who dress but for themselves.
No female varnish to set off her beauty:
Her hair dishevel'd, long, and flowing loose
About her shoulders.——Peace! (*To* Clinia.)

Clin. Nay, prithee, Syrus,
Do not transport me thus without a cause.

Syrus. Th' old woman spun the woof; one servant-girl
A tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her.

Clit. Clinia, if this be true, as sure it is,
Who is more fortunate than you? D'ye mark
The ragged dirty girl that he describ'd?

A sign the mistress leads a blameless life,
When she maintains no flaunting go-between:
For 'tis a rule with those gallants, who wish
To win the mistress, first to bribe the maid.
CLIN. Go on, I beg you, Syrus; and take heed
You fill me not with idle joy.—What said she
When you nam'd me?
SYRUS. As soon as we inform'd her
You was return'd, and begg'd her to come to you,
She left her work immediately, and burst
Into a flood of tears, which one might see
Were shed for love of you.
CLIN. By all the Gods,
I know not where I am for very joy.
Oh, how I trembled!
CLIT. Without cause, I knew.
But come; now, Syrus, tell us, who's that other?
SYRUS. Your mistress, Bacchis.
CLIT. How! what! Bacchis? Tell me,
Where d'ye bring her, rogue?
SYRUS. Where do I bring her?
To our house certainly.
CLIT. My father's?
SYRUS. Aye.
CLIT. Oh monstrous impudence!
SYRUS. Consider, Sir;
More danger, the more honor.
CLIT. Look ye, Sirrah,
You mean to purchase praise at my expense,
Where the least slip of yours would ruin me.
What is't you drive at?
SYRUS. But——
CLIT. But what?
SYRUS. I'll tell you,
Give me but leave!
CLIN. Permit him.
CLIT. Well, I do.
SYRUS. This business—now—is just as if— (*Drawling.*)
CLIT. Confusion!
What a long roundabout beginning!
CLIN. True.
To the point, Syrus!
SYRUS. I've no patience with you.
You use me ill, Sir, and I can't endure it.
CLIN. Hear him: peace, Clitipho! (*To* CLITIPHO.)
SYRUS. You'd be in love;
Possess your mistress; and have wherewithal
To make her presents: but to gain all this
You'd risk no danger. By my troth, you're wise,
If it be wise to wish for what can't be.
Take good and bad together; both, or none;

Choose which you will; no mistress, or no danger.
And yet the scheme I've laid is fair and safe;
Your mistress may be with you at your father's
Without detection; by the self-same means
I shall procure the sum you've promis'd her,
Which you have rung so often in my ears,
You've almost deafen'd them.—What would you more?
CLIT. If it may be so——
SYRUS. If! the proof shall show.
CLIT. Well, well then, what's this scheme?
SYRUS. We will pretend
That Bacchis is his mistress.
CLIT. Mighty fine!
What shall become then of his own? Shall she
Pass for his too, because one's not enough
To answer for?
SYRUS. No. She shall to your mother.
CLIT. How so?
SYRUS. 'Twere tedious, Clitipho, to tell:
Let it suffice, I've reason for it.
CLIT. Nonsense!
I see no ground to make me hazard this.
SYRUS. Well; if you dread this, I've another way,
Which you shall both own has no danger in't.
CLIT. Aye, prithee, find that out.
SYRUS. With all my heart.
I'll run and meet the woman on the road,
And order them to go straight home again.
CLIT. How! what!
SYRUS. I mean to ease you of your fear,
That you may sleep in peace on either side. (*Going.*)
CLIT. What shall I do?
CLIN. E'en profit of his scheme.
CLIT. But, Syrus, tell me then——
SYRUS. Away, away!
This day too late you'll wish for her in vain. (*Going.*)
CLIN. This is your time: enjoy it, while you may:
Who knows if you may have the like again?
CLIT. Syrus, I say.
SYRUS. Call as you please, I'll on.
CLIT. Clinia, you're right.—Ho, Syrus! Syrus, ho!
Syrus, I say.
SYRUS. So, he grows hot at last. (*To himself.*)
What would you, Sir? (*Turning about.*)
CLIT. Come back, come back!
SYRUS. I'm here. (*Returns.*)
You're pleasure, Sir!—What, will not this content you?
CLIT. Yes, Syrus; me, my passion, and my fame
I render up to you: dispose of all;
But see you're not to blame.
SYRUS. Ridiculous!

Spare your advice, good Clitipho! you know
Success is my concern still more than yours:
For if perchance we fail in our attempt,
You shall have words; but I, alas! dry blows.
Be sure then of my diligence; and beg
Your friend to join, and countenance our scheme.
CLIN. Depend on me: I see it must be so.
CLIT. Thanks, my best Clinia!
CLIN. But take heed she trip not.
SYRUS. Oh, she's well instructed.
CLIT. Still I wonder
How you prevail'd so easily upon her:
Her, who's so scornful.
SYRUS. I came just in time,
Time, that in most affairs is all in all:
For there I found a certain wretched captain,
Begging her favors. She, an artful baggage,
Denied him, to inflame his mind the more,
And make her court to you.—But hark ye, Sir,
Be cautious of your conduct! no imprudence!
You know how shrewd and keen your father is;
And I know your intemperance too well.
No double-meanings, glances, leers, sighs, hems,
Coughing, or titt'ring, I beseech you, Sir!
CLIT. I'll play my part——
SYRUS. Look to't!
CLIT. To your content.
SYRUS. But see, the women! they're soon after us.
(*Looking out.*)
CLIT. Where are they?—(SYRUS *stops him.*) Why d'ye hold me?
SYRUS. She is not
Your mistress now.
CLIT. True: not before my father.
But now, meanwhile——
SYRUS. Nor now, meanwhile,
CLIT. Allow me!
SYRUS. No.
CLIT. But a moment!
SYRUS. No.
CLIT. A single kiss!
SYRUS. Away, if you are wise!
CLIT. Well, well, I'm gone.
—What's he to do?
SYRUS. Stay here.
CLIT. O happy——
SYRUS. March! (*Pushes off* CLITIPHO.)

Scene III

Enter Bacchis, *and* Antiphila *at a distance.*

Bacch. Well, I commend you, my Antiphila:
Happy, that you have made it still your care,
That virtue should seem fair as beauty in you!
Nor Gracious Heav'n so help me, do I wonder
If ev'ry man should wish you for his own;
For your discourse bespeaks a worthy mind.
And when I ponder with myself, and weigh
Your course of life, and all the rest of those
Who live not on the common,—'tis not strange,
Your morals should be different from ours.
Virtue's your int'rest; those, with whom we deal,
Forbid it to be ours: For our gallants,
Charm'd by our beauty, court us but for that;
Which fading, they transfer their love to others.
If then meanwhile we look not to ourselves,
We live forlorn, deserted, and distress'd.
You, when you've once agreed to pass your life
Bound to one man, whose temper suits with yours,
He too attaches his whole heart to you:
Thus mutual friendship draws you each to each;
Nothing can part you, nothing shake your love.

Anti. I know not others'; for myself I know,
From his content I ever drew my own.

Clin. (*overhearing*). Excellent maid! my best Antiphila!
Thou too, thy love alone is now the cause
That brings me to my native land again.
For when away, all evils else were light
Compar'd to wanting thee.

Syrus. I do believe it.

Clin. O Syrus, 'tis too much: I can not bear it.
Wretch that I am!—and must I be debarr'd
To give a loose to love, a love like this?

Syrus. And yet if I may judge your father's mind,
He has more troubles yet in store for you.

(*Aparte.*)

Bacch. Who is that youth that eyes us? (*Seeing* Clinia.)

Anti. Ha! (*seeing him.*)—Support me!

Bacch. Bless me, what now?

Anti. I faint.

Bacch. Alas, poor soul!
What is't surprises you, Antiphila?

Anti. Is't Clinia that I see, or no?

Bacch. Whom do you see?

Clin. Welcome my soul! (*Running up to her.*)

Anti. My wish'd-for Clinia, welcome!

Clin. How fares my love?

Anti. O'erjoyed at your return.

Clin. And do I hold thee, my Antiphila,
Thou only wish and comfort of my soul!
Syrus. In, in, for you have made our good man wait.
(*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Chrem. 'Tis now just daybreak.—Why delay I then
To call my neighbor forth, and be the first
To tell him of his son's return?—The youth,
I understand, would fain not have it so.
But shall I, when I see this poor old man
Afflict himself so grievously, by silence
Rob him of such an unexpected joy,
When the discov'ry can not hurt the son?
No, I'll not do't; but far as in my pow'r
Assist the father. As my son, I see,
Ministers to th' occasions of his friend,
Associated in counsels, rank, and age,
So we old men should serve each other too.

Scene II.

Enter Menedemus.

Mene. (*to himself*). Sure I'm by nature form'd for misery
Beyond the rest of humankind, or else
'Tis a false saying, though a common one,
"That time assuages grief." For ev'ry day
My sorrow for the absence of my son
Grows on my mind: the longer he's away,
The more impatiently I wish to see him,
The more pine after him.
Chrem. But he's come forth. (*Seeing* Menedemus.)
Yonder he stands. I'll go and speak with him.
Good-morrow, neighbor! I have news for you;
Such news as you'll be overjoy'd to hear.
Mene. Of my son, Chremes?
Chrem. He's alive and well.
Mene. Where?
Chrem. At my house.
Mene. My son?
Chrem. Your son.
Mene. Come home?
Chrem. Come home.
Mene. My dear boy come? my Clinia?
Chrem. He.

Mene. Away then! prithee, bring me to him.
Chrem. Hold!
He cares not you should know of his return,
And dreads your sight because of his late trespass.
He fears, besides, your old severity
Is now augmented.
Mene. Did not you inform him
The bent of my affections?
Chrem. Not I.
Mene. Wherefore, Chremes?
Chrem. Because 'twould injure both yourself and him
To seem of such a poor and broken spirit.
Mene. I can not help it. Too long, much too long,
I've been a cruel father.
Chrem. Ah, my friend,
You run into extremes; too niggardly,
Or, too profuse; imprudent either way.
First, rather than permit him entertain
A mistress, who was then content with little,
And glad of any thing, you drove him hence:
Whereon the girl was forc'd against her will,
To grow a common gamester for her bread:
And now she can't be kept without much cost,
You'd squander thousands. For to let you know
How admirably madam's train'd to mischief,
How finely form'd to ruin her admirers,
She came to my house yesternight with more
Than half a score of women at her tail,
Laden with clothes and jewels.—If she had
A Prince to her gallant, he could not bear
Such wild extravagance: much less can you.
Mene. Is she within too?
Chrem. She within! Aye, truly.
I've found it to my cost: for I have given
To her and her companions but one supper;
And to give such another would undo me.
For, not to dwell on other circumstances,
Merely to taste, and smack, and spirt about,
What quantities of wine has she consum'd!
This is too rough, she cries; *some softer, pray!*
I have pierc'd every vessel, ev'ry cask;
Kept ev'ry servant running to and fro:
All this ado, and all in one short night!
What, Menedemus, must become of you,
Whom they will prey upon continually?
Now, afore Heaven, thinking upon this,
I pitied you.
Mene. Why let him have his will;
Waste, consume, squander; I'll endure it all,
So I but have him with me.
Chrem. If resolv'd

To take that course, I hold it of great moment
That he perceive not you allow of this.
MENE. What shall I do then?
CHREM. Any thing much rather
Than what you mean to do: at second-hand
Supply him; or permit his slave to trick you;
Though I perceive they're on that scent already,
And privately contriving how to do't.
There's Syrus, and that little slave of yours
In an eternal whisper: the young men
Consulting too together: and it were
Better to lose a talent by these means,
Than on your plan a mina: for at present
Money is not the question, but the means
To gratify the youth the safest way.
For if he once perceives your turn of mind,
And that you'd rather hazard life, and wealth,
Than part from him; ah, Menedemus, what
A window to debauchery you'll open!
Nay, life itself will grow a burden to you;
For too much liberty corrupts us all.
Whatever comes into his head, he'll have;
Nor think if his demand be right or wrong.
You, on your part, to see your wealth and son
Both wreck'd, will not be able to endure.
You'll not comply with his demands; whereon
He falls to his old fence immediately,
And knowing where your weak part lies, will threaten
To leave you instantly.
MENE. 'Tis very like.
CHREM. Now on my life I have not clos'd my eyes,
Nor had a single wink of sleep this night,
For thinking how I might restore your son.
MENE. Give me your hand: and let me beg you, Chremes,
Continue to assist me!
CHREM. Willingly.
MENE. D'ye know what I would have you do at present?
CHREM. What?
MENE. Since you have found out they meditate
Some practice on me, prithee, urge them on
To execute it quickly: for I long
To grant his wishes, long to see him straight.
CHREM. Let me alone. I must lay hold of Syrus,
And give him some encouragement.—But see!
Some one, I know not who, comes forth: In, in,
Lest they perceive that we consult together!
I have a little business too in hand.
Simus and Crito, our two neighbors here,
Have a dispute about their boundaries;
And they've referr'd it to my arbitration,
I'll go and tell them, 'tis not in my power

To wait on them, as I propos'd to-day.
I will be with you presently.
Mene. Pray do. (*Exit* Chremes.
Gods! that the nature of mankind is such,
To see and judge of the affairs of others
Much better than their own! Is't therefore so,
Because that, in our own concerns, we feel
Too much the influence of joy or sorrow?
How much more wisely does my neighbor here
Consult for me, than I do for myself!
Chrem. (*returning*). I've disengag'd myself! that I might be
At leisure to attend on your affairs. (*Exit* Menedemus.

Scene III.

Enter Syrus *at another part of the stage.*

Syrus (*to himself*). This way, or that way, or some way or other!
For money must be had, and th' old man trick'd.
Chrem. (*overbearing*). Was I deceiv'd in thinking they were at it?
That slave of Clinia's, it should seem, is dull,
And so our Syrus has the part assign'd him.
Syrus. Who's there (*seeing* Chremes). Undone if he has overheard me. (*Aside.*)
Chrem. Syrus.
Syrus. Sir!
Chrem. What now?
Syrus. Nothing.—But I wonder
To see you up so early in the morning,
Who drank so freely yesterday.
Chrem. Not much.
Syrus. Not much? You have, Sir, as the proverb goes,
The old age of an eagle.
Chrem. Ah!
Syrus. A pleasant,
Good sort of girl, this wench of Clinia's.
Chrem. Aye, so she seems.
Syrus. And handsome.
Chrem. Well enough.
Syrus. Not like the maids of old, but passable,
As girls go now: nor am I much amaz'd
That Clinia dotes upon her. But he has,
Alas, poor lad! a miserable, close,
Dry, covetous, curmudgeon to his father:
Our neighbor here; d'ye know him?—Yet, as if
He did not roll in riches, his poor son
Was forc'd to run away for very want.
D'ye know this story?
Chrem. Do I know it? Aye.
A scoundrel! should be horse-whipp'd.

SYRUS. Who?
CHREM. That slave
Of Clinia's——
SYRUS. Troth, I trembled for you, Syrus! (*Aside.*)
CHREM. Who suffer'd this.
SYRUS. Why what should he have done?
CHREM. What?—have devis'd expedients, contriv'd schemes,
To raise the cash for the young gentleman
To make his mistress presents; and have done
A kindness to th' old hunks against his will.
SYRUS. You jest.
CHREM. Not I: it was his duty, Syrus.
SYRUS. How's this? why prithee then, d'ye praise those slaves,
Who trick their masters?
CHREM. Yes upon occasion.
SYRUS. Mighty fine, truly!
CHREM. Why, it oft prevents
A great deal of uneasiness: for instance,
This Clinia, Menedemus' only son,
Would never have elop'd.
SYRUS. I can not tell
Whether he says all this in jest or earnest;
But it gives fresh encouragement to me. (*Aside.*)
CHREM. And now what is't the blockhead waits for, Syrus?
Is't till his master runs away again,
When he perceives himself no longer able
To bear with the expenses of his mistress?
Has he no plot upon th' old gentleman?
SYRUS. He's a poor creature.
CHREM. But it is your part,
For Clinia's sake, to lend a helping hand.
SYRUS. Why, that indeed I easily can do,
If you command me; for I know which way.
CHREM. I take you at your word.
SYRUS. I'll make it good.
CHREM. Do so.
SYRUS. But hark ye, Sir! remember this,
If ever it hereafter comes to pass,
—As who can answer for th' affairs of men!
That your own son——
CHREM. I hope 'twill never be.
SYRUS. I hope so too; nor do I mention this
From any knowledge or suspicion of him:
But that in case—his time of life, you know;
And should there be occasion, trust me, Chremes,
But I could handle you most handsomely.
CHREM. Well, well, we'll think of it, when that time comes.
ow to your present task! (*Exit* CHREMES.

Scene IV.

Syrus *alone.*

I never heard
My master argue more commodiously;
Nor ever had a mind to mischief, when
It might be done with more impunity.
But who's this coming from our house?

Scene V.

Enter Clitipho, *and* Chremes *following.*

Chrem. How now?
What manners are these, Clitipho? does this
Become you?
Clit. What's the matter?
Chrem. Did not I
This very instant see you put your hand
Into yon wench's bosom?
Syrus. So! all's over:
I am undone. (*Aside.*)
Clit. Me, Sir?
Chrem. These very eyes
Beheld you: don't deny it.—'Tis base in you
To be so flippant with your hands. For what
Affront's more gross than to receive a friend
Under your roof, and tamper with his mistress?
And, last night in your cups too, how indecent
And rudely you behav'd!
Syrus. 'Tis very true.
Chrem. So very troublesome, so help me Heav'n,
I fear'd the consequence. I know the ways
Of lovers: they oft take offense at things
You dream not of.
Clit. But my companion, Sir,
Is confident I would not wrong him.
Chrem. Granted.
Yet you should cease to hang forever on them.
Withdraw, and leave them sometimes to themselves.
Love has a thousand sallies; you restrain them.
I can conjecture from myself. There's none,
How near soever, Clitipho, to whom
I dare lay open all my weaknesses.
With one my pride forbids it, with another
The very action shames me: and believe me,
It is the same with him; and 'tis our place
To mark on what occasions to indulge him.
Syrus. What says he now? (*Aside.*)

CLIT. Confusion!
SYRUS. Clitipho,
These are the very precepts that I gave you:
And how discreet and temperate you've been!
CLIT. Prithee, peace!
SYRUS. Aye, I warrant you.
CHREM. Oh, Syrus,
I'm quite asham'd of him.
SYRUS. I do not doubt it.
Nor without reason; for it troubles me.
CLIT. Still, rascal!
SYRUS. Nay, I do but speak the truth.
CLIT. May I not then go near them?
CHREM. Prithee, then,
Is there *one* way alone of going near them?
SYRUS. Confusion! he'll betray himself before
I get the money. (*Aside.*)—Chremes, will you once
Hear a fool's counsel?
CHREM. What do you advise?
SYRUS. Order your son about his business.
CLIT. Whither?
SYRUS. Whither! where'er you please. Give place to them.
Go take a walk.
CLIT. Walk! where?
SYRUS. A pretty question!
This, that, or any way.
CHREM. He says right. Go!
CLIT. Now, plague upon you, Syrus! (*Going.*)
SYRUS (*to* CLITIPHO, *going*). Henceforth, learn
To keep those hands of yours at rest. (*Exit* CLITIPHO.

SCENE VI.

D'ye mind?
What think you, Chremes, will become of him,
Unless you do your utmost to preserve,
Correct, and counsel him?
CHREM. I'll take due care.
SYRUS. But now's your time, Sir, to look after him.
CHREM. It shall be done.
SYRUS. It must be, if you're wise:
For ev'ry day he minds me less and less.
CHREM. But, Syrus, say, what progress have you made
In that affair I just now mention'd to you?
Have you struck out a scheme that pleases you?
Or are you still to seek?
SYRUS. The plot, you mean,
On Menedemus. I've just hit on one.
CHREM. Good fellow! prithee now, what is 't?
SYRUS. I'll tell you.
But as one thing brings in another——

Chrem. Well?
Syrus. This Bacchis is a sad jade.
Chrem. So it seems.
Syrus. Aye, Sir, if you knew all; nay, even now
She's hatching mischief.——Dwelling hereabouts,
There was of late an old Corinthian woman,
To whom this Bacchis lent a thousand pieces.
Chrem. What then?
Syrus. The woman's dead; and left behind
A daughter, very young, whom she bequeath'd,
By way of pledge, to Bacchis for the money.
Chrem. I understand.
Syrus. This girl came here with Bacchis,
And now is with your wife.
Chrem. What then?
Syrus. She begs
Of Clinia to advance the cash; for which
She'll give the girl as an equivalent.
She wants the thousand pieces.
Chrem. Does she so?
Syrus. No doubt on't.
Chrem. So I thought.—And what do you
Intend to do?
Syrus. Who? I, Sir? I'll away
To Menedemus presently; and tell him
This maiden is a rich and noble captive,
Stolen from Caria; and to ransom her
Will greatly profit him.
Chrem. 'Twill never do.
Syrus. How so?
Chrem. I answer now for Menedemus.
I will not purchase her. What say you now?
Syrus. Give a more favorable answer!
Chrem. No,
There's no occasion.
Syrus. No occasion?
Chrem. No.
Syrus. I can not comprehend you.
Chrem. I'll explain.
—But hold! what now? whence comes it that our door
Opens so hastily?

Scene VII.

Enter at a distance Sostrata *with a ring, and the* Nurse.

Sostra. Or I'm deceiv'd,
Or this is certainly the very ring;
The ring with which my daughter was expos'd.
Chrem. (*to* Syrus, *behind*). What can those words mean
Syrus?

SOSTRA. Tell me, Nurse!
Does it appear to you to be the same?
NURSE. Aye, marry: and the very moment that
You show'd it me, I said it was the same.
SOSTRA. But have you thoroughly examin'd, Nurse?
NURSE. Aye, thoroughly.
SOSTRA. In then, and let me know
If she has yet done bathing; and meanwhile
I'll wait my husband here. (*Exit* NURSE.
SYRUS. She wants you, Sir! inquire
What she would have. She's grave, I know not why.
'Tis not for nothing; and I fear the cause.
CHREM. The cause? pshaw! nothing. She'll take mighty pains
To be deliver'd of some mighty trifle.
SOSTRA. (*seeing them*). Oh husband!
CHREM. Oh wife!
SOSTRA. I was looking for you.
CHREM. Your pleasure?
SOSTRA. First, I must entreat you then,
Believe, I would not dare do any thing
Against your order.
CHREM. What! must I believe
A thing past all belief?—I do believe it.
SYRUS. This exculpation bodes some fault, I'm sure. (*Aside.*)
SOSTRA. Do you remember, I was pregnant once,
When you assur'd me with much earnestness,
That if I were deliver'd of a girl,
You would not have the child brought up?
CHREM. I know
What you have done. You have brought up the child.
SYRUS. Madam, if so, my master gains a loss.
SOSTRA. No, I have not: but there was at that time
An old Corinthian woman dwelling here,
To whom I gave the child to be expos'd.
CHREM. O Jupiter! was ever such a fool!
SOSTRA. Ah, what have I committed?
CHREM. What committed!
SOSTRA. If I've offended, Chremes, 'tis a crime
Of ignorance, and nothing of my purpose.
CHREM. Own it or not, I know it well enough,
That ignorantly, and imprudently,
You do and say all things; how many faults
In this one action are you guilty of!
For first, had you complied with my commands,
The girl had been dispatch'd; and not her death
Pretended, and hopes given of her life.
But that I do not dwell upon: You'll cry,
—Pity,—a mother's fondness.—I allow it.
But then how rarely you provided for her!

What could you mean? consider!—for 'tis plain,
You have betray'd your child to that old beldam,
Either for prostitution, or for sale.
So she but liv'd, it was enough, you thought:
No matter how, or what vile life she led.
—What can one do, or how proceed, with those,
Who know of neither reason, right, nor justice?
Better or worse, for or against, they see
Nothing but what they list.

Sostra. My dearest Chremes,
I own I have offended: I'm convinc'd.
But since you're more experienc'd than myself,
I pray you be the more indulgent too,
And let my weakness shelter in your justice.

Chrem. Well, well, I pardon you: but, Sostrata,
Forgiving you thus easily, I do
But teach you to offend again. But come,
Say, wherefore you began this?

Sostra. As we women
Are generally weak and superstitious,
When first to this Corinthian old woman
I gave the little infant, from my finger
I drew a ring, and charg'd her to expose
That with my daughter: that if chance she died,
She might have part of our possessions with her.

Chrem. 'Twas right: you thus preserv'd yourself and her.

Sostra. This is that ring.

Chrem. Where had it you?

Sostra. The girl
That Bacchis brought with her——

Syrus. Ha! (*Aside.*)

Chrem. What says she?

Sostra. Desir'd I'd keep it while she went to bathe.
I took no notice on't, at first; but I
No sooner look'd on't than I knew't again,
And straight ran out to you.

Chrem. And what d'ye think,
Or know concerning her?

Sostra. I can not tell,
Till you inquire it of herself, and find,
If possible, from whence she had the ring.

Syrus. Undone! I see more hope than I desire.
She's ours, if this be so. (*Aside.*)

Chrem. Is she alive
To whom you gave the child?

Sostra. I do not know.

Chrem. What did she tell you formerly?

Sostra. That she
Had done what I commanded her.

Chrem. Her name;
That we may make inquiry.

Sostra. Philtere.
Syrus. The very same! she's found, and I am lost.
(*Aside.*)
Chrem. In with me, Sostrata!
Sostra. Beyond my hopes.
How much I fear'd you should continue still
So rigidly inclin'd, as formerly,
When you refus'd to educate her, Chremes!
Chrem. Men can not always be as they desire,
But must be govern'd by their fortunes still.
The times are alter'd with me, and I wish
To have a daughter now; then, nothing less.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Syrus, *alone.*

My mind misgives me, my defeat is nigh,
This unexpected incident has driven
My forces into such a narrow pass,
I can not even handsomely retreat
Without some feint, to hinder our old man
From seeing that this wench is Clitipho's.
As for the money, and the trick I dream'd of,
Those hopes are flown, and I shall hold it triumph,
So I but 'scape a scouring—Cursed fortune,
To have so delicate a morsel snatch'd
Out of my very jaws!—What shall I do?
What new device? for I must change my plan.
—Nothing so difficult, but may be won
By industry.—Suppose, I try it thus. (*Thinking.*)
—'Twill never do.—Or thus?—No better still.
But thus I think.—No, no.—Yes, excellent!
Courage! I have it.—Good!—Good!—best of all!—
—'Faith, I begin to hope to lay fast hold
Of that same slipp'ry money after all.

Scene II.

Enter Clinia *at another part of the stage.*

Clin. Henceforward, fate, do with me what thou wilt!
Such is my joy, so full and absolute,
I can not know vexation. From this hour
To you, my father, I resign myself,
Content to be more frugal than you wish!
Syrus (*overhearing*). 'Tis just as I suppos'd. The girl's
acknowledged;

His raptures speak it so.—(*Going up.*) I'm overjoyed
That things have happen'd to your wish.
CLIN. O Syrus!
Have you then heard it too?
SYRUS. I heard it? Aye:
I, who was present at the very time!
CLIN. Was ever any thing so lucky?
SYRUS. Nothing.
CLIN. Now, Heav'n so help me, I rejoice at this
On her account much rather than my own,
Her, whom I know worthy the highest honors.
SYRUS. No doubt on't.—But now, Clinia, hold a while!
Give me a moment's hearing in my turn.
For your friend's business must be thought of now,
And well secur'd, lest our old gentleman
Suspect about the wench.
CLIN. O Jupiter! (*In raptures.*)
SYRUS. Peace! (*Impatiently.*)
CLIN. My Antiphila shall be my wife.
SYRUS. And will you interrupt me?
CLIN. Oh, my Syrus,
What can I do! I'm overjoy'd. Bear with me.
SYRUS. Troth so I do.
CLIN. We're happy, as the Gods.
SYRUS. I lose my labor on you.
CLIN. Speak; I hear.
SYRUS. Aye, but you don't attend.
CLIN. I'm all attention.
SYRUS. I say then, Clinia, that your friend's affairs
Must be attended to, and well secur'd:
For if you now depart abruptly from us,
And leave the wench upon our hands, my master
Will instantly discover she belongs
To Clitipho. But if you take her off,
It will remain, as still it is, a secret.
CLIN. But, Syrus, this is flatly opposite
To what I most devoutly wish, my marriage,
For with what face shall I accost my father?
D'ye understand me?
SYRUS. Aye.
CLIN. What can I say?
What reason can I give him?
SYRUS. Tell no lie.
Speak the plain truth.
CLIN. How?
SYRUS. Every syllable.
Tell him your passion for Antiphila;
Tell him you wish to marry her, and tell him
Bacchis belongs to Clitipho.
CLIN. 'Tis well,
In reason, and may easily be done:

And then besides you'd have me win my father,
To keep it hid from your old gentleman.
SYRUS. No; rather to prevail on him, to go
And tell him the whole truth immediately.
CLIN. How? are you mad? or drunk? You'll be the ruin
Of Clitipho: for how can he be safe?
Eh, Sirrah!
SYRUS. That's my master-piece: this plot
Is my chief glory, and I'm proud to think
I have such force, such power of cunning in me,
As to be able to deceive them both,
By speaking the plain truth: that when your father
Tells Chremes, Bacchis is his own son's mistress,
He sha'n't believe it.
CLIN. But that way again
You blast my hopes of marriage: for while Chremes
Supposes her my mistress, he'll not grant
His daughter to me. You, perhaps, don't care,
So you provide for him, what comes of me.
SYRUS. Why, plague! d'ye think I'd have you counterfeit
Forever? but a day, to give me time
To bubble Chremes of the money.—Peace!
Not an hour more.
CLIN. Is that sufficient for you?
But then, suppose his father find it out!
SYRUS. Suppose, as some folks say, the sky should fall!
CLIN. Still I'm afraid.
SYRUS. Afraid indeed, as if
It was not in your pow'r, whene'er you pleas'd,
To clear yourself, and tell the whole affair.
CLIN. Well, well, let Bacchis be brought over then!
SYRUS. Well said; and here she comes.

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS, PHRYGIA, *etc., at another part of the stage.*

BACCH. Upon my life,
This Syrus with his golden promises
Has fool'd me hither charmingly! Ten minæ
He gave me full assurance of: but if
He now deceives me, come whene'er he will,
Canting and fawning to allure me hither,
It shall be all in vain; I will not stir.
Or when I have agreed, and fix'd a time,
Of which he shall have giv'n his master notice,
And Clitipho is all agog with hope,
I'll fairly jilt them both, and not come near them;
And master Syrus' back shall smart for it.
CLIN. She promises you very fair.
SYRUS. D'ye think
She jests? She'll do it, if I don't take heed.

Bacch. They sleep: i' faith, I'll rouse them. Hark ye, Phrygia,
Didst note the villa of Charinus, which
That fellow just now show'd us? (*Aloud.*)
Phry. I did, Madam.
Bacch. The next house on the right hand. (*Aloud.*)
Phry. I remember.
Bacch. Run thither quickly: for the Captain spends
The Dionysia there. (*Aloud.*)
Syrus (*behind*). What means she now?
Bacch. Tell him I'm here; and sore against my will,
Detain'd by force; but that I'll find some means
To slip away and come to him. (*Aloud.*)
Syrus. Confusion!—(*Comes forward.*)
Stay, Bacchis, Bacchis! where d'ye send that girl?
Bid her stop!
Bacch. Go! (*To* Phrygia.)
Syrus. The money's ready.
Bacch. Then
I stay. (Phrygia *returns.*)
Syrus. This instant you shall have it, Bacchis.
Bacch. When you please; I don't press you.
Syrus. But d'ye know
What you're to do?
Bacch. Why, what?
Syrus. You must go over,
You and your equipage, to Menedemus.
Bacch. What are you at now, sauce-box?
Syrus. Coining money
For your use, Bacchis.
Bacch. Do you think to play
Your jests on me?
Syrus. No; this is downright earnest.
Bacch. Are you the person I'm to deal with?
Syrus. No.
But there I'll pay the money.
Bacch. Let us go then!
Syrus. Follow her there.——Ho, Dromo!

Scene IV.

Enter Dromo.

Dromo. Who calls?
Syrus. Syrus.
Dromo. Your pleasure! What's the matter now?
Syrus. Conduct
All Bacchis' maids to your house instantly.
Dromo. Why so?
Syrus. No questions: let them carry over
All they brought hither. Our old gentleman

Will think himself reliev'd from much expense
By their departure. Troth, he little knows
With how much loss this small gain threatens him.
If you're wise, Dromo, know not what you know.
DROMO. I'm dumb.

(*Exit* DROMO, *with* BACCHIS' *servants and baggage, into the house of* MENEDEMUS.

SCENE V.

After which, enter CHREMES.

CHREM. (*to himself*). 'Fore Heav'n, I pity Menedemus.
His case is lamentable: to maintain
That jade and all her harlot family!
Although I know for some few days to come
He will not feel it; so exceedingly
He long'd to have his son: but when he sees
Such monstrous household riot and expense
Continue daily, without end or measure,
He'll wish his son away from him again.
But yonder's Syrus in good time. (*Seeing* SYRUS.)
SYRUS. I'll to him. (*Aside.*)
CHREM. Syrus!
SYRUS. Who's there? (*Turning about.*)
CHREM. What now?
SYRUS. The very man!
I have been wishing for you this long time.
CHREM. You seem to've been at work with the old man.
SYRUS. What! at our plot? No sooner said than done.
CHREM. Indeed!
SYRUS. Indeed.
CHREM. I can't forbear to stroke
Your head for it. Good lad! come nearer, Syrus!
I'll do thee some good turn for this. I will,
I promise you. (*Patting his head.*)
SYRUS. Ah, if you did but know
How luckily it came into my head!
CHREM. Pshaw, are you vain of your good luck?
SYRUS. Not I.
I speak the plain truth.
CHREM. Let me know it then.
SYRUS. Clinia has told his father that the wench
Is mistress to your Clitipho; and that
He brought her with him hither, to prevent
Your smoking it.
CHREM. Incomparable!
SYRUS. Really?
CHREM. O, admirable!
SYRUS. Aye, if you knew all.
But only hear the rest of our advice.

He'll tell his father he has seen your daughter,
Whose beauty has so charm'd him at first sight,
He longs to marry her.
CHREM. Antiphila?
SYRUS. The same: and he'll request him to demand her
Of you in marriage.
CHREM. To what purpose, Syrus?
I don't conceive the drift on't.
SYRUS. No! you're slow.
CHREM. Perhaps so.
SYRUS. Menedemus instantly
Will furnish him with money for the wedding,
To buy——d'ye take me?
CHREM. Clothes and jewels.
SYRUS. Aye.
CHREM. But I will neither marry, nor betroth
My daughter to him.
SYRUS. No? Why?
CHREM. Why!—is that
A question? to a wretch!——
SYRUS. Well, as you please.
I never meant that he should marry her,
But only to pretend——
CHREM. I hate pretense.
Plot as you please, but do not render me
An engine in your rogueries. Shall I
Contract my daughter, where I never can
Consent to marry her?
SYRUS. I fancied so.
CHREM. Not I.
SYRUS. It might be done most dextrously:
And, in obedience to your strict commands,
I undertook this business.
CHREM. I believe it.
SYRUS. However, Sir, I meant it well.
CHREM. Nay, nay,
Do't by all means, and spare no trouble in't;
But bring your scheme to bear some other way.
SYRUS. It shall be done: I'll think upon some other.
—But then the money which I mention'd to you,
Owing to Bacchis by Antiphila,
Must be repaid her: and you will not now
Attempt to shift the matter off; or say,
"—What is't to me? was I the borrower?
Did I command it? Could she pledge my daughter
Against my will?"——You can say none of this;
For 'tis a common saying, and a true,
That strictest law is oft the highest wrong.
CHREM. I mean not to evade it.
SYRUS. No, I'll warrant.
Nay you, though others did, could never think on't;

For all the world imagines you've acquir'd
A fair and handsome fortune.
CHREM. I will carry
The money to her instantly myself.
SYRUS. No; rather send it by your son.
CHREM. Why so!
SYRUS. Because he acts the part of her gallant.
CHREM. What then?
SYRUS. Why then 'twill seem more probable,
If he presents it: I too shall effect
My scheme more easily.—And here he is.——
—In, Sir, and fetch the money out.
CHREM. I will. (*Exit* CHREMES.

SCENE VI.

Enter CLITIPHO.

CLIT. (*to himself*). Nothing so easy in itself, but when
Perform'd against one's will, grows difficult.
This little walk how easy! yet how faint
And weary it has made me!—and I fear
Lest I be still excluded, and forbid
To come near Bacchis. (*Seeing* SYRUS.)—Now all powers above.
Confound you, Syrus, for the trick you play'd me!
That brain of yours is evermore contriving
Some villainy to torture me withal.
SYRUS. Away, you malapert! Your frowardness
Had well-nigh ruin'd me.
CLIT. I would it had,
As you deserv'd!
SYRUS. As I deserv'd!—How's that?—
I' faith I'm glad I heard you say so much
Before you touch'd the cash, that I was just
About to give you.
CLIT. Why, what can I say?
You went away; came back, beyond my hopes,
And brought my mistress with you; then again
Forbade my touching her.
SYRUS. Well, well, I can't
Be peevish with you now—But do you know
Where Bacchis is?
CLIT. At our house.
SYRUS. No.
CLIT. Where then?
SYRUS. At Clinia's.
CLIT. Then I'm ruin'd.
SYRUS. Courage, man!
You shall go to her instantly, and carry
The money that you promis'd her.
CLIT. Fine talk!
Where should I get it?

Syrus. From your father.
Clit. Pshaw!
You play upon me.
Syrus. The event shall show.
Clit. Then I am bless'd indeed. Thanks, thanks, dear Syrus!
Syrus. Hist! here's your father.—Have a care! don't seem
Surpris'd at any thing: give way in all:
Do as he bids, and say but little. Mum!

Scene VII.

Enter Chremes.

Chrem. Where's Clitipho?
Syrus (*to* Clitipho). Here, say.
Clit. Here, Sir!
Chrem. Have you
Inform'd him of the business? (*To* Syrus.)
Syrus. In good part.
Chrem. Here, take the money then, and carry it.
(*To* Clitipho.)
Syrus. Plague, how you stand, log!—take it.
Clit. Give it me. (*Awkwardly.*)
Syrus. Now in with me immediately!—You, Sir,
(*To* Chremes.)
Be pleas'd meanwhile to wait our coming here;
There's nothing to detain us very long.
(*Exit* Clitipho *and* Syrus.

Scene VIII.

Chremes *alone.*

My daughter now has had ten minæ of me,
Which I account laid out upon her board:
Ten more her clothes will come to: and moreover
Two talents for her portion.——How unjust
And absolute is custom! I must now
Leave every thing, and find a stranger out,
On whom I may bestow the sum of wealth
Which I have so much labor'd to acquire.

Scene IX.

Enter Menedemus.

Mene. (*to himself*). Oh son, how happy hast thou made thy father,
Convinc'd of thy repentance!
Chrem. (*overhearing*). How mistaken!
Mene. Chremes! I wish'd for you.—'Tis in your power,

And I beseech you do it, to preserve
My son, myself, and family.
CHREM. I'll do't.
Wherein can I oblige you?
MENE. You to-day
Have found a daughter.
CHREM. True. What then?
MENE. My Clinia
Begs your consent to marry her.
CHREM. Good Heaven!
What kind of man are you?
MENE. What mean you, Chremes?
CHREM. Has it then slipp'd your memory so soon,
The conversation that we had together,
Touching the roguerics they should devise,
To trick you of your money?
MENE. I remember.
CHREM. This is the trick.
MENE. How, Chremes? I'm deceiv'd.
'Tis as you say. From what a pleasing hope
Have I then fall'n!
CHREM. And she, I warrant you,
Now at your house, is my son's mistress? Eh!
MENE. So they say.
CHREM. What! and you believ'd it?
MENE. All.
CHREM. —And they say too he wants to marry her;
That soon as I've consented, you may give him
Money to furnish her with jewels, clothes,
And other necessaries.
MENE. Aye, 'tis so:
The money's for his mistress.
CHREM. To be sure.
MENE. Alas, my transports are all groundless then.
—Yet I would rather bear with any thing,
Than lose my son again.—What answer, Chremes,
Shall I return with, that he mayn't perceive
I've found him out, and take offense?
CHREM. Offense!
You're too indulgent to him, Menedemus!
MENE. Allow me. I've begun, and must go through.
Do but continue to assist me.
CHREM. Say,
That we have met, and treated of the match.
MENE. Well; and what else?
CHREM. That I give full consent;
That I approve my son-in-law;—In short,
You may assure him also, if you please,
That I've betroth'd my daughter to him.
MENE. Good!
The thing I wanted.

Chrem. So shall he the sooner
Demand the money; you, as you desire,
The sooner give.
Mene. 'Tis my desire indeed.
Chrem. 'Troth, friend, as far as I can judge of this,
You'll soon be weary of your son again.
But as the case now stands, give cautiously,
A little at a time, if you are wise.
Mene. I will.
Chrem. Go in, and see what he demands.
If you should want me, I'm at home.
Mene. 'Tis well.
For I shall let you know, do what I will. (*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Menedemus *alone.*

That I'm not overwise, no conjurer,
I know full well: but my assistant here,
And counselor, and grand controller Chremes,
Outgoes me far: dolt, blockhead, ninny, ass;
Or these, or any other common terms
By which men speak of fools, befit me well:
But him they suit not: his stupidity
Is so transcendent, it exceeds them all.

Scene II.

Enter Chremes.

Chrem. (*to* Sostrata, *within*). Nay prithee, good wife, cease to stun the Gods
With thanking them that you have found your daughter;
Unless you fancy they are like yourself,
And think they can not understand a thing
Unless said o'er and o'er a hundred times.
—But meanwhile (*coming forward*) wherefore do my son and Syrus
Loiter so long?
Mene. Who are those loiterers, Chremes?
Chrem. Ha, Menedemus, are you there?—Inform me,
Have you told Clinia what I said?
Mene. The whole.
Chrem. And what said he?
Mene. Grew quite transported at it,
Like those who wish for marriage.

CHREM. Ha! ha! ha!
MENE. What do you laugh at?
CHREM. I was thinking of
The cunning rogueries of that slave, Syrus. (*Laughing.*)
MENE. Oh, was that it?
CHREM. Why, he can form and mould
The very visages of men, a rogue! (*Laughing.*)
MENE. Meaning my son's well-acted transport?
CHREM. Aye. (*Laughing.*)
MENE. The very same thing I was thinking of.
CHREM. A subtle villain! (*Laughing.*)
MENE. Nay, if you knew more,
You'd be still more convinc'd on't.
CHREM. Say you so?
MENE. Aye; do but hear.
CHREM. (*laughing*). Hold! hold! inform me first
How much you're out of pocket. For as soon
As you inform'd your son of my consent,
Dromo, I warrant, gave you a broad hint
That the bride wanted jewels, clothes, attendants;
That you might pay the money.
MENE. No.
CHREM. How? No?
MENE. No, I say.
CHREM. What! nor Clinia?
MENE. Not a word;
But only press'd the marriage for to-day.
CHREM. Amazing!—But our Syrus? Did not he
Throw in a word or two?
MENE. Not he.
CHREM. How so?
MENE. Faith I can't tell: but I'm amaz'd that you,
Who see so clearly into all the rest,
Should stick at this.—But that arch villain Syrus
Has form'd and moulded your son too so rarely,
That nobody can have the least suspicion
That this is Clinia's mistress.
CHREM. How?
MENE. I pass
Their kisses and embraces. All that's nothing.
CHREM. What is there more than he can counterfeit?
MENE. Ah! (*Smiling.*)
CHREM. What d'ye mean?
MENE. Nay, do but hear. I have
A private snug apartment, a back room,
Whither a bed was brought and made.
CHREM. What then?
MENE. No sooner done, than in went Clitipho.
CHREM. Alone?
MENE. Alone.
CHREM. I tremble.

Mene. Bacchis follow'd.
Chrem. Alone?
Mene. Alone.
Chrem. Undone!
Mene. No sooner in,
But they made fast the door.
Chrem. Ha! And was Clinia
Witness to this?
Mene. He was.—Both he and I.
Chrem. Bacchis is my son's mistress, Menedemus.
I'm ruin'd.
Mene. Why d'ye think so?
Chrem. Mine is scarce
A ten-days' family.
Mene. What are you dismay'd
Because he sticks so closely to his friend?
Chrem. Friend! His she-friend.
Mene. If so——
Chrem. Is that a doubt?
Is any man so courteous, and so patient,
As tamely to stand by and see his mistress——
Mene. Ha, ha, ha! Why not?—That I, you know,
Might be more easily impos'd upon. (*Ironically.*)
Chrem. D'ye laugh at me? I'm angry with myself:
And well I may. How many circumstances
Conspir'd to make it gross and palpable,
Had I not been a stone!—What things I saw!
Fool, fool! But by my life I'll be reveng'd:
For now——
Mene. And can't you then contain yourself?
Have you no self-respect? And am not I
A full example for you?
Chrem. Menedemus,
My anger throws me quite beside myself.
Mene. That you should talk thus! is it not a shame
To be so lib'ral of advice to others,
So wise abroad, and poor in sense at home?
Chrem. What shall I do?
Mene. That which but even now
You counsel'd me to do: Give him to know
That you're indeed a father: let him dare
Trust his whole soul to you, seek, ask of you;
Lest he to others have recourse, and leave you.
Chrem. And let him go; go where he will; much rather
Than here by his extravagance reduce
His father to distress and beggary.
For if I should continue to supply
The course of his expenses, Menedemus,
Your desp'rate rakes would be my lot indeed.
Mene. Ah, to what evils you'll expose yourself,
Unless you're cautious! You will seem severe,

And yet forgive him afterward, and then
With an ill grace too.
CHREM. Ah, you do not know
How much this grieves me.
MENE. Well, well, take your way.
But tell me, do you grant me my request
That this your new-found daughter wed my son?
Or is there aught more welcome to you?
CHREM. Nothing.
The son-in-law and the alliance please me.
MENE. What portion shall I tell my son you've settled!
Why are you silent?
CHREM. Portion!
MENE. Aye, what portion?
CHREM. Ah!
MENE. Fear not, Chremes, though it be but small:
The portion nothing moves us.
CHREM. I propos'd,
According to my fortune, that two talents
Were full sufficient: But you now must say,
If you'd save me, my fortune, and my son,
That I have settled all I have upon her.
MENE. What mean you?
CHREM. Counterfeit amazement too,
And question Clitipho my reason for it.
MENE. Nay, but I really do not know your reason.
CHREM. My reason for it?—That his wanton mind,
Now flush'd with lux'ry and lasciviousness,
I may o'erwhelm: and bring him down so low,
He may not know which way to turn himself.
MENE. What are you at?
CHREM. Allow me! let me have
My own way in this business.
MENE. I allow you.
Is it your pleasure?
CHREM. It is.
MENE. Be it so.
CHREM. Come then, let Clinia haste to call the bride.
And for this son of mine, he shall be school'd,
As children ought.—But Syrus!
MENE. What of him?
CHREM. What! I'll so handle him, so curry him,
That while he lives he shall remember me.
(*Exit* MENEDEMUS.
What, make a jest of me? a laughing-stock?
Now, afore Heav'n, he would not dare to treat
A poor lone widow as he treated me.

Scene III.

Re-enter Menedemus, *with* Clitipho *and* Syrus.

Clit. And can it, Menedemus, can it be,
My father has so suddenly cast off
All natural affection? for what act?
What crime, alas! so heinous have I done?
It is a common failing.
Mene. This I know,
Should be more heavy and severe to you
On whom it falls: and yet am I no less
Affected by it, though I know not why,
And have no other reason for my grief,
But that I wish you well.
Clit. Did not you say
My father waited here?
Mene. Aye; there he is. (*Exit* Menedemus.
Chrem. Why d'ye accuse your father, Clitipho?
Whate'er I've done, was providently done
Tow'rd you and your imprudence. When I saw
Your negligence of soul, and that you held
The pleasures of to-day your only care,
Regardless of the morrow; I found means
That you should neither want, nor waste my substance.
When you, whom fair succession first made heir,
Stood self-degraded by unworthiness,
I went to those the next in blood to you,
Committing and consigning all to them.
There shall your weakness, Clitipho, be sure
Ever to find a refuge; food, and raiment,
And roof to fly to.
Clit. Ah me!
Chrem. Better thus,
Than, you being heir, for Bacchis to have all.
Syrus. Distraction! what disturbances have I,
Wretch that I am, all unawares created!
Clit. Would I were dead!
Chrem. Learn first what 'tis to live.
When you know that, if life displeases you,
Then talk of dying.
Syrus. Master, may I speak?
Chrem. Speak.
Syrus. But with safety?
Chrem. Speak.
Syrus. How wrong is this,
Or rather what extravagance and madness,
To punish him for my offense!
Chrem. Away!
Do not you meddle. No one blames you, Syrus!

Nor need you to provide a sanctuary,
Or intercessor.
SYRUS. What is it you do?
CHREM. I am not angry, nor with you, nor him:
Nor should you take offense at what I do.
(*Exit* CHREMES.

SCENE IV.

SYRUS. He's gone. Ah, would I'd ask'd him——
CLIT. Ask'd what, Syrus?
SYRUS. Where I should eat, since he has cast us off.
You, I perceive, are quarter'd on your sister.
CLIT. Is't come to this, that I should be in fear
Of starving, Syrus?
SYRUS. So we do but live,
There's hope——
CLIT. Of what?
SYRUS. That we shall have rare stomachs.
CLIT. D'ye jest at such a time as this;
And lend me no assistance by your counsel?
SYRUS. Nay, I was studying for you even now,
And was so all the while your father spoke.
And far as I can understand this——
CLIT. What?
SYRUS. Stay, you shall have it presently. (*Thinking.*)
CLIT. Well, what?
SYRUS. Thus then: I don't believe that you're their son.
CLIT. How Syrus! are you mad?
SYRUS. I'll speak my thoughts.
Be you the judge. While they had you alone,
While yet there was no other nearer joy,
You they indulg'd, and gave with open hand:
But now a daughter's found, their real child,
A cause is found to drive you forth.
CLIT. 'Tis like.
SYRUS. Think you this fault so angers him?
CLIT. I think not.
SYRUS. Consider too; 'tis ever found that mothers
Plead for their sons, and in the father's wrath
Defend them. 'Tis not so at present.
CLIT. True.
What shall I do then, Syrus?
SYRUS. Ask of them
The truth of this suspicion. Speak your thoughts.
If 'tis not so, you'll speedily incline them
Both to compassion; or, if so, be told
Whose son you are.
CLIT. Your counsel's good. I'll do't.

Scene V.

Syrus *alone.*

A lucky thought of mine! for Clitipho:
The less he hopes, so much more easily
Will he reduce his father to good terms.
Besides, who knows but he may take a wife?
No thanks to Syrus neither.—But who's here?
Chremes!—I'm off: for seeing what has pass'd,
I wonder that he did not order me
To be truss'd up immediately. I'll hence
To Menedemus, and prevail on him
To intercede for me: as matters stand,
I dare not trust to our old gentleman. (*Exit* Syrus.

Scene VI.

Enter Chremes, Sostrata.

Sostra. Nay indeed, husband, if you don't take care,
You'll bring some kind of mischief on your son:
I can't imagine how a thought so idle
Could come into your head.
Chrem. Still, woman, still
D'ye contradict me? Did I ever wish
For any thing in all my life, but you
In that same thing oppos'd me, Sostrata?
Yet now if I should ask wherein I'm wrong,
Or wherefore I act thus, you do not know.
Why then d'ye contradict me, simpleton?
Sostra. Not know?
Chrem. Well, well, you know: I grant it, rather
Than hear your idle story o'er again.
Sostra. Ah, 'tis unjust in you to ask my silence
In such a thing as this.
Chrem. I do not ask it.
Speak if you will: I'll do it ne'ertheless.
Sostra. Will you?
Chrem. I will.
Sostra. You don't perceive what harm
May come of this. He thinks himself a foundling.
Chrem. A foundling, say you?
Sostra. Yes indeed, he does.
Chrem. Confess it to be true.
Sostra. Ah, Heav'n forbid!
Let our most bitter enemies do that!
Shall I disown my son, my own dear child!
Chrem. What! do you fear you can not at your pleasure
Produce convincing proofs that he's your own?
Sostra. Is it because my daughter's found you say this?

Chrem. No: but because, a stronger reason far,
His manners so resemble yours, you may
Easily prove him thence to be your son.
He is quite like you: not a vice, whereof
He is inheritor, but dwells in you:
And such a son no mother but yourself
Could have engender'd.—But he comes.—How grave!
Look in his face, and you may guess his plight.

Scene VII.

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. Oh mother, if there ever was a time
When you took pleasure in me, or delight
To call me son, beseech you, think of that;
Pity my present misery, and tell me
Who are my real parents!
Sostra. My dear son,
Take not, I beg, that notion to your mind,
That you're an alien to our blood.
Clit. I am.
Sostra. Ah me! and can you then demand me that?
So may you prosper after both, as you're
Of both the child! and if you love your mother,
Take heed henceforward that I never hear
Such words from you.
Chrem. And if you fear your father,
See that I never find such vices in you.
Clit. What vices?
Chrem. What? I'll tell you. Trifler, idler,
Cheat, drunkard, whoremaster, and prodigal.
—Think this, and think that you are ours.
Sostra. These words
Suit not a father.
Chrem. No, no, Clitipho,
Though from my brain you had been born, as Pallas
Sprang, it is said, from Jupiter, I would not
Bear the disgrace of your enormities.
Sostra. The Gods forbid——
Chrem. I know not for the Gods:
I will do all that lies in me. You seek
For parents, which you have: but what is wanting,
Obedience to your father, and the means
To keep what he by labor hath acquir'd,
For that you seek not.—Did you not by tricks
Ev'n to my presence introduce——I blush
To speak immodestly before your mother:
But you by no means blush'd to do't.
Clit. Alas!
How hateful am I to myself! how much

Am I asham'd! so lost, I can not tell
How to attempt to pacify my father.

Scene VIII.

Enter Menedemus.

Mene. Now in good faith our Chremes plagues his son
Too long and too severely. I come forth
To reconcile him, and make peace between them.
And there they are!
Chrem. Ha, Menedemus! wherefore
Is not my daughter summon'd? and the portion,
I settled on her; ratified by you?
Sostra. Dear husband, I beseech you not to do it!
Clit. My father, I entreat you pardon me!
Mene. Forgive him, Chremes! let his pray'rs prevail!
Chrem. What! shall I then with open eyes bestow
My whole estate on Bacchis? I'll not do't.
Mene. We will prevent that. It shall not be so.
Clit. If you regard my life, forgive me, father!
Sostra. Do, my dear Chremes!
Mene. Do, I prithee now!
Be not obdurate, Chremes!
Chrem. Why is this?
I see I can't proceed as I've begun.
Mene. 'Tis as it should be now.
Chrem. On this condition,
That he agrees to do what I think fit.
Clit. I will do ev'ry thing. Command me, father!
Chrem. Take a wife.
Clit. Father!
Chrem. Nay, Sir, no denial!
Mene. I take that charge upon me. He shall do't.
Chrem. But I don't hear a word of it from him.
Clit. Confusion!
Sostra. Do you doubt then, Clitipho?
Chrem. Nay, which he pleases.
Mene. He'll obey in all;
Whate'er you'd have him.
Sostra. This at first is grievous,
While you don't know it; when you know it, easy.
Clit. I'm all obedience, father!
Sostra. Oh my son,
I'll give you a sweet wife, that you'll adore,
Phanocrata's, our neighbor's daughter.
Clit. Her!
That red-hair'd, blear-eyed, wide-mouth'd, hook-nos'd wench?
I can not, father.
Chrem. Oh, how nice he is!
Would any one imagine it?

Sostra. I'll get you
Another then.
Clit. Well, well; since I must marry,
I know one pretty near my mind.
Sostra. Good boy!
Clit. The daughter of Archonides, our neighbor.
Sostra. Well chosen!
Clit. One thing, father, still remains.
Chrem. What?
Clit. That you'd grant poor Syrus a full pardon
For all that he hath done on my account.
Chrem. Be it so.—(*To the Audience.*) Farewell Sirs, and clap your hands!

THE BROTHERS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Prologue.	Geta.
Demea.	Dromo.
Micio.	Parmeno, *other Servants, etc.*
Æschinus.	
Ctesipho.	Sostrata.
Hegio.	Canthara.
Sannio.	Music-Girl, *and other Mutes.*
Syrus.	

Scene, Athens.

PROLOGUE.

The Bard perceiving his piece cavil'd at
By partial critics, and his adversaries
Misrepresenting what we're now to play,
Pleads his own cause: and you shall be the judges,
Whether he merits praise or condemnation.
The *Synapothnescontes* is a piece
By Diphilus, a comedy which Plautus,
Having translated, call'd Commorientes.
In the beginning of the Grecian play
There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
From a procurer: and this incident,
Untouch'd by Plautus, render'd word for word,
Has our bard interwoven with his *Brothers;*
The new piece which we represent to-day.
Say then if this be theft, or honest use
Of what remain'd unoccupied.—For that
Which malice tells, that certain noble persons
Assist the Bard, and write in concert with him;
That which they deem a heavy slander, He
Esteems his greatest praise: that he can please
Those who please you, who all the people please;
Those who in war, in peace, in counsel, ever
Have render'd you the dearest services,
And ever borne their faculties so meekly.
Expect not now the story of the play:
Part the old men, who first appear, will open;

Part will in act be shown.—Be favorable;
And let your candor to the poet now
Increase his future earnestness to write!

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Micio.

Ho, Storax!—Æschinus did not return
Last night from supper; no, nor any one
Of all the slaves who went to see for him.
—'Tis commonly—and oh how truly!—said,
If you are absent, or delay, 'twere best
That should befall you, which your wife denounces,
Or which in anger she calls down upon you,
Than that which kindest parents fear.—Your wife,
If you delay, or thinks that you're in love,
Or lov'd, or drink, or entertain yourself,
Taking your pleasure, while she pines at home.
—And what a world of fears possess me now!
How anxious that my son is not return'd;
Lest he take cold, or fall, or break a limb!
—Gods, that a man should suffer any one
To wind himself so close about his heart,
As to grow dearer to him than himself!
And yet he is not my son, but my brother's,
Whose bent of mind is wholly different.
I, from youth upward even to this day,
Have led a quiet and serene town-life;
And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the opposite of this,
Has pass'd his days entirely in the country
With thrift and labor; married; had two sons;
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my own;
Made him my joy, and all my soul holds dear,
Striving to make myself as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
That all his deeds should be controll'd by me,
Giving him scope to act as of himself;
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my son
Not to conceal from me. For whosoe'er
Hath won upon himself to play the false one,
And practice impositions on a father,
Will do the same with less remorse to others;

And 'tis, in my opinion, better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do these notions nor this conduct please him.
Oft he comes open-mouth'd—Why how now, Micio?
Why do you ruin this young lad of ours?
Why does he wench? why drink? and why do you
Allow him money to afford all this?
You let him dress too fine. 'Tis idle in you.
—'Tis hard in him, unjust and out of reason.
And he, I think, deceives himself indeed,
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendship;
For thus I reason, thus persuade myself:
He who performs his duty driven to't
By fear of punishment, while he believes
His actions are observ'd, so long he's wary;
But if he hopes for secrecy, returns
To his own ways again: But he whom kindness,
Him also inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Present or absent, evermore the same.
'Tis this then is the duty of a father,
To make a son embrace a life of virtue,
Rather from choice than terror or constraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a master. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confess he knows not
How to rule children.—But is this the man
Whom I was speaking of? Yes, yes, 'tis he.
He seems uneasy too, I know not why,
And I suppose, as usual, comes to wrangle.

Scene II.

Enter Demea.

Micio. Demea, I'm glad to see you well.
Demea. Oho!
Well met: the very man I came to seek.
Micio. But you appear uneasy: What's the matter?
Demea. Is it a question, when there's Æschinus
To trouble us, what makes me so uneasy?
Micio. I said it would be so.—What has he done?
Demea. What has he done? a wretch, whom neither ties
Of shame, nor fear, nor any law can bind!
For not to speak of all his former pranks,
What has he been about but even now!
Micio. What has he done?
Demea. Burst open doors, and forc'd

His way into another's house, and beat
The master and his family half dead;
And carried off a wench whom he was fond of.
The whole town cries out shame upon him, Micio.
I have been told of it a hundred times
Since my arrival. 'Tis the common talk.——
And if we needs must draw comparisons,
Does not he see his brother thrifty, sober,
Attentive to his business in the country?
Not given to these practices; and when
I say all this to him, to you I say it.
You are his ruin, Micio.

MICIO. How unjust
Is he who wants experience! who believes
Nothing is right but what he does himself!

DEMEA. Why d'ye say that?

MICIO. Because you, Demea,
Judge wrongly of these matters. 'Tis no crime
For a young man to wench or drink.—'Tis not,
Believe me!—nor to force doors open.—This,
If neither you nor I have done, it was
That poverty allow'd us not. And now
You claim a merit to yourself, from that
Which want constrain'd you to. It is not fair.
For had there been but wherewithal to do't,
We likewise should have done thus. Wherefore you,
Were you a man, would let your younger son,
Now, while it suits his age, pursue his pleasures;
Rather than, when it less becomes his years,
When, after wishing long, he shall at last
Be rid of you, he should run riot then.

DEMEA. Oh Jupiter! the man will drive me mad.
Is it no crime, d'ye say, for a young man
To take these courses?

MICIO. Nay, nay; do but hear me,
Nor stun me with the self-same thing forever!
Your elder son you gave me for adoption:
He's mine, then, Demea; and if he offends,
'Tis an offense to me, and I must bear
The burden. Does he treat? or drink? or dress?
'Tis at my cost.——Or wench? I will supply him,
While 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,
His mistresses perhaps will shut him out.
—Has he broke open doors? we'll make them good.
Or torn a coat? it shall be mended. I,
Thank Heaven, have enough to do all this,
And 'tis as yet not irksome.—In a word,
Or cease, or choose some arbiter between us:
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.

DEMEA. Ah, learn to be a father; learn from those
Who know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!

Micio. By nature you're his father, I by counsel.
Demea. You! do you counsel any thing?
Micio. Nay, nay;
If you persist, I'm gone.
Demea. Is't thus you treat me?
Micio. Must I still hear the same thing o'er and o'er?
Demea. It touches me.
Micio. And me it touches too.
But, Demea, let us each look to our own;
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other.
For to concern yourself with both, appears
As if you'd redemand the boy you gave.
Demea. Ah, Micio!
Micio. So it seems to me.
Demea. Well, well;
Let him, if 'tis your pleasure, waste, destroy.
And squander; it is no concern of mine.
If henceforth I e'er say one word——
Micio. Again?
Angry again, good Demea?
Demea. You may trust me.
Do I demand him back again I gave you?
—It hurts me. I am not a stranger to him.
—But if I once oppose——Well, well, I've done.
You wish I should take care of one. I do
Take special care of him; and he, thank Heav'n,
Is as I wish he *should* be: which your ward,
I warrant, shall find out one time or other.
I will not say aught worse of him at present. (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Micio *alone.*

Though what he says be not entirely true,
There's something in it, and it touches me.
But I dissembled my concern with him,
Because the nature of the man is such,
To pacify, I must oppose and thwart him;
And even thus I scarce can teach him patience.
But were I to inflame, or aid his anger,
I were as great a madman as himself.
Yet Æschinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.
What wench is there he has not lov'd? to whom
He has not made some present——And but lately
(Tir'd, I suppose, and sick of wantonness)
He told me he propos'd to take a wife.
I hop'd the heyday of the blood was over,
And was rejoic'd: but his intemperance
Breaks out afresh.——Well, be it what it may,
I'll find him out; and know it instantly,
If he is to be met with at the Forum. (*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Æschinus, Sannio, Parmeno, *the* Music-Girl, *and a crowd of People.*

San. Help, help, dear countrymen, for Heaven's sake!
Assist a miserable, harmless man!
Help the distress'd!
Æsch. (*to the Girl*). Fear nothing: stand just there!
Why d'ye look back? you're in no danger. Never,
While I am by, shall he lay hands upon you.
San. Aye, but I will, in spite of all the world.
Æsch. Rogue as he is, he'll scarce do any thing
To make me cudgel him again to-day.
San. One word, Sir Æschinus! that you may not
Pretend to ignorance of my profession;
I'm a procurer.
Æsch. True.
San. And in my way
Of as good faith as any man alive.
Hereafter, to absolve yourself, you'll cry,
That you repent of having wrong'd me thus.
I sha'n't care *that* for your excuse. (*Snapping his fingers.*)
Be sure
I'll prosecute my right; nor shall fine words
Atone for evil deeds. I know your way,
——"I'm sorry that I did it: and I'll swear
You are unworthy of this injury"——
Though all the while I'm us'd most scurvily.
Æsch. (*to* Par.) Do you go forward, Parmeno, and throw
The door wide open.
San. That sha'n't signify.
Æsch. (*to* Parmeno). Now in with her!
San. (*stepping between*). I'll not allow it.
Æsch. (*to* Parmeno). Here!
Come hither, Parmeno!—you're too far off.—
Stand close to that pimp's side—There—there—just there!
And now be sure you always keep your eyes
Steadfastly fix'd on mine; and when I wink,
To drive your fist directly in his face.
San. Aye, if he dare.
Æsch. (*to* Parmeno). Now mind!—(*To* Sannio). Let go the girl (Sannio *still struggling with the Girl,* Æschinus *winks, and* Parmeno *strikes* Sannio).
San. Oh monstrous!
Æsch. He shall double it, unless
You mend your manners. (Parmeno *strikes* Sannio *again.*)

SAN. Help, help: murder, murder!
ÆSCH. (*to* PARMENO). I did not wink: but you had better c
That way than t'other.——Now go in with her.
(PARMENO *leads the Girl into* MICIO'S *house.*)
SAN. How's this?—Do you reign king here, Æschinus?
ÆSCH. Did I reign king, you should be recompens'd
According to your virtues, I assure you.
SAN. What business have you with me?
ÆSCH. None.
SAN. D'ye know
Who I am, Æschinus?
ÆSCH. Nor want to know.
SAN. Have I touch'd aught of yours, Sir?
ÆSCH. If you had,
You should have suffer'd for't.
SAN. What greater right
Have you to take away my slave, for whom
I paid my money? answer me!
ÆSCH. 'Twere best
You'd leave off bellowing before our door:
If you continue to be troublesome,
I'll have you dragg'd into the house, and there
Lash'd without mercy.
SAN. How, a freeman lash'd!
ÆSCH. Ev'n so.
SAN. O monstrous tyranny! Is this,
Is this the liberty they boast of here,
Common to all?
ÆSCH. If you have brawl'd enough,
Please to indulge me with one word, you pimp.
SAN. Who has brawl'd most, yourself or I?
ÆSCH. Well, well!
No more of that, but to the point!
SAN. What point?
What would you have?
ÆSCH. Will you allow me then
To speak of what concerns you?
SAN. Willingly:
Speak, but in justice.
ÆSCH. Very fine! a pimp,
And talks of justice!
SAN. Well, I am a pimp;
The common bane of youth, a perjurer,
A public nuisance, I confess it: yet
I never did you wrong.
ÆSCH. No, that's to come.
SAN. Prithee return to whence you first set out, Sir!
ÆSCH. You, plague upon you for it! bought the girl
For twenty minæ; which sum we will give you.
SAN. What if I do not choose to sell the girl?
Will you oblige me?

Æsch. No.
San. I fear'd you would.
Æsch. She's a free-woman, and should *not* be sold,
And, as such, by due course of law I claim her.
Now then consider which you like the best,
To take the money, or maintain your action.
Think on this, Pimp, till I come back again. (*Exit.*

Scene II.

Sannio *alone.*

Oh Jupiter! I do not wonder now
That men run mad with injuries. He drags me
Out of my own house; cudgels me most soundly;
And carries off my slave against my will:
And after this ill-treatment, he demands
The Music-Girl to be made over to him
At the same price I bought her.—He has pour'd
His blows upon me, thick as hail; for which,
Since he deserves so nobly at my hands,
He should no doubt be gratified.—Nay, nay,
Let me but touch the cash, I'm still content.
But this I guess will be the case: as soon
As I shall have agreed to take his price,
He'll produce witnesses immediately,
To prove that I have sold her—And the money
Will be mere moonshine.—"By-and-by."—"To-morrow."
—Yet I could bear that too, although much wrong,
Might I but get the money after all:
For thus it is, friend Sannio; when a man
Has taken up this trade, he must receive,
And pocket the affronts of young gallants.
—But nobody will pay me, and I draw
Conclusions to no purpose.

Scene III.

Enter Syrus.

Syrus (*to* Æsch. *within*). Say no more!
Let me alone to talk with him! I warrant
I'll make him take the money; aye, and own
That he's well treated too. (*Coming forward.*)
Why how now, Sannio?
What's the dispute I overheard just now
'Twixt you and my young master?
San. Never was
Any dispute conducted more unfairly,
Than that between us two to-day! Poor I
With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,
'Till we were both quite weary.

Syrus. All your fault.
San. What could I do?
Syrus. Give a young man his way.
San. What could I give him more, who gave my face?
Syrus. Nay, but d'ye know my meaning, Sannio?
To seem upon occasion to slight money,
Proves in the end, sometimes, the greatest gain.
Why prithee, blockhead, could you be afraid,
Had you abated somewhat of your right,
And humor'd the young gentleman, he would not
Have paid you back again with interest?
San. I never purchase hope with ready money.
Syrus. Away! you'll never thrive. You do not know
How to ensnare men, Sannio.
San. Well, perhaps,
Your way were best: yet I was ne'er so crafty
But I had rather, when 'twas in my power,
Receive prompt payment.
Syrus. Pshaw! I know your spirit:
As if you valued twenty minæ now,
So you might do a kindness to my master!
—Besides, they say you're setting out for Cyprus. (*Carelessly*
San. Ha! (*Alarmed.*)
Syrus. —And have bought up a large stock of goods
To carry over thither.——Hir'd a vessel.
That 'tis, I know, which keeps you in suspense:
When you return, I hope, you'll settle this.
San. I shall not budge a foot.——Undone by Heav'n!
Urg'd by these hopes they've undertaken this. (*Aside.*)
Syrus. He fears. I've thrown a small rub in his way.
(*Aside.*)
San. (*to himself*). Confusion! they have nick'd me to a hair!
I've bought up sev'ral slaves, and other wares,
For exportation; and to miss my time
At Cyprus-fair would be a heavy loss.
Then if I leave this business broken thus,
All's over with me; and at my return
'Twill come to nothing, grown quite cold and stale.
"——What! come at last?—Why did you stay so long?
Where have you been?"—that it were better lose it,
Than wait for it so long, or sue for't then.
Syrus (*coming up to him*). Well, have you calculated what's your due?
San. Monstrous oppression! Is this honorable,
Or just in Æschinus, to take away
My property by force?
Syrus. So, so! he comes. (*Aside.*)
—I have but one word more to say to you.
See how you like it.—Rather, Sannio,
Than run the risk to get or lose the whole,

E'en halve the matter: and he shall contrive
To scrape together by some means ten minæ.
SAN. Alas, alas! am I in danger then
Of losing ev'n my very principal?
Shame on him! he has loosen'd all my teeth:
My head is swell'd all over like a mushroom:
And will he cheat me too?—I'm going nowhere.
SYRUS. Just as you please.—Have you aught else to say
Before I go?
SAN. Yes, one word, prithee Syrus!
However things have happen'd, rather than
I should be driven to commence a suit,
Let him return me my bare due at least;
The sum she cost me, Syrus.—I'm convinc'd
You've had no tokens of my friendship yet;
But you shall find I will not be ungrateful.
SYRUS. I'll do my best. But I see Ctesipho.
He is rejoic'd about his mistress.
SAN. Say,
Will you remember me?
SYRUS. Hold, hold a little! (SYRUS *and* SANNIO *retire.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter CTESIPHO *at another part of the stage.*

CTES. Favors are welcome in the hour of need
From any hand; but doubly welcome when
Conferr'd by those from whom we most expect them.
O brother, brother, how shall I applaud thee?
Ne'er can I rise to such a height of praise
But your deservings will outtop me still:
For in this point I am supremely bless'd,
That none can boast so excellent a brother,
So rich in all good qualities, as I.
SYRUS (*coming forward*). O Ctesipho!
CTES. (*turning round*). O Syrus! where's my brother?
SYRUS. At home, where he expects you.
CTES. Ha! (*Joyfully.*)
SYRUS. What now!
CTES. What now?—By his assistance I live, Syrus.
Ah, he's a friend indeed! who disregarding
All his own interests for my advantage,
The scandal, infamy, intrigue, and blame,
All due to me, has drawn upon himself!
What could exceed it?—But who's there?—The door
Creaks on the hinges. (*Offering to go off.*)
SYRUS. Hold! 'tis Æschinus.

Scene V.

Enter Æschinus.

Æsch. Where is that rascal?
San. (*behind*). He inquires for me.
Has he brought out the cash with him?—Confusion!
I see none.
Æsch. (*to* Ctesipho). Ha! well met: I long'd to see you.
How is it, Ctesipho? All's safe. Away
With melancholy!
Ctes. Melancholy! I
Be melancholy, who have such a brother?
Oh my dear Æschinus! thou best of brothers,
—Ah, I'm asham'd to praise you to your face,
Lest it appear to come from flattery,
Rather than gratitude.
Æsch. Away, you fool!
As if we did not know each other, Ctesipho.
It only grieves me, we so lately knew this,
When things were almost come to such a pass,
That all the world, had they desir'd to do it,
Could not assist you.
Ctes. 'Twas my modesty.
Æsch. Pshaw! it was folly, and not modesty.
For such a trifle, almost fly your country?
Heaven forbid it!—fie, fie, Ctesipho!
Ctes. I've been to blame.
Æsch. Well, what says Sannio?
Syrus. He's pacified at last.
Æsch. I'll to the Forum,
And pay him off.—You, Ctesipho, go in
To the poor girl.
San. Now urge the matter, Syrus! (*Apart to* Syrus.)
Syrus. Let's go; for Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.
San. Not in such haste: though truly I have no cause
To loiter here.
Syrus. You shall be paid: ne'er fear!
San. But all?
Syrus. Yes, all: so hold your tongue, and follow!
San. I will. (*Exit after* Æschinus—Syrus *going*.
Ctes. Hist! hark ye, Syrus!
Syrus (*turning back*). Well, what now?
Ctes. For Heaven's sake discharge that scurvy fellow
Immediately; for fear, if further urg'd,
This tale should reach my father's ears: and then
I am undone forever.
Syrus. It sha'n't be.
Be of good courage! meanwhile, get you in,
And entertain yourself with her; and order

The couches to be spread, and all prepar'd.
For, these preliminaries once dispatch'd,
I shall march homeward with provisions.
Ctes. Do!
And since this business has turn'd out so well,
Let's spend the day in mirth and jollity!
(*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Sostrata, Canthara.

Sos. Prithee, good nurse, how will it go with her?
Can. How go with her? Why well, I warrant you.
Sos. Her pains begin to come upon her, nurse.
Can. You're as much frighten'd at your time of day,
As if you ne'er was present at a labor,
Or never had been brought to bed yourself.
Sos. Alas, I've no soul here: we're all alone.
Geta is absent; nor is there a creature
To fetch a midwife, or call Æschinus.
Can. He'll be here presently, I promise you:
For he, good man, ne'er lets a single day
Go by, but he is sure to visit us.
Sos. He is my only comfort in my sorrows.
Can. Troth, as the case stands, madam, circumstances
Could not have happen'd better than they have:
And since your daughter suffer'd violence,
'Twas well she met with such a man as this;
A man of honor, rank, and family.
Sos. He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:
The gods preserve him to us!

Scene II.

Enter Geta *hastily at another part of the stage.*

Geta. We are now
So absolutely lost, that all the world
Joining in consultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune that has fallen
On me, my mistress, and her daughter, all
Would not avail.——Ah me! so many troubles
Environ us at once, we sink beneath them.
Rape, poverty, oppression, solitude,
And infamy! oh, what an age is this!
O wicked, oh vile race!—oh impious man!

Sos. (*to* Cantharа). Ah, why should Geta seem thus terrified
And agitated?
Geta (*to himself*). Wretch! whom neither honor,
Nor oaths, nor pity could control or move!
Nor her approaching labor; her, on whom
He shamefully committed violation!
Sos. I don't well understand him.
Can. Prithee then
Let us draw nearer, Sostrata!
Geta (*to himself*). Alas,
I'm scarcely in my perfect mind, I burn
With such fierce anger.—Oh, that I had all
That villain-family before me now,
That I might vent my indignation on them,
While yet it boils within me.—There is nothing
I'd not endure to be reveng'd on them.
First I'd tread out the stinking snuff his father,
Who gave the monster being.—And then, Syrus,
Who urg'd him to it,—how I'd tear him!—First
I'd seize him round the waist, and lift him high,
Then dash his head against the ground, and strew
The pavement with his brains.—For Æschinus,
I'd tear his eyes out, and then tumble him,
Head foremost down some precipice.—The rest
I'd rush on, drag, crush, trample under foot.
But why do I delay to tell my mistress
This heavy news as soon as possible! (*Going.*)
Sos. Let's call him back.——Ho, Geta!
Geta. Whosoe'er
You are, excuse me.
Sos. I am Sostrata.
Geta. Where, where is Sostrata? (*Turns about.*) I sought you, Madam;
Impatiently I sought you: and am glad
To have encounter'd you thus readily.
Sos. What is the matter? why d'ye tremble thus?
Geta. Alas!
Sos. Take breath!—But why thus mov'd, good Geta?
Geta. We're quite——
Sos. Quite what?
Geta. Undone: We're ruin'd, Madam.
Sos. Explain, for Heaven's sake!
Geta. Ev'n now——
Sos. What now?
Geta. Æschinus——
Sos. What of Æschinus?
Geta. Has quite
Estrang'd himself from all our family.
Sos. How's that? confusion! why?
Geta. He loves another.

Sos. Wretch that I am!
GETA. Nor that clandestinely;
But snatch'd her in the face of all the world
From a procurer.
Sos. Are you sure of this?
GETA. Sure? With these very eyes I saw it, Madam.
Sos. Alas, alas! What then can we believe?
To whom give credit?—What? our Æschinus!
Our very life, our sole support and hope!
Who swore he could not live one day without her,
And promis'd he would place the new-born babe
Upon his father's lap, and in that way
Wring from him his consent to marry her!
GETA. Nay, weep not, mistress; but consider rather
What course were best to follow: to conceal
This wrong, or to disclose it to some friend?
CAN. Disclose it! Are you mad? Is this a thing
To be disclos'd, d'ye think?
GETA. I'd not advise it.
For first, that he has quite abandon'd us,
The thing itself declares. If we then make
The story known, no doubt but he'll deny it.
Your reputation, and your daughter's life
Will be endanger'd: or if he confess,
Since he affects another, 'twere not good
That he should wed your daughter.—For which reasons,
Silence is requisite.
Sos. Ah, no: not I.
GETA. What mean you?
Sos. To disclose the whole.
GETA. How, Madam!
Think what you are about.
Sos. Whatever happens,
The thing can't be in a worse state than now.
In the first place my daughter has no portion,
And that which should have been her second dowry
Is also lost; and she can ne'er be giv'n
In marriage as a virgin. For the rest,
If he denies his former commerce with her,
I have the ring he lost to vouch the fact.
In short, since I am conscious to myself,
That I am not to blame in this proceeding,
And that no sordid love of gain, nor aught
Unworthy of my daughter or myself,
Has mix'd in this affair, I'll try it, Geta.
GETA. Well, I agree, 'twere better to disclose it.
Sos. You then away, as fast as possible,
And run to Hegio our good friend and kinsman,
To let him know the whole affair: for he
Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,
And ever show'd a great regard for us.

Geta. And well he does, for no one else cares for us.
Sos. And you, good Canthara, away with haste,
And call a midwife; that we may be sure
Of her assistance in the time of need. (*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.

Enter Demea.

Dem. Confusion! I have heard that Ctesipho
Was present with his brother at this riot.
This is the sum of all my miseries,
If he, even he, a sober, hopeful lad,
May be seduc'd into debaucheries.
—But where shall I inquire for him? I warrant
They have decoy'd him into some vile brothel.
That profligate persuaded him, I'm sure.
—But here comes Syrus; he can tell me all.
And yet this slave is of the gang; and if
He once perceives that I'm inquiring for him,
He'll never tell me any thing; a rogue!
I'll not discover my design.

Scene IV.

Enter Syrus *at another part of the stage.*

Syrus (*to himself*). We've just
Disclos'd the whole of this affair to Micio,
Exactly as it happen'd. I ne'er saw
The good old gentleman more pleas'd.
Dem. Oh Heav'n,
The folly of the man! (*Listening.*)
Syrus (*to himself*). He prais'd his son;
Me, who concerted the whole scheme, he thank'd.
Dem. I burst with rage. (*Listening.*)
Syrus (*to himself*). He told the money down
Immediately, and threw us in beside,
To make an entertainment, a half-mina:
Which I've laid out according to my liking.
Dem. So! if you'd have your business well ta'en care of,
Commit it to this fellow!
Syrus (*overhearing*). Who's there? Demea!
I did not see you, Sir. How goes it?
Dem. How?
I can't sufficiently admire your conduct.
Syrus (*negligently*). Silly enough, to say the truth, and idle.
(*To servants within*). Cleanse you the rest of those fish,
Dromo: let
That large eel play a little in the water.
When I return it shall be bon'd; till then
It must not be.

DEM. Are crimes like these——
SYRUS (*to* DEMEA). Indeed
I like them not, and oft cry shame upon them.
—(*To servants within*). See that those salt fish are well soak'd, Stephanio.
DEM. Gods! is this done on purpose? Does he think
'Tis laudable to spoil his son? Alas!
I think I see the day when Æschinus
Shall fly for want, and list himself a soldier.
SYRUS. O Demea! that is to be wise: to see,
Not that alone which lies before your feet,
But ev'n to pry into futurity.
DEM. What! is the Music-Girl at your house?
SYRUS. Aye,
Madam's within.
DEM. What! and is Æschinus
To keep her at home with him?
SYRUS. I believe so;
Such is their madness.
DEM. Is it possible?
SYRUS. A fond and foolish father!
DEM. I'm asham'd
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him.
SYRUS. Ah!
There is a deal of diff'rence, Demea,
—Nor is't because you're present that I say this——
There is a mighty difference between you!
You are, from top to toe, all over wisdom:
He a mere dotard.—Would you e'er permit
Your boy to do such things?
DEM. Permit him? I?
Or should I not much rather smell him out
Six months before he did but dream of it?
SYRUS. Pshaw! do you boast your vigilance to me?
DEM. Heav'n keep him ever as he is at present!
SYRUS. As fathers from their children, so they prove.
DEM. But now we're speaking of him, have you seen
The lad to-day? (*With an affected carelessness.*)
SYRUS. Your son d'ye mean?—I'll drive him
Into the country. (*Aside.*)—He is hard at work
Upon your grounds by this time. (*To* DEMEA.)
DEM. Are you sure on't?
SYRUS. Sure? I set out with him myself.
DEM. Good! good!
I was afraid he loiter'd here. (*Aside.*)
SYRUS. And much
Enrag'd, I promise you.
DEM. On what account?
SYRUS. A quarrel with his brother at the Forum,
About the Music-Girl.
DEM. Indeed?

Syrus. Aye, faith:
He did not mince the matter: he spoke out;
For as the cash was telling down, in pops,
All unexpected, Master Ctesipho:
Cries out—"Oh Æschinus, are these your courses?
Do you commit these crimes? and do you bring
Such a disgrace upon our family?"
Dem. Oh, oh, I weep for joy.
Syrus. ——"You squander not
The money only, but your life, your honor."
Dem. Heav'n bless him; he is like his ancestors. (*Weeping.*)
Syrus. Father's own son, I warrant him.
Dem. Oh, Syrus!
He's full of all those precepts, he!
Syrus. No doubt on't:
He need not go from home for good instruction.
Dem. I spare no pains; neglect no means; I train him.
—In short, I bid him look into the lives
Of all, as in a mirror, and thence draw
From others an example for himself.
—"Do this."——
Syrus. Good!
Dem. "Fly that."
Syrus. Very good!
Dem. "This deed
Is commendable."
Syrus. That's the thing!
Dem. "That's reprehensible."
Syrus. Most excellent!
Dem. "And then moreover——"
Syrus. Faith, I have not time
To give you further audience just at present,
I've got an admirable dish of fish;
And I must take good care they are not spoil'd.
For that were an offense as grievous, Demea,
In us, as 'twere in you to leave undone
The things you just now mentioned: and I try,
According to my weak abilities,
To teach my fellow-slaves the self-same way.
—"This is too salt.—This is burnt up too much.
That is not nice and cleanly.—That's well done.
Mind, and do so again."—I spare no pains,
And give them the best precepts that I can.
In short, I bid them look into the dishes,
As in a mirror, Demea, and thence learn
The duty of a cook.—This school of ours,
I own, is idle: but what can you do?
According to the man must be the lesson.
—Would you aught else with us?
Dem. Your reformation.
Syrus. Do you go hence into the country?

Dem. Straight.
Syrus. For what should you do here, where nobody,
However good your precepts, cares to mind them? (*Exit.*

Scene V.

Demea *alone.*

I then will hence, since he, on whose account
I hither came, is gone into the country.
He is my only care, *He*'s my concern.
My brother, since he needs will have it so,
May look to Æschinus himself.——But who
Is coming yonder? Hegio, of our tribe?
If I see plainly, beyond doubt 'tis he.
Ah, we've been old acquaintance quite from boys;
And such men nowadays are wondrous scarce.
A citizen of ancient faith and virtue!
The commonwealth will ne'er reap harm from him.
How I rejoice to see but the remains
Of this old stock! Ah, life's a pleasure now.
I'll wait, that I may ask about his health,
And have a little conversation with him.

Scene VI.

Enter Hegio, Geta *conversing at a distance.*

Hegio. Good Heaven! a most unworthy action, Geta!
Geta. Ev'n so.
Hegio. A deed so base
Sprung from that family?—Oh Æschinus,
I'm sure this was not acting like your father.
Dem. (*behind*). So! he has heard about this Music-Girl,
And is affected at it, though a stranger,
While his good father truly thinks it nothing.
Oh monstrous! would that he were somewhere nigh,
And heard all this!
Hegio. Unless they do what's just,
They shall not carry off the matter thus.
Geta. Our only hope is in you, Hegio.
You're our sole friend, our guardian, and our father,
The good old Simulus, on his death-bed
Bequeath'd us to your care. If you desert us,
We are undone indeed.
Hegio. Ah, name it not!
I will not, and with honesty, I can not.
Dem. I'll go up to him.—Save you, Hegio!
Hegio. The man I look'd for.—Save you, Demea!
Dem. Your pleasure!
Hegio. Æschinus, your elder son,
Adopted by your brother, has committed

A deed unworthy of an honest man,
And of a gentleman.
Dem. How so?
Hegio. You knew
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?
Dem. Aye, sure.
Hegio. He has debauch'd his daughter.
Dem. How!
Hegio. Hold, Demea, for the worst is still to come.
Dem. Is there aught worse?
Hegio. Much worse: for this perhaps
Might be excus'd. The night, love, wine, and youth,
Might prompt him. 'Tis the frailty of our nature.
——Soon as his sense returning made him conscious
Of his rash outrage, of his own accord
He came to the girl's mother, weeping, praying,
Entreating, vowing constancy, and swearing
That he would take her home.—He was forgiven;
The thing conceal'd; and his vows credited.
The girl from that encounter prov'd with child:
This is the tenth month.—He, good gentleman,
Has got a music-girl, Heav'n bless the mark!
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.
Dem. And are you well assur'd of this?
Hegio. The mother,
The girl, the fact itself, are all before you,
Joining to vouch the truth on't. And besides,
This Geta here—as servants go, no bad one,
Nor given up to idleness—maintains them;
The sole support of all the family.
Here take him, bind him, force the truth from him.
Geta. Aye, torture me, if 'tis not so, good Demea!
Nay, Æschinus, I'm sure, will not deny it.
Bring me before him.
Dem. (*aside*). I'm asham'd: and what
To do, or what to say to him, I know not.
Pamphila (*within*). Ah me! I'm torn in pieces!——Racking pains!
Juno Lucina, help me! save, I pray thee!
Hegio. Ha! Is she then in labor, *Geta?*
Geta. Yes, Sir.
Hegio. Hark! she now calls upon your justice, Demea!
Grant her then freely, what law else will claim.
And Heaven send, that you may rather do
What honor bids! but if you mean it not,
Be sure of this; that with my utmost force
I'll vindicate the girl, and her dead father;
He was my kinsman; we were bred together
From children; and our fortunes twin'd together
In war, and peace, and bitter poverty.
Wherefore I'll try, endeavor, strive, nay lose

My life itself, before I will forsake them.
—What is your answer?
Dem. I'll find out my brother:
What he advises, I will follow, Hegio.
Hegio. But still remember, Demea, that the more
You live at ease; the more your pow'r, your wealth,
Your riches, and nobility; the more
It is your duty to act honorably,
If you regard the name of honest men.
Dem. Go to: we'll do you justice.
Hegio. 'Twill become you.
Geta, conduct me in to Sostrata. (*Exit with* Geta.

Scene VII.

Demea *alone.*

This is no more than I foretold: and well
If his intemp'rance would stop *here!*—But this
Immoderate indulgence must produce
Some terrible misfortune in the end.
—I'll hence, find out my brother, tell my news,
And empty all my indignation on him. (*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

Re-enter Hegio, *speaking to* Sostrata *at the door.*

Be of good cheer, my Sostrata; and comfort,
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!
I'll find out Micio, if he's at the Forum,
And tell him the whole story: if he'll act
With honor in it, why 'tis well; if not,
Let him but speak his mind to me, and then
I shall know how to act accordingly. (*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Ctesipho, Syrus.

Ctes. My father gone into the country, say you?
Syrus. Long since.
Ctes. Nay; speak the truth!
Syrus. He's at his farm,
And hard at work, I warrant you.
Ctes. I wish,

So that his health were not the worse for it,
He might so heartily fatigue himself,
As to be forc'd to keep his bed these three days!
Syrus. I wish so too; and more, if possible.
Ctes. With all my heart: for I would fain consume,
As I've begun, the livelong day in pleasure.
Nor do I hate that farm of ours so much
For any thing, as that it is so near.
For if 'twas at a greater distance, night
Would come upon him ere he could return.
But now, not finding me, I'm very sure
He'll hobble back again immediately;
Question me where I've been, that I've not seen him
All the day long; and what shall I reply?
Syrus. What? can you think of nothing?
Ctes. No, not I.
Syrus. So much the worse.—Have you no client, friend,
Or guest?
Ctes. I have. What then?
Syrus. You've been engag'd
With them.
Ctes. When not engag'd? It can not be.
Syrus. It may.
Ctes. Aye, marry, for the day I grant you.
But if I pass the night here, what excuse
Then, Syrus?
Syrus. Ah! I would it were the custom
To be engag'd at night too with one's friends!
—But be at ease! I know his mind so well,
That when he raves the loudest, I can make him
As gentle as a lamb.
Ctes. How so?
Syrus. He loves
To hear you prais'd. I sing your praises to him,
And make you out a little God.
Ctes. Me!
Syrus. You.
And then the old man blubbers like a child,
For very joy.—But have a care! (*Looking out.*)
Ctes. What now?
Syrus. The wolf i' th' fable!
Ctes. What, my father?
Syrus. He.
Ctes. What's the best, Syrus?
Syrus. In! fly! I'll take care.
Ctes. You have not seen me, if he asks: d'ye hear?
Syrus. Can't you be quiet? (*Pushes out* Ctesipho.)

Scene II.

Enter Demea *at another part of the stage.*

Dem. Verily I am
A most unhappy man! for first of all,
I can not find my brother any where:
And then besides, in looking after him,
I chanc'd on one of my day laborers,
Who had but newly left my farm, and told me
Ctesipho was not there. What shall I do?

Ctes. (*peeping out*). Syrus? } *Apart.*
Syrus. What?
Ctes. Does he seek me?
Syrus. Yes.
Ctes. Undone!
Syrus. Courage!

Dem. (*to himself*). Plague on it, what ill luck is this!
I can't account for it: but I believe
That I was born for nothing but misfortunes.
I am the first who feels our woes; the first
Who knows of them; the first who tells the news:
And come what may, I bear the weight alone.

Syrus (*behind*). Ridiculous! he says he knows all first;
And he alone is ignorant of all.

Dem. I'm now return'd to see if Micio
Be yet come home again.

Ctes. (*peeping out*). Take care, good Syrus, } *Apart.*
He don't rush in upon us unawares!
Syrus. Peace! I'll take care.
Ctes. 'Faith, I'll not trust to you,
But shut myself and her in some by-place
Together: that's the safest.
Syrus. Well, away! (Ctesipho *disappears.*)
I'll drive the old man hence, I warrant you.

Dem. (*seeing* Syrus). But see that rascal Syrus coming hither!

Syrus (*advancing hastily, and pretending not to see* Demea).
By Hercules, there is no living here,
For any one, at this rate.—I'd fain know
How many masters I'm to have.—Oh monstrous!

Dem. What does he howl for? what's the meaning on't?
Hark ye, my good Sir! prithee tell me if
My brother be at home.

Syrus. *My good Sir!* Plague!
Why do you come with your *good Sirs* to me?
I'm half-kill'd.

Dem. What's the matter?

Syrus. What's the matter!
Ctesipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me,
And cudgel'd me and the poor Music-Girl
Almost to death.

Dem. Indeed?
Syrus. Indeed. Nay see
How he has cut my lip. (*Pretending to show it.*)
Dem. On what account?
Syrus. The girl, he says, was bought by my advice.
Dem. Did not you say you saw him out of town
A little while ago?
Syrus. And so I did.
But he came back soon after, like a madman.
He had no mercy.—Was not he asham'd
To beat a poor old fellow? to beat me;
Who bore him in my arms but t'other day,
An urchin thus high? (*Showing.*)
Dem. Oh rare, Ctesipho!
Father's own son! a man, I warrant him.
Syrus. Oh rare, d'ye cry? I' faith, if he is wise,
He'll hold his hands another time.
Dem. Oh brave!
Syrus. Oh mighty brave, indeed!—Because he beat
A helpless girl, and me a wretched slave,
Who durst not strike again;—oh, to be sure,
Mighty brave, truly!
Dem. Oh, most exquisite!
My Ctesipho perceived, as well as I,
That you was the contriver of this business.
—But is my brother here?
Syrus. Not he. (*Sulkily.*)
Dem. I'm thinking
Where I shall seek him.
Syrus. I know where he is:
But I'll not tell.
Dem. How, Sirrah?
Syrus. Even so.
Dem. I'll break your head.
Syrus. I can not tell the name
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.
Dem. Well, where's the place?
Syrus. D'ye know the Portico
Just by the market, down this way? (*Pointing.*)
Dem. I do.
Syrus. Go up that street; keep straight along: and then
You'll see a hill; go straight down that: and then
On this hand, there's a chapel; and just by
A narrow lane. (*Pointing.*)
Dem. Where? (*Looking.*)
Syrus. There; by the great wild fig-tree.
D'ye know it, Sir?
Dem. I do.
Syrus. Go through that lane.
Dem. That lane's no thoroughfare.
Syrus. Aye, very true:

No more it is, Sir.—What a fool I am!
I was mistaken—You must go quite back
Into the portico; and after all,
This is the nearest and the safest way.
—D'ye know Cratinus' house? the rich man?
DEM. Aye.
SYRUS. When you've pass'd that, turn short upon the left.
Keep straight along that street, and when you reach
Diana's Temple, turn upon the right.
And then, on this side of the city gate,
Just by the pond, there is a baker's shop,
And opposite a joiner's.—There he is.
DEM. What business has he there?
SYRUS. He has bespoke
Some tables to be made with oaken legs
To stand the sun.
DEM. For you to drink upon.
Oh brave! But I lose time. I'll after him.
(*Exit hastily.*

SCENE III.

SYRUS *alone.*

Aye, go your ways! I'll work your old shrunk shanks
As you deserve, old Drybones!—Æschinus
Loiters intolerably. Dinner's spoil'd.
Ctesipho thinks of nothing but his girl.
'Tis time for me to look to myself too.
Faith, then I'll in immediately; pick out
All the tid-bits, and tossing off my cups,
In lazy leisure lengthen out the day. (*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MICIO *and* HEGIO.

MICIO. I can see nothing in this matter, Hegio,
Wherein I merit so much commendation.
'Tis but my duty, to redress the wrongs
That we have caus'd: unless perhaps you took me
For one of those who, having injur'd you,
Term fair expostulation an affront;
And having first offended, are the first
To turn accusers.—I've not acted thus:
And is't for this that I am thank'd?
HEGIO. Ah, no;
I never thought you other than you are.
But let me beg you, Micio, go with me
To the young woman's mother, and repeat
Yourself to her what you have just told me:

—That the suspicion, fall'n on Æschinus,
Sprung from his brother and the Music-Girl.
Micio. If you believe I ought, or think it needful,
Let's go!
Hegio. 'Tis very kind in you: for thus
You'll raise her spirit drooping with the load
Of grief and misery, and have perform'd
Ev'ry good office of benevolence.
But if you like it not, I'll go myself,
And tell her the whole story.
Micio. No, I'll go.
Hegio. 'Tis good and tender in your nature, Micio.
For they, whose fortunes are less prosperous,
Are all I know not how, the more suspicious;
And think themselves neglected and contemn'd,
Because of their distress and poverty.
Wherefore I think 'twould satisfy them more
If you would clear up this affair yourself.
Micio. What you have said is just, and very true.
Hegio. Let me conduct you in!
Micio. With all my heart. (*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Æschinus alone.

Oh torture to my mind! that this misfortune
Should come thus unexpectedly upon me!
I know not what to do, which way to turn.
Fear shakes my limbs, amazement fills my soul,
And in my breast despair shuts out all counsel.
Ah, by what means can I acquit myself?
Such a suspicion is now fallen on me;
And that too grounded on appearances.
Sostrata thinks that on my own account
I bought the Music-Girl. That's plain enough
From the old nurse. For meeting her by chance,
As she was sent from hence to call a midwife,
I ran, and ask'd her of my Pamphila.
—"Is she in labor? are you going now
To call a midwife?"—"Go, go, Æschinus!
Away, you have deceiv'd us long enough,
Fool'd us enough with your fine promises,"
Cried she.—"What now?" says I.—"Farewell, enjoy
The girl that you're so taken with!"—I saw
Immediately their cause of jealousy:
Yet I contain'd myself, nor would disclose
My brother's business to a tattling gossip,
By whom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.
—But what shall I do now? shall I confess
The girl to be my brother's; an affair

Which should by no means be reveal'd?—But not
To dwell on that.—Perhaps they'd not disclose it.
Nay, I much doubt if they would credit it:
So many proofs concur against myself.——
I bore her off: I paid the money down;
She was brought home to me.—All this, I own,
Is my own fault. For should I not have told
My father, be it as it might, the whole?
I should, I doubt not, have obtain'd his leave
To marry Pamphila.—What indolence,
Ev'n, till this hour! now, Æschinus, awake!
—But first I'll go and clear myself to them.
I'll to the door. (*Goes up.*) Confusion! how I tremble!
How guilty like I seem when I approach
This house! (*Knocks.*) Holloa! within! 'Tis I;
'Tis Æschinus. Come, open somebody
The door immediately!—Who's here? A stranger!
I'll step aside. (*Retires.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Micio.

Micio (*to* Sostrata, *within*). Do as I have told you, Sostrata.
I'll find out Æschinus, and tell him all.
—But who knock'd at the door? (*Coming forward.*)
Æsch. (*behind*). By Heav'n, my father!
Confusion!
Micio (*seeing him*). Æschinus!
Æsch. What does he here? (*Aside.*)
Micio. Was't you that knock'd? What, not a word! Suppose
I banter him a little. He deserves it,
For never trusting this affair to me. (*Aside.*)
—Why don't you speak?
Æsch. Not I, as I remember. (*Disordered.*)
Micio. No, I dare say, not you: for I was wond'ring
What business could have brought you here.—He blushes.
All's safe, I find. (*Aside.*)
Æsch. (*recovering.*) But prithee, tell me, Sir,
What brought you here?
Micio. No business of my own.
But a friend drew me hither from the Forum,
To be his advocate.
Æsch. In what?
Micio. I'll tell you.
This house is tenanted by some poor women,
Whom, I believe, you know not;—Nay, I'm sure on't,
For 'twas but lately they came over hither.
Æsch. Well?
Micio. A young woman and her mother.

Æsch. Well?
Micio. The father's dead.—This friend of mine, it seems,
Being her next relation, by the law
Is forc'd to marry her.
Æsch. Confusion! (*Aside.*)
Micio. How?
Æsch. Nothing.—Well?—pray go on, Sir!—
Micio. He's now come
To take her home, for he is of Miletus.
Æsch. How! take her home with him?
Micio. Yes, take her home.
Æsch. What, to Miletus?
Micio. Aye.
Æsch. Oh torture! (*Aside.*)—Well?
What say the women?
Micio. Why, what should they? Nothing.
Indeed the mother has devis'd a tale
About her daughter's having had a child
By some one else, but never mentions whom:
His claim, she says, is prior; and my friend
Ought not to have her.
Æsch. Well? and did not this
Seem a sufficient reason?
Micio. No.
Æsch. No, Sir?
And shall this next relation take her off?
Micio. Aye, to be sure: why not?
Æsch. Oh barbarous, cruel!
And to speak plainly, Sir—ungenerous!
Micio. Why so?
Æsch. Why so, Sir?—What d'ye think
Will come of him, the poor unhappy youth
Who was connected with her first—who still
Loves her, perhaps, as dearly as his life;—
When he shall see her torn out of his arms,
And borne away forever?—Oh shame, shame!
Micio. Where is the shame on't?—Who betroth'd, who gave her?
When was she married? and to whom? Where is he,
And wherefore did he wed another's right?
Æsch. Was it for her, a girl of such an age,
To sit at home, expecting till a kinsman
Came, nobody knows whence, to marry her?
—This, Sir, it was your business to have said,
And to have dwelt on it.
Micio. Ridiculous!
Should I have pleaded against him to whom
I came an advocate?—But after all,
What's this affair to us? or, what have we
To do with them? let's go!—Ha! why those tears?
Æsch. Father, beseech you, hear me!

Micio. Æschinus,
I have heard all, and I know all, already:
For I do love you; wherefore all your actions
Touch me the more.
Æsch. So may you ever love me,
And so may I deserve your love, my father,
As I am sorry to have done this fault,
And am asham'd to see you!
Micio. I believe it;
For well I know you have a liberal mind:
But I'm afraid you are too negligent,
For in what city do you think you live?
You have abus'd a virgin, whom the law
Forbade your touching.—'Twas a fault, a great one;
But yet a natural failing. Many others,
Some not bad men, have often done the same.
—But after this event, can you pretend
You took the least precaution? or consider'd
What should be done, or how?—If shame forbade
Your telling me yourself, you should have found
Some other means to let me know of it.
Lost in these doubts, ten months have slipp'd away.
You have betray'd, as far as in you lay,
Yourself, the poor young woman, and your child.
What! did you think the Gods would bring about
This business in your sleep; and that your wife,
Without your stir, would be convey'd to you
Into your bed-chamber?—I would not have you
Thus negligent in other matters.——Come,
Cheer up, son! you shall wed her.
Æsch. How!
Micio. Cheer up,
I say!
Æsch. Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!
Micio. Mock you? I? wherefore?
Æsch. I don't know; unless
That I so much desire it may be true,
I therefore fear it more.
Micio. ——Away; go home;
And pray the Gods, that you may call your wife.
Away!
Æsch. How's that? my wife? what! now?
Micio. Now.
Æsch. Now?
Micio. Ev'n now, as soon as possible.
Æsch. May all
The Gods desert me, Sir, but I do love you,
More than my eyes?
Micio. Than her?
Æsch. As well.
Micio. That's much.

Æsch. But where is that Milesian?
Micio. Gone:
Vanish'd: on board the ship.—But why d'ye loiter?
Æsch. Ah, Sir, you rather go, and pray the Gods;
For, being a much better man than I,
They will the sooner hear your pray'rs.
Micio. I'll in,
To see the needful preparations made.
You, if you're wise, do as I said. (*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Æschinus alone.

How's this?
Is this to be a father? Or is this
To be a son?—Were he my friend or brother,
Could he be more complacent to my wish?
Should I not love him? bear him in my bosom!
Ah! his great kindness has so wrought upon me,
That it shall be the study of my life
To shun all follies, lest they give him pain.
—But I'll in straight, that I may not retard
My marriage by my own delay. (*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

Demea *alone.*

I'm tir'd
With walking.—Now great Jove confound you, Syrus;
You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd
All the town over: to the gate; the pond;
Where not? No sign of any shop was there,
Nor any person who had seen my brother.
—Now I'll in, therefore, and set up my rest
In his own house, till he comes home again. (*Going.*

Scene IX.

Enter Micio.

Micio. I'll go and let the women know we're ready.
Dem. But here he is.—I have long sought you, Micio.
Micio. What now?
Dem. I bring you more offenses: great ones;
Of that sweet youth——
Micio. See there!
Dem. New; capital!
Micio. Nay, nay, no more!
Dem. Ah, you don't know——
Micio. I do.

Dem. O fool, you think I mean the Music-Girl.
This is a rape upon a citizen.
Micio. I know it.
Dem. How? d'ye know it, and endure it?
Micio. Why not endure it?
Dem. Tell me, don't you rave?
Don't you go mad?
Micio. No: to be sure I'd rather——
Dem. There's a child born.
Micio. Heav'n bless it!
Dem. And the girl
Has nothing.
Micio. I have heard so.
Dem. And is he
To marry her without a fortune?
Micio. Aye.
Dem. What's to be done then?
Micio. What the case requires.
The girl shall be brought over here.
Dem. Oh Jove!
Can that be proper?
Micio. What can I do else?
Dem. What can you do!—If you're not really griev'd,
It were at least your duty to appear so.
Micio. I have contracted the young woman to him:
The thing is settled: 'tis their wedding-day:
And all their apprehensions I've remov'd.
This is still more my duty.
Dem. Are you pleas'd then
With this adventure, Micio?
Micio. Not at all,
If I could help it: now 'tis past all cure,
I bear it patiently. The life of man
Is like a game at tables. If the cast
Which is most necessary be not thrown,
That which chance sends you must correct by art.
Dem. Oh rare *Corrector!*—By your *art* no less
Than twenty minæ have been thrown away
On yonder Music-wench; who out of hand,
Must be sent packing; if no buyer, gratis.
Micio. Not in the least; nor do I mean to sell her.
Dem. What will you do, then?
Micio. Keep her in my house.
Dem. Oh Heav'n and earth! a harlot and a wife
In the same house!
Micio. Why not?
Dem. Have you your wits?
Micio. Truly I think so.
Dem. Now, so help me Heav'n,
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her
To sing with you.

Micio. Why not?
Dem. And the young bride
Shall be her pupil?
Micio. To be sure.
Dem. And you
Dance hand in hand with them?
Micio. Aye.
Dem. Aye?
Micio. And you
Make one among us too upon occasion.
Dem. Ah! are you not asham'd on't?
Micio. Patience, Demea!
Lay by your wrath, and seem, as it becomes you,
Cheerful and free of heart at your son's wedding.
—I'll but speak with the bride and Sostrata,
And then return to you immediately. (*Exit.*

Scene X.

Demea *alone.*

Jove, what a life! what manners! what distraction!
A bride just coming home without a portion;
A Music-Girl already there in keeping:
A house of waste; the youth a libertine;
Th' old man a dotard!—'Tis not in the pow'r
Of Providence herself, howe'er desirous,
To save from ruin such a family.

Scene XI.

Enter at a distance Syrus, *drunk.*

Syrus (*to himself*). Faith, little Syrus, you've ta'en special
care
Of your sweet self, and play'd your part most rarely.
—Well, go your ways:—but having had my fill
Of ev'ry thing within, I've now march'd forth
To take a turn or two abroad.
Dem. (*behind*). Look there!
A pattern of instruction!
Syrus (*seeing him*). But see there:
Yonder's old Demea. (*Going up to him.*) What's the matter now?
And why so melancholy?
Dem. Oh thou villain!
Syrus. What! are you spouting sentences, old wisdom?
Dem. Were you my servant——
Syrus. You'd be plaguy rich,
And settle your affairs most wonderfully.
Dem. I'd make you an example.
Syrus. Why? for what?

Dem. Why, Sirrah?—In the midst of the disturbance,
And in the heat of a most heavy crime,
While all is yet confusion, you've got drunk,
As if for joy, you rascal!
Syrus. Why the plague
Did not I keep within? (*Aside.*)

Scene XII.

Enter Dromo, *hastily.*

Dromo. Here! hark ye, Syrus!
Ctesipho begs that you'd come back.
Syrus. Away! (*Pushes him off.*)
Dem. What's this he says of Ctesipho?
Syrus. Pshaw! nothing.
Dem. How! dog, is Ctesipho within?
Syrus. Not he.
Dem. Why does he name him then?
Syrus. It is another.
Of the same name—a little parasite—
D'ye know him?
Dem. But I will immediately. (*Going.*)
Syrus (*stopping him*). What now? where now?
Dem. Let me alone. } *Struggling.*
Syrus. Don't go! }
Dem. Hands off! what won't you? must I brain you, rascal?
(*Disengages himself from* Syrus, *and Exit.*

Scene XIII.

Syrus *alone.*

He's gone—gone in—and faith no welcome roarer—
—Especially to Ctesipho.—But what
Can I do now; unless, till this blows over,
I sneak into some corner, and sleep off
This wine that lies upon my head?—I'll do't.
(*Exit reeling.*

Scene XIV.

Enter Micio *from* Sostrata.

Micio (*to* Sostrata *within*).
All is prepar'd: and we are ready, Sostrata,
As I have already told you, when you please. (*Comes forward.*)
But who's this forces open our street door
With so much violence?

Enter Demea *on t'other side.*

Dem. Confusion! death!

What shall I do? or how resolve? where vent
My cries and exclamations? Heav'n! Earth! Sea!
Micio (*behind*). So! all's discover'd: that's the thing he raves at.
—Now for a quarrel!—I must help the boy.
Dem. (*seeing him*). Oh, there's the grand corrupter of our children!
Micio. Appease your wrath, and be yourself again!
Dem. Well, I've appeas'd it; I'm myself again;
I spare reproaches; let us to the point!
It was agreed between us, and it was
Your own proposal too, that you should never
Concern yourself with Ctesipho, nor I
With Æschinus. Say, was't not so?
Micio. It was.
I don't deny it.
Dem. Why does Ctesipho
Revel with you then? Why do you receive him?
Buy him a mistress, Micio?—Is not justice
My due from you, as well as yours from me?
Since I do not concern myself with yours,
Meddle not you with mine!
Micio. This is not fair;
Indeed it is not. Think on the old saying,
"All things are common among friends."
Dem. How smart!
Put off with quips and sentences at last!
Micio. Nay, hear me, if you can have patience, Demea.
—First, if you're griev'd at their extravagance,
Let this reflection calm you! Formerly,
You bred them both according to your fortune,
Supposing it sufficient for them both:
Then too you thought that I should take a wife.
Still follow the old rule you then laid down:
Hoard, scrape, and save; do ev'ry thing you can
To leave them nobly! Be that glory yours.
My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon them,
Let them use freely! As your capital
Will not be wasted, what addition comes
From mine, consider as clear gain: and thus,
Weighing all this impartially, you'll spare
Yourself, and me, and them, a world of trouble.
Dem. Money is not the thing: their morals——
Micio. Hold!
I understand; and meant to speak of that.
There are in nature sundry marks, good Demea,
By which you may conjecture easily,
That when two persons do the self-same thing,
It oftentimes falls out that in the one
'Tis criminal, in t'other 'tis not so:
Not that the thing itself is different,

But he who does it.—In these youths I see
The marks of virtue; and, I trust, they'll prove
Such as we wish them. They have sense, I know;
Attention; in its season, liberal shame;
And fondness for each other; all sure signs
Of an ingenuous mind and noble nature:
And though they stray, you may at any time
Reclaim them.—But perhaps you fear they'll prove
Too inattentive to their interest.
Oh my dear Demea, in all matters else
Increase of years increases wisdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it;
"We're all more worldly-minded than there's need:"
Which passion age, that kills all passions else,
Will ripen in your sons too.

DEM. Have a care
That these fine arguments and this great mildness
Don't prove the ruin of us, Micio.

MICIO. Peace!
It shall not be: away with all your fears!
This day be rul'd by me: come, smooth your brow.

DEM. Well, since at present things are so, I must,
But then I'll to the country with my son
To-morrow, at first peep of day.

MICIO. At midnight,
So you'll but smile to-day.

DEM. And that wench too
I'll drag away with me.

MICIO. Aye; there you've hit it.
For by that means you'll keep your son at home;
Do but secure her.

DEM. I'll see that: for there
I'll put her in the kitchen and the mill,
And make her full of ashes, smoke, and meal:
Nay at high noon too she shall gather stubble.
I'll burn her up, and make her black as coal.

MICIO. Right! now you're wise.—And then I'd make my son
Go to bed to her, though against his will.

DEM. D'ye laugh at me? how happy in your temper!
I feel——

MICIO. Ah! that again?

DEM. I've done.

MICIO. In then!
And let us suit our humor to the time. (*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Demea *alone.*

Never did man lay down so fair a plan,
So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made some change in it;
And taught him that those things he thought he knew
He did not know, and what he held as best,
In practice he threw by. The very thing
That happens to myself. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the last stage, I renounce: and why?
But that by dear experience I've been told,
There's nothing so advantages a man
As mildness and complacency. Of this
My brother and myself are living proofs:
He always led an easy, cheerful life;
Good-humor'd, mild, offending nobody,
Smiling on all; a jovial bachelor,
His whole expenses centred in himself.
I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,
Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife:
—What miseries did marriage bring!—had children;
—A new uneasiness!—and then besides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
I have worn out my prime of life and health:
And now, my course near finish'd, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love,
Me they avoid: to him they open all
Their secret counsels; doat on him; and both
Repair to him; while I am quite forsaken.
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus those, brought up by my exceeding labor,
He, at a small expense, has made his own:
The care all mine, and all the pleasure his.
—Well then, let me endeavor in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed generosity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let me too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Cash will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldest born?

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS.

SYRUS. Oh Sir! your brother has dispatch'd me to you
To beg you'd not go further off.
DEM. Who's there?——
What, honest Syrus! save you: how is't with you?
How goes it?
SYRUS. Very well, Sir.
DEM. (*aside*). Excellent!
Now for the first time, I, against my nature,
Have added these three phrases, "Honest Syrus!—
How is't?—How goes it?"—(*To* SYRUS.) You have prov'd yourself
A worthy servant. I'll reward you for it.
SYRUS. I thank you, Sir.
DEM. I will, I promise you;
And you shall be convinc'd on't very soon.

SCENE III.

Enter GETA.

GETA (*to* SOSTRATA *within*). Madam, I'm going to look after them,
That they may call the bride immediately.
——But here is Demea. Save you!
DEM. Oh! your name?
GETA. Geta, Sir.
DEM. Geta, I this day have found you
To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For sure that servant's faith is well approv'd
Who holds his master's interest at heart,
As I perceiv'd that you did, Geta! wherefore,
Soon as occasion offers, I'll reward you.
—I am endeavoring to be affable,
And not without success. (*Aside.*)
GETA. 'Tis kind in you
To think of your poor slave, Sir.
DEM. (*aside*). First of all
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

SCENE IV.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

ÆSCH. They murder me with their delays; and while
They lavish all this pomp upon the nuptials,
They waste the livelong day in preparation.

Dem. How does my son?
Æsch. My father! are you here?
Dem. Aye, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes.—But why
Do you not call the bride?
Æsch. 'Tis what I long for:
But wait the music and the singers.
Dem. Pshaw!
Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow?
Æsch. Well?
Dem. Ne'er mind singers, company, lights, music;
But tell them to throw down the garden-wall,
As soon as possible. Convey the bride
That way, and lay both houses into one.
Bring too the mother, and whole family,
Over to us.
Æsch. I will. O charming father!
Dem. (*aside*). *Charming!* See there! he calls me *charming* now.
—My brother's house will be a thoroughfare;
Throng'd with whole crowds of people: much expense
Will follow; very much: what's that to me?
I am call'd *charming*, and get into favor.
—Ho! order Babylo immediately
To pay him twenty minæ.—Prithee, Syrus,
Why don't you execute your orders?
Syrus. What?
Dem. Down with the wall!—(*Exit* Syrus.) You, Geta, go and bring
The ladies over.
Geta. Heaven bless you, Demea,
For all your friendship to our family! (*Exit* Geta.
Dem. They're worthy of it.—What say you to this? (*To* Æschinus.)
Æsch. I think it admirable.
Dem. 'Tis much better
Than for a poor soul, sick, and lying-in,
To be conducted through the street.
Æsch. I never
Saw any thing concerted better, Sir.
Dem. 'Tis just my way.—But here comes Micio.

Scene V.

Enter Micio.

Micio (*at entering*). My brother order it, d'ye say? where is he?
—Was this your order, Demea?
Dem. 'Twas my order:
And by this means, and every other way,

THE STEP-MOTHER.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Prologue.	Sostrata.
Laches.	Myrrhina.
Phidippus.	Bacchis.
Pamphilus.	Philotis.
Parmeno.	Syra.
Sosia.	Nurse, *Servants to Bacchis, etc.*
Boy, *and other Servants.*	

Scene, Athens.

PROLOGUE.

This play is call'd the Step-Mother. When first
It was presented, such a hurricane,
A tumult so uncommon interven'd,
It neither could be seen nor understood:
So taken were the people, so engag'd
By a rope-dancer!—It is now brought on
As a new piece: and he who wrote the play
Suffer'd it not to be repeated then,
That he might profit by a second sale.
Others, his plays, you have already known;
Now then, let me beseech you, know this too.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE.

I come a pleader, in the shape of prologue:
Let me then gain my cause, and now grown old,
Experience the same favor as when young;
Who then recover'd many a lost play,
Breath'd a new life into the scenes, and sav'd
The author and his writings from oblivion.
Of those which first I studied of Cæcilius,
In some I was excluded; and in some
Hardly maintain'd my ground. But knowing well
The variable fortunes of the scene,
I was content to hazard certain toil

For an uncertain gain. I undertook
To rescue those same plays from condemnation,
And labor'd to reverse your sentence on them;
That the same Poet might afford me more,
And no ill fortune damp young Genius in him.
My cares prevail'd; the plays were heard; and thus
Did I restore an Author, nearly lost
Through the malevolence of adversaries,
To study, labor, and the Poet's art.
But had I at that time despis'd his plays,
Or labor'd to deter him from the task,
It had been easy to have kept him idle,
And to have scar'd him from attempting more:
For my sake, therefore, deign to hear with candor
The suit I mean to offer to you now.

Once more I bring the STEP-MOTHER before you,
Which yet in silence I might never play;
So did confusion crush it: which confusion
Your prudence may allay, if it will deign
To second our endeavors.—When I first
Began to play this piece, the sturdy Boxers,
(The dancers on the rope expected too,)
Th' increasing crowds, the noise and women's clamor,
Oblig'd me to retire before my time.
I, upon this occasion, had recourse
To my old way. I brought it on again.
In the first act I please: meanwhile there spreads
A rumor of the Gladiators: then
The people flock together, riot, roar,
And fight for places. I meanwhile *my* place
Could not maintain—To-day there's no disturbance;
All's silence and attention; a clear stage:
'Tis yours to give these games their proper grace.
Let not, oh let not the Dramatic Art
Fall to a few! let your authority
Assist and second mine! if I for gain
Ne'er overrated my abilities,
If I have made it still my only care
To be obedient to your will, oh grant
That he who hath committed his performance
To my defense, and who hath thrown himself
On your protection, be not giv'n to scorn,
And foul derision of his envious foes!

Admit this plea for my sake, and be silent;
That other Poets may not fear to write,
That I too may hereafter find it meet
To play new pieces bought at my expense.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Philotis, Syra.

Phi. Now, by my troth, a woman of the town
Scarce ever finds a faithful lover, Syra.
This very Pamphilus, how many times
He swore to Bacchis, swore so solemnly
One could not but believe him, that he never
Would, in her lifetime, marry. See! he's married.
Syra. I warn you, therefore, and most earnestly
Conjure you, to have pity upon none.
But plunder, fleece, and beggar ev'ry man
That falls into your pow'r.
Phi. What! spare none?
Syra. None.
For know, there is not one of all your sparks
But studies to cajole you with fine speeches,
And have his will as cheaply as he can.
Should not you, then, endeavor to fool them?
Phi. But to treat all alike is wrong.
Syra. What! wrong?
To be reveng'd upon your enemies?
Or to snare those who spread their snares for you?
—Alas! why have not I your youth and beauty,
Or you my sentiments?

Scene II.

Enter Parmeno.

Par. (*to* Scritus *within*). If our old gentleman
Asks for me, tell him I'm this very moment
Gone to the Port to seek for Pamphilus.
D'ye understand my meaning, Scritus? If he asks,
Tell him that; if he should not ask, say nothing;
That this excuse may serve another time.
(*Comes forward.*)
—But is not that Philotis? Whence comes she?
Philotis, save you!
Phi. Save you, Parmeno!
Syra. Save you, good Parmeno!
Par. And save you, Syra!
—Tell me, Philotis, where have you been gadding?
Taking your pleasure this long time?
Phi. I've taken
No pleasure, Parmeno, indeed. I went

With a most brutal Captain hence to Corinth,
There have I led a wretched life with him
For two whole years.
Par. Aye, aye, I warrant you
That you have often wish'd to be in Athens;
Often repented of your journey.
Phi. Oh,
'Tis quite impossible to tell how much
I long'd to be at home, how much I long'd
To leave the Captain, see you, revel with you,
After the good old fashion, free and easy.
For there I durst not speak a single word,
But what, and when the mighty Captain pleas'd.
Par. 'Twas cruel in him thus to tie your tongue:
At least, I'll warrant, that you thought it so.
Phi. But what's this business, Parmeno? this story
That Bacchis has been telling me within?
I could not have believ'd that Pamphilus
Would in her lifetime marry.
Par. Marry truly!
Phi. Why he is married: is not he?
Par. He is.
But I'm afraid 'twill prove a crazy match,
And will not hold together long.
Phi. Heav'n grant it.
So it turn out to Bacchis's advantage!
But how can I believe this, Parmeno?
Tell me.
Par. It is not fit it should be told.
Inquire no more.
Phi. For fear I should divulge it?
Now Heav'n so prosper me, as I inquire,
Not for the sake of telling it again,
But to rejoice within myself.
Par. All these
Fair words, Philotis, sha'n't prevail on me
To trust my back to your discretion.
Phi. Well;
Don't tell me, Parmeno.--As if you had not
Much rather tell this secret than I hear it.
Par. She's in the right: I am a blab, 'tis true,
It is my greatest failing.—Give your word
You'll not reveal it, and I'll tell you.
Phi. Now
You're like yourself again. I give my word.
Speak.
Par. Listen then.
Phi. I'm all ear.
Par. Pamphilus
Doted on Bacchis still as much as ever,
When the old gentleman began to tease him

To marry, in the common cant of fathers;
—"That he was now grown old; and Pamphilus
His only child; and that he long'd for heirs,
As props of his old age." At first my master
Withstood his instances, but as his father
Became more hot and urgent, Pamphilus
Began to waver in his mind, and felt
A conflict betwixt love and duty in him.
At length, by hammering on marriage still,
And daily instances, th' old man prevail'd,
And made a match with our next neighbor's daughter.
Pamphilus did not take it much to heart,
Till just upon the very brink of wedlock:
But when he saw the nuptial rites prepar'd,
And, without respite, he must marry; then
It came so home to him, that even Bacchis,
Had she been present, must have pitied him.
Whenever he could steal from company,
And talk to me alone,—"Oh Parmeno,
What have I done?" he'd cry.—"I'm lost forever.
Into what ruin have I plung'd myself!
I can not bear it, Parmeno. Ah wretch!
I am undone."

PHI. Now all the powers of heav'n
Confound you, Laches, for thus teasing him?

PAR. In short, he marries, and brings home his wife.
The first night he ne'er touch'd her! nor the next.

PHI. How! he a youth, and she a maidenhead!
Tipsy, and never touch her! 'Tis not likely;
Nor do I think it can be true.

PAR. No wonder.
For they that come to you come all desire:
But he was bound to her against his will.

PHI. What followed upon this?

PAR. A few days after,
Pamphilus, taking me aside, informs me,
"That the maid still remain'd a maid for him;
That he had hop'd, before he brought her home,
He might have borne the marriage:—but resolving
Within myself not to retain her long,
I held it neither honesty in me,
Nor of advantage to the maid herself,
That I should throw her off to scorn:—but rather
Return her to her friends, as I receiv'd her,
Chaste and inviolate."

PHI. A worthy youth,
And of great modesty!

PAR. "To make this public
Would not, I think, do well: and to return her
Upon her father's hands, no crime alleg'd,
As arrogant: but she, I hope, as soon

As she perceives she can not live with me,
Will of her own accord depart."
Phi. But tell me;
Went he meanwhile to Bacchis?
Par. Every day.
But she, as is the way you know, perceiving
He was another's property, became
More cross and mercenary.
Phi. Troth, no wonder.
Par. Aye, but 'twas that detach'd him chiefly from her.
For when he had examined well himself,
Bacchis, and her at home; and had compar'd
Their different manners; seeing that his bride,
After the fashion of a lib'ral mind,
Was decent, modest, patient of affronts,
And anxious to conceal the wrongs he did her;
Touch'd partly with compassion for his wife,
And partly tir'd with t'other's insolence,
He by degrees withdrew his heart from Bacchis,
Transferring it to her, whose disposition
Was so congenial to his own. Meanwhile
An old relation of the family
Dies in the isle of Imbrus. His estate
Comes by the law to them; and our old man
Dispatching thither, much against his will,
The now-fond Pamphilus, he leaves his wife
Here with his mother. The old gentleman
Retir'd into the country, and but seldom
Comes up to town.
Phi. But what is there in this
That can affect the marriage?
Par. You shall hear
Immediately. At first, for some few days,
The woman seem'd to live on friendly terms:
Till all at once the bride, forsooth, conceiv'd
A wonderful disgust to Sostrata:
And yet there was no open breach between them,
And no complaints on either side.
Phi. What then?
Par. If Sostrata, for conversation' sake,
Went to the bride, she instantly withdrew,
Shunning her company. At length, not able
To bear it any longer, she pretends
Her mother had sent for her to assist
At some home-sacrifice. Away she went.
After a few days' absence, Sostrata
Sent for her back. They made some lame excuse,
I know not what. She sends again. No lady.
Then after several messages, at last
They say the gentlewoman's sick. My mistress
Goes on a visit to her: not let in.

Th' old gentleman, inform'd of all this, came
On this occasion yesterday to town;
And waited on the father of the bride.
What pass'd between them, I as yet can't tell;
And yet I long to know the end of this.
—There's the whole business. Now I'll on my way.
PHI. And I: for there's a stranger here, with whom
I have an assignation.
PAR. Speed the plow!
PHI. Parmeno, fare you well!
PAR. Farewell, Philotis! (*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

LACHES, SOSTRATA.

LACH. Oh heav'n and earth, what animals are women!
What a conspiracy between them all,
To do or not do, love or hate alike!
Not one but has the sex so strong in her,
She differs nothing from the rest. Step-mothers
All hate their Step-daughters: and every wife
Studies alike to contradict her husband,
The same perverseness running through them all.
Each seems train'd up in the same school of mischief:
And of that school, if any such there be,
My wife, I think, is schoolmistress.
SOSTRA. Ah me!
Who know not why I am accus'd.
LACH. Not know?
SOSTRA. No, as I hope for mercy! as I hope
We may live long together!
LACH. Heav'n forbid!
SOSTRA. Hereafter, Laches, you'll be sensible
How wrongfully you have accus'd me.
LACH. I?
Accuse you wrongfully?——Is't possible
To speak too hardly of your late behavior?
Disgracing me, yourself, and family;
Laying up sorrow for your absent son;
Converting into foes his new-made friends,
Who thought him worthy of their child in marriage.
You've been our bane, and by your shrewishness
Brew'd this disturbance.
SOSTRA. I?
LACH. You, woman, you!
Who take me for a stone, and not a man.
Think ye, because I'm mostly in the country,

I'm ignorant of your proceedings here?
No, no; I know much better what's done here,
Than where I'm chiefly resident. Because
Upon my family at home depends
My character abroad. I knew long since
Philumena's disgust to you;——no wonder!
Nay, 'twere a wonder, had it not been so.
Yet I imagin'd not her hate so strong,
'Twould vent itself upon the family:
Which had I dream'd of, she should have remain'd,
And you pack'd off.—Consider, Sostrata,
How little cause you had to vex me thus.
In complaisance to you, and husbanding
My fortune, I retir'd into the country:
Scraping, and laboring beyond the bounds
Of reason, or my age, that my estate
Might furnish means for your expense and pleasure.
—Was it not then your duty, in return,
To see that nothing happen'd here to vex me?

Sostra. 'Twas not my doing, nor my fault indeed.

Lach. 'Twas your fault, Sostrata; your fault alone.
You was sole mistress here; and in your care
The house, though I had freed you of all other cares.
A woman, an old woman too, and quarrel
With a green girl! oh shame upon't!—You'll say
That 'twas her fault.

Sostra. Not I indeed, my Laches.

Lach. 'Fore Heav'n, I'm glad on't! on my son's account.
For as for you, I'm well enough assur'd,
No fault can make you worse.

Sostra. But prithee, husband,
How can you tell that her aversion to me
Is not a mere pretense, that she may stay
The longer with her mother?

Lach. No such thing.
Was not your visit yesterday a proof,
From their denial to admit you to her?

Sostra. They said she was so sick she could not see me.

Lach. Sick of your humors; nothing else, I fancy.
And well she might: for there's not one of you
But want your sons to take a wife: and that's
No sooner over, but the very woman
Which, by your instigation, they have married,
They, by your instigation, put away.

Scene II.

Enter Phidippus.

Phid. (*to* Philumena *within*). Although, Philumena, I know my pow'r

To force you to comply with my commands;
Yet yielding to paternal tenderness,
I e'en give way, nor cross your humor.
LACH. See,
Phidippus in good time! I'll learn from him
The cause of this.—(*Going up to him.*) Phidippus, though I own
Myself indulgent to my family,
Yet my complacency and easiness
Runs not to that extreme, that my good-nature
Corrupts their morals. Would you act like me,
'Twould be of service to both families.
But you, I see, are wholly in their power.
PHID. See there!
LACH. I waited on you yesterday
About your daughter: but I went away
No wiser than I came. It is not right,
If you would have the alliance last between us,
To smother your resentment. If we seem
In fault, declare it; that we may refute,
Or make amends for our offense: and you
Shall carve the satisfaction out yourself.
But if her sickness only is the cause
Of her remaining in your family,
Trust me, Phidippus, but you do me wrong,
To doubt her due attendance at my house.
For, by the pow'rs of heav'n, I'll not allow
That you, although her father, wish her better
Than I. I love her on my son's account;
To whom, I'm well convinc'd, she is as dear
As he is to himself: and I can tell
How deeply 'twill affect him, if he knows this.
Wherefore I wish she should come home again,
Before my son's return.
PHID. My good friend Laches,
I know your care, and your benevolence;
Nor doubt that all is as you say; and hope
That you'll believe I wish for her return,
So I could but effect it.
LACH. What prevents it?
Tell me, Phidippus! does she blame her husband?
PHID. Not in the least. For when I urg'd it home,
And threaten'd to oblige her to return,
She vow'd most solemnly she could not bear
Your house, so long as Pamphilus was absent.
—All have their failings: I am of so soft
A nature, I can't thwart my family.
LACH. Ha, Sostrata! (*To* SOSTRATA, *apart.*)
SOSTRA. Wretch that I am! Ah me! (*Aside.*)
LACH. And her return's impossible? (*To* PHIDIPPUS.)
PHID. At present.

—Would you aught else with me? for I have business
That calls me to the Forum.
Lach. I'll go with you. (*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Manet Sostrata.

Sostra. How unjustly
Do husbands stretch their censures to all wives
For the offenses of a few, whose vices
Reflect dishonor on the rest!—For, Heaven
So help me, as I'm wholly innocent
Of what my husband now accuses me!
But 'tis no easy task to clear myself;
So fix'd and rooted is the notion in them,
That Step-Mothers are all severe.—Not I;
For I have ever lov'd Philumena
As my own daughter; nor can I conceive
What accident has drawn her hatred on me.
My son's return, I hope, will settle all;
And, ah, I've too much cause to wish his coming. (*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Pamphilus *and* Parmeno.

Pam. Never did man experience greater ills,
More miseries in love than I.—Distraction!
Was it for this I held my life so dear?
For this was I so anxious to return?
Better, much better were it to have liv'd
In any place, than come to this again!
To feel and know myself a wretch!—For when
Mischance befalls us, all the interval
Between its happening, and our knowledge of it,
May be esteem'd clear gain.
Par. But as it is,
You'll sooner be deliver'd from your troubles:
For had you not return'd, the breach between them
Had been made wider. But now, Pamphilus,
Both will, I doubt not, reverence your presence.
You'll know the whole, make up their difference,
And reconcile them to each other.—These
Are all mere trifles, which you think so grievous.
Pam. Ah, why will you attempt to comfort me?
Was ever such a wretch?—Before I married,

My heart, you know, was wedded to another.
—But I'll not dwell upon that misery,
Which may be easily conceiv'd: and yet
I had not courage to refuse the match
My father forc'd upon me.—Scarcely wean'd
From my old love, my lim'd soul scarcely freed
From Bacchis, and devoted to my wife,
Than, lo, a new calamity arises,
Threatening to tear me from Philumena.
For either I shall find my mother faulty,
Or else my wife: In either case unhappy.
For duty, Parmeno, obliges me
To bear with all the failings of a mother:
And then I am so bounden to my wife,
Who, calm as patience, bore the wrongs I did her,
Nor ever murmur'd a complaint.—But sure
'Twas somewhat very serious, Parmeno,
That could occasion such a lasting quarrel.

PAR. Rather some trifle, if you knew the truth.
The greatest quarrels do not always rise
From deepest injuries. We often see
That what would never move another's spleen
Renders the choleric your worst of foes.
Observe how lightly children squabble.—Why?
Because they're govern'd by a feeble mind.
Women, like children, too, are impotent,
And weak of soul. A single word, perhaps,
Has kindled all this enmity between them.

PAM. Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.
(*Noise within.*)

PAR. Ha! what's all this?

PAM. Hush!

PAR. I perceive a bustle,
And running to and fro.—Come this way, Sir!
—To the door!—nearer still!—There, there, d'ye hear?
(*Noise continues.*)

PAM. Peace; hush! (*Shriek within.*) Oh Jupiter, I heard a shriek!

PAR. You talk yourself, and bid me hold my tongue.

MYRRHINA (*within*). Hush, my dear child, for Heaven's sake!

PAM. It seem'd
The voice of my wife's mother. I am ruin'd!

PAR. How so?

PAM. Undone!

PAR. And why?

PAM. Ah, Parmeno,
They hide some terrible misfortune from me!

PAR. They said your wife Philumena was ill:
Whether 'tis that, I can not tell.

PAM. Death, Sirrah!
Why did you not inform me that before?

Par. Because I could not tell you all at once.
Pam. What's her disorder?
Par. I don't know.
Pam. But tell me,
Has she had no physician?
Par. I don't know.
Pam. But why do I delay to enter straight,
That I may learn the truth, be what it will?
—Oh my Philumena, in what condition
Shall I now find thee?—If there's danger of thee,
My life's in danger too. (*Exit.*

Scene II.

Parmeno *alone.*

It were not good
That I should follow him into the house:
For all our family are odious to them.
That's plain from their denying Sostrata
Admittance yesterday.—And if by chance
Her illness should increase (which Heav'n forbid,
For my poor master's sake!), they'll cry directly,
"Sostrata's servant came into the house:"
Swear,—"that I brought the plague along with me,
Put all their lives in danger, and increas'd
Philumena's distemper."—By which means
My mistress will be blam'd, and I be beaten.

Scene III.

Enter Sostrata.

Sostra. Alas, I hear a dreadful noise within.
Philumena, I fear, grows worse and worse:
Which Æsculapius, and thou, Health, forbid!
But now I'll visit her. (*Goes toward the house.*)
Par. Ho, Sostrata!
Sostra. Who's there?
Par. You'll be shut out a second time.
Sostra. Ha, Parmeno, are you there?—Wretched woman!
What shall I do?—Not visit my son's wife,
When she lies sick at next door!
Par. Do not go;
No, nor send any body else; for they
That love the folks, to whom themselves are odious,
I think are guilty of a double folly:
Their labor proves but idle to themselves,
And troublesome to those for whom 'tis meant.
Besides, your son, the moment he arriv'd,
Went in to visit her.

Sostra. How, Parmeno!
Is Pamphilus arriv'd?
Par. He is.
Sostra. Thank Heav'n!
Oh, how my comfort is reviv'd by that!
Par. And therefore I ne'er went into the house.
For if Philumena's complaints abate,
She'll tell him, face to face, the whole affair,
And what has pass'd between you to create
This difference.—But here he comes—how sad!

Scene IV.

Enter Pamphilus.

Sostra. My dear boy, Pamphilus!
Pam. My mother, save you! (*Disordered.*)
Sostra. I'm glad to see you safe return'd—How does
Your wife!
Pam. A little better.
Sostra. Grant it, Heav'n!
—But why d'ye weep, and why are you so sad?
Pam. Nothing, good mother.
Sostra. What was all that bustle?
Tell me, did pain attack her suddenly?
Pam. It did.
Sostra. And what is her complaint?
Pam. A fever.
Sostra. What! a quotidian?
Par. So they say.——But in,
Good mother, and I'll follow.
Sostra. Be it so. (*Exit.*
Pam. Do you run, Parmeno, to meet the servants,
And give your help in bringing home the baggage.
Par. As if they did not know the road!
Pam. Away! (*Exit* Parmeno.

Scene V.

Pamphilus *alone.*

Which way shall I begin the wretched tale
Of my misfortunes, which have fall'n upon me
Thus unexpectedly? which even now
These very eyes have seen, these ears have heard?
And which, discover'd, drove me out o'doors.
Cover'd with deep confusion?—For but now
As I rush'd in, all anxious for my wife,
And thinking to have found her visited,
Alas! with a far different complaint;
Soon as her women saw me, at first sight

Struck and o'erjoy'd, they all exclaim'd, "He's come!"
And then as soon each countenance was chang'd,
That chance had brought me so unseasonably.
Meanwhile one of them ran before, to speak
Of my arrival. I, who long'd to see her,
Directly follow'd; and no sooner enter'd,
Than her disorder was, alas! too plain:
For neither had they leisure to disguise it,
Nor could she silence the loud cries of travail.
Soon as I saw it, "Oh shame, shame!" I cried,
And rush'd away in tears and agony,
O'erwhelm'd with horror at a stroke so grievous.
The mother follows me, and at the threshold
Falls on her knees before me all in tears.
This touch'd me to the soul. And certainly
'Tis in the very nature of our minds,
To rise and fall according to our fortunes.
Thus she address'd me.—"Oh, my Pamphilus,
The cause of her removal from your house
You've now discover'd. To my virgin-daughter
Some unknown villain offer'd violence;
And she fled hither to conceal her labor
From you and from your family."——Alas!
When I but call her earnest prayers to mind,
I can not choose but weep.—"Whatever chance,"
Continued she, "whatever accident,
Brought you to-day thus suddenly upon us,
By that we both conjure you—if in justice
And equity we may—to keep in silence,
And cover her distress.—Oh, Pamphilus,
If e'er you witness'd her affection for you,
By that affection she implores you now
Not to refuse us!—for recalling her,
Do as your own discretion shall direct.
That she's in labor now, or has conceiv'd
By any other person, is a secret
Known but to you alone. For I've been told,
The two first months you had no commerce with her,
And it is now the seventh since your union.
Your sentiments on this are evident.
But now, my Pamphilus, if possible,
I'll call it a miscarriage: no one else
But will believe, as probable, 'tis yours.
The child shall be immediately expos'd.
No inconvenience will arise to you;
While thus you shall conceal the injury
That my poor girl unworthily sustain'd."
—I promis'd her; and I will keep my word.
But to recall her would be poor indeed:
Nor will I do it, though I love her still.
And former commerce binds me strongly to her.

—I can't but weep, to think how sad and lonely
My future life will be.—Oh fickle fortune!
How transient are thy smiles!—But I've been school'd
To patience by my former hapless passion,
Which I subdued by reason: and I'll try
By reason to subdue this too.—But yonder
Comes Parmeno, I see, with th' other slaves!
He must by no means now be present, since
To him alone I formerly reveal'd
That I abstain'd from her when first we married:
And if he hears her frequent cries, I fear
That he'll discover her to be in labor.
I must dispatch him on some idle errand,
Until Philumena's deliver'd.

Scene VI.

Enter at a distance Parmeno, Sosia, *and other slaves with baggage.*

Par. (*to* Sosia). Aye?
And had you such a wretched voyage, say you?
Sosia. Oh Parmeno, words can't express how wretched
A sea-life is.
Par. Indeed?
Sosia. Oh happy Parmeno!
You little know the dangers you've escap'd,
Who've never been at sea.—For not to dwell
On other hardships, only think of this!
I was on shipboard thirty days or more,
In constant fear of sinking all the while,
The winds so contrary, such stormy weather!
Par. Dreadful!
Sosia. I found it so, I promise you.
In short, were I assur'd I must return,
'Fore Heaven, Parmeno, I'd run away,
Rather than go on board a ship again.
Par. You have been apt enough to think of that
On slighter reasons, Sosia, before now.
—But yonder's my young master Pamphilus
Standing before that door.—Go in! I'll to him,
And see if he has any business for me.
(*Exeunt* Sosia, *and the rest of the slaves with the baggage.*
Master, are you here still? (*To* Pamphilus.)
Pam. Oh Parmeno!
I waited for you.
Par. What's your pleasure, Sir?
Pam. Run to the Citadel.
Par. Who?
Pam. You.
Par. The Citadel!
For what?

Pam. Find out one Callidemides,
My landlord of Mycone, who came over
In the same ship with me.
Par. A plague upon it!
Would not one swear that he had made a vow
To break my wind, if he came home in safety,
With running on his errands?
Pam. Away, Sirrah!
Par. What message? must I only find him out?
Pam. Yes; tell him that it is not in my power
To meet him there to-day, as I appointed;
That he mayn't wait for me in vain.—Hence; fly!
Par. But I don't know him, if I see him, Sir.
Pam. (*impatiently*). Well; I'll describe him, so you can not miss him.
—A large, red, frizzle-pated, gross, blear-eyed,
I'll-looking fellow.
Par. Plague on him, say I!
—What if he should not come, Sir, must I wait
Till evening for him?
Pam. Wait.—Be quick!
Par. Be quick?
I can't be quick,—I'm so much tir'd. (*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Pamphilus *alone.*

He's gone.
What shall I do? Alas! I scarcely know
How to conceal, as Myrrhina desir'd,
Her daughter's labor. Yet I pity her;
And what I can, I am resolv'd to do,
Consistent with my duty: for my parents
Must be obey'd before my love.—But see!
My father and Phidippus come this way.
How I shall act, Heav'n knows.

Scene VIII.

Enter at a distance Laches *and* Phidippus.

Lach. Did not you say
She only waited my son's coming?
Phid. Aye.
Lach. They say that he's arriv'd. Let us return then!
Pam. (*behind*). What reason I shall frame to give my father,
For not recalling her, I can not tell.
Lach. (*overhearing*). Whose voice was that?
Pam. (*to himself*). And yet I am resolv'd
To stand to my first purpose.

LACH. (*seeing* PAMPHILUS). He himself,
Whom I was speaking of!
PAM. (*going up*). My father, save you!
LACH. Save you, my son!
PHID. Pamphilus, welcome home!
I'm glad to see you safe, and in good health.
PAM. I do believe it.
LACH. Are you just now come?
PAM. Just now, Sir.
LACH. Well; and tell me, Pamphilus,
What has our kinsman Phania left us?
PAM. Ah, Sir,
He, his whole lifetime, was a man of pleasure,
And such men seldom much enrich their heirs.
Yet he has left at least this praise behind him,
"While he liv'd, he liv'd well."
LACH. And have you brought
Nothing home with you but this single sentence?
PAM. What he has left, though small, is of advantage.
LACH. Advantage? No, it is a disadvantage:
For I could wish he was alive and well.
PHID. That you may safely; for your wishing for't
Will never bring the man to life again:
Yet I know well enough which you'd like best. (*Aside.*)
LACH. (*to* PAMPHILUS). Phidippus order'd that Philumena
Should be sent over to him yesterday.
—Say that you order'd it. (*Aside to* PHIDIPPUS, *thrusting him.*)
PHID. (*aside to* LACHES). Don't thrust me so.——
I did. (*Aloud.*)
LACH. But now he'll send her home again.
PHID. I will.
PAM. Nay, nay, I know the whole affair.
Since my arrival, I have heard it all.
LACH. Now plague upon these envious tale-bearers,
Who are so glad to fetch and carry news!
PAM. (*to* PHIDIPPUS). That I've endeavor'd to deserve no blame
From any of the family, I'm conscious.
Were it my inclination to relate
How true I've been, how kind and gentle tow'rd her,
I well might do it: but I rather choose
You should collect it from herself. For when
She, although now there's enmity between us,
Bespeaks me fair, you will the sooner credit
My disposition tow'rd her. And I call
The Gods to witness that this separation
Has not arisen from my fault. But since
She thinks it is beneath her to comply
With Sostrata, and bear my mother's temper;
And since no other means are to be found
Of reconciliation, I, Phidippus,

Must leave my mother or Philumena.
Duty then calls me to regard my mother.
Lach. My Pamphilus, I can not be displeas'd
That you prefer to all the world a parent.
But take heed your resentment don't transport you
Beyond the bounds of reason, Pamphilus.
Pam. Ah, what resentment can I bear to her,
Who ne'er did any thing I'd wish undone,
But has so often deserv'd well of me?
I love her, own her worth, and languish for her;
For I have known her tenderness of soul:
And Heaven grant that with some other husband
She find that happiness she miss'd in me;
From whom the strong hand of necessity
Divorces her forever!
Phid. That event
'Tis in your pow'r to hinder.
Lach. If you're wise,
Take your wife home again!
Pam. I can not, father.
I must not slack my duty to my mother. (*Going.*)
Lach. Where are you going? (*Exit* Pamphilus.

Scene IX.

Manent Laches *and* Phidippus.

Phid. How perverse is this! (*Angrily.*)
Lach. Did not I say he'd take it ill, Phidippus,
And therefore begg'd you to send back your daughter?
Phid. 'Fore Heaven I did not think him such a churl.
What! does he fancy I'll go cringing to him?
No;—if he'll take his wife he may:—if not,
Let him refund her portion;—there's an end!
Lach. See there now! you're as fractious as himself.
Phid. You're come back obstinate and proud enough
In conscience, Pamphilus! (*Angrily.*)
Lach. This anger will subside,
Though he has had some cause to be disturb'd.
Phid. Because you've had a little money left you,
Your minds are so exalted!
Lach. What, d'ye quarrel
With me too?
Phid. Let him take to-day to think on't,
And send me word if he shall have her home
Or not: that if she don't remain his wife,
She may be given to another. (*Exit hastily.*

Scene X.

Lacfes *alone.*

Stay!
Hear me! one word, Phidippus! Stay!—He's gone.
—What is't to me? (*Angrily.*) E'en let them settle it
Among themselves; since nor my son, nor he
Take my advice, nor mind one word I say.
—This quarrel shall go round, I promise them:
I'll to my wife, the author of this mischief,
And vent my spleen and anger upon her. (*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Myrrhina *hastily.*

Myrr. What shall I do?—Confusion!—which way turn?
Alas! what answer shall I make my husband?
For I dare say he heard the infant's cries,
He ran so hastily, without a word,
Into my daughter's chamber. If he finds
That she has been deliver'd, what excuse
To make, for having thus conceal'd her labor,
I can't devise.—But our door creaks!—'tis he.
I am undone.

Scene II.

Enter Phidippus.

Phid. Soon as my wife perceiv'd
That I was going to my daughter's chamber,
She stole directly out o'doors.—But there
She stands.—Why, how now, Myrrhina?
Holo, I say! (*She affects not to see him.*)
Myrr. D'ye call me, husband?
Phid. Husband!
Am I your husband? am I ev'n a man?
For had you thought me to be either, woman,
You would not dare to play upon me thus.
Myrr. How!
Phid. How?—My daughter has been brought to bed.
—Ha! are you dumb?—By whom?
Myrr. Is that a question

For you, who are her father, to demand?
Alas! by whom d'ye think, unless her husband?
Phid. So I believe: nor is it for a father
To suppose otherwise. But yet I wonder
That you have thus conceal'd her labor from us,
Especially as she has been deliver'd
At her full time, and all is as it should be.
What! Is there such perverseness in your nature,
As rather to desire the infant's death,
Than that his birth should knit the bond of friendship
Closer betwixt us; rather than my daughter,
Against your liking, should remain the wife
Of Pamphilus?——I thought all this
Had been their fault, while you're alone to blame.
Myrr. How wretched am I!
Phid. Would to Heav'n you were!
—But now I recollect your conversation
When first we made this match, you then declar'd
You'd not endure she should remain the wife
Of Pamphilus, who follow'd mistresses,
And pass'd the nights abroad.
Myrr. I had much rather
He should think any reason than the true one. (*Aside.*)
Phid. I knew he kept a mistress; knew it long
Ere you did, Myrrhina; but I could never
Think that offense so grievous in a youth,
Seeing 'tis natural to them all: and soon
The time shall come when he'll stand self-reprov'd.
But you, perverse and willful as at first,
Could take no rest till you had brought away
Your daughter, and annull'd the match I made:
There's not a circumstance but loudly speaks
Your evil disposition to the marriage.
Myrr. D'ye think me then so obstinate, that I,
Who am her mother, should betray this spirit,
Granting the match were of advantage to us?
Phid. Is it for you then to foresee, or judge
What's of advantage to us? You perhaps
Have heard from some officious busy-body,
That they have seen him going to his mistress,
Or coming from her house: and what of that,
So it were done discreetly, and but seldom?
Were it not better that we should dissemble
Our knowledge of it, than pry into things
Which to appear to know would make him hate us?
For could he tear her from his heart at once,
To whom he'd been so many years attach'd,
I should not think he were a man, or likely
To prove a constant husband to my daughter.
Myrr. No more of Pamphilus or my offense;
Since you will have it so!—Go, find him out;

Confer with him alone, and fairly ask him,
Will he, or no, take back Philumena?
If he avows his inclination to't,
Restore her; but if he refuses it,
Allow, I've ta'en good counsel for my child.

PHID. Grant, he should prove repugnant to the match,
Grant, you perceiv'd this in him, Myrrhina;
Was not I present! had not I a right
To be consulted in't?—It makes me mad.
That you should dare to act without my order:
And I forbid you to remove the child
Out of this house.—But what a fool am I,
Enjoining her obedience to my orders!
I'll in, and charge the servants not to suffer
The infant to be carried forth. (*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MYRRHINA *alone.*

No woman more unhappy than myself:
For how he'd bear it, did he know the whole,
When he has taken such offense at this,
Which is of much less consequence, is plain.
Nor by what means to reconcile him to it,
Can I devise. After so many ills,
This only misery there yet remain'd,
To be oblig'd to educate the child,
Ignorant of the father's quality.
For he, the cruel spoiler of her honor,
Taking advantage of the night and darkness,
My daughter was not able to discern
His person; nor to force a token from him,
Whereby he might be afterward discover'd:
But he, at his departure, pluck'd by force
A ring from off her finger.——I fear too,
That Pamphilus will not contain himself,
Nor longer keep our secret, when he finds
Another's child acknowledg'd for his own. (*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SOSTRATA, PAMPHILUS.

SOSTRA. Dear son, I'm not to learn that you suppose,
Though you dissemble your suspicions to me,
That my ill-humor caus'd your wife's departure.
But by my trust in Heav'n, and hopes in you,
I never knowingly did any thing
To draw her hatred and disgust upon me.
I always thought you lov'd me, and to-day

You have confirm'd my faith: for even now
Your father has been telling me within,
How much you held me dearer than your love.
Now therefore, on my part, I am resolv'd
To equal you in all good offices;
That you may know your mother ne'er withholds
The just rewards of filial piety;
Finding it then both meet for your repose,
My Pamphilus, as well as my good name,
I have determin'd to retire directly
From hence into the country with your father;
So shall my presence be no obstacle,
Nor any cause remain, but that your wife
Return immediately.

Pam. What thoughts are these?
Shall her perverseness drive you out of town?
It shall not be: Nor will I draw, good mother,
That censure on me, that my obstinacy,
Not your good-nature, was the cause.—Besides,
That you should quit relations, friends, diversions,
On my account, I can't allow.

Sostra. Alas!
Those things have no allurements for me now.
While I was young, and 'twas the season for them,
I had my share, and I am satisfied.
'Tis now my chief concern to make my age
Easy to all, that no one may regret
My lengthen'd life, nor languish for my death.
Here, although undeservedly, I see
My presence odious: I had best retire:
So shall I best cut off all discontent,
Absolve myself from this unjust suspicion,
And humor them. Permit me then to shun
The common scandal thrown upon the sex.

Pam. How fortunate in every thing but one,
Having so good a mother,—such a wife!

Sostra. Patience, my Pamphilus! Is't possible
You can't endure one inconvenience in her?
If in all else, as I believe, you like her,
Dear son, be rul'd by me, and take her home!

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Sostra. And I am wretched too:
For this grieves me, my son, no less than you.

Scene V.

Enter Laches.

Lach. I have been standing at a distance, wife,
And overheard your conversation with him.
You have done wisely to subdue your temper,

And freely to comply with what, perhaps,
Hereafter must be done.
SOSTRA. And let it be!
LACH. Now then retire with me into the country:
There I shall bear with you, and you with me.
SOSTRA. I hope we shall.
LACH. Go in then, and pack up
The necessaries you would carry with you.
Away!
SOSTRA. I shall obey your orders. (*Exit.*
PAM. Father!
LACH. Well, Pamphilus?
PAM. My mother leave the town?
By no means.
LACH. Why?
PAM. Because I'm yet uncertain
What I shall do about my wife.
LACH. How's that?
What *would* you do but take her home again?
PAM. 'Tis what I wish for, and can scarce forbear it.
But I'll not alter what I first design'd.
What's best I'll follow: and I'm well convinc'd
That there's no other way to make them friends,
But that I should not take her home again.
LACH. You don't know that: but 'tis of no importance
Whether they're friends or not, when Sostrata
Is gone into the country. We old folks
Are odious to the young. We'd best retire.
In short, we're grown a by-word, Pamphilus,
"The old man and old woman."—But I see
Phidippus coming in good time. Let's meet him!

SCENE VI.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

PHID. (*to* PHILUMENA *within*). I'm angry with you—'fore
Heaven, very angry,
Philumena!—You've acted shamefully.
Though you indeed have some excuse for't, seeing
Your mother urg'd you to't; but she has none.
LACH. You're come upon us in good time, Phidippus;
Just in the time we wanted you.
PHID. What now?
PAM. What answer shall I give them! how explain?
(*Aside.*)
LACH. Inform your daughter, Sostrata will hence
Into the country; so Philumena
Need not dread coming home again.
PHID. Ah, friend!
Your wife has never been in fault at all:

All this has sprung from my wife Myrrhina.
The case is alter'd. She confounds us, Laches.
Pam. So that I may not take her home again,
Confound affairs who will! (*Aside.*)
Phid. I, Pamphilus,
Would fain, if possible, make this alliance
Perpetual between our families.
But if you can not like it, take the child.
Pam. He knows of her delivery. Confusion! (*Aside.*)
Lach. The child! what child?
Phid. We've got a grandson, Laches.
For when my daughter left your house, she was
With child, it seems, although I never knew it
Before this very day.
Lach. 'Fore Heav'n, good news!
And I rejoice to hear a child is born,
And that your daughter had a safe delivery.
But what a woman is your wife, Phidippus?
Of what a disposition? to conceal
Such an event as this? I can't express
How much I think she was to blame.
Phid. This pleases me no more than you, good Laches.
Pam. Although my mind was in suspense before,
My doubts all vanish now. I'll ne'er recall her,
Since she brings home with her another's child. (*Aside.*)
Lach. There is no room for choice now, Pamphilus.
Pam. Confusion! (*Aside.*)
Lach. We've oft wish'd to see the day
When you should have a child to call you father.
That day's now come. The Gods be thank'd!
Pam. Undone! (*Aside.*)
Lach. Recall your wife, and don't oppose my will.
Pam. If she had wish'd for children by me, father,
Or to remain my wife, I'm very sure
She never would have hid this matter from me:
But now I see her heart divorc'd from me,
And think we never can agree hereafter,
Wherefore should I recall her?
Lach. A young woman
Did as her mother had persuaded her.
Is that so wonderful? and do you think
To find a woman without any fault?
—Or is't because the *men* are ne'er to blame? (*Ironically.*)
Phid. Consider with yourselves then, gentlemen,
Whether you'll part with her, or call her home.
What my wife does, I can not help, you know.
Settle it as you please, you've my consent,
But for the child, what shall be done with him?
Lach. A pretty question truly! come what may,
Send his own bantling home to him of course,
That we may educate him.

PAM. When his own
Father abandons him, I educate him?
LACH. What said you? how! not educate him, say you?
Shall we expose him rather, Pamphilus?
What madness is all this?—My breath and blood!
I can contain no longer. You oblige me
To speak, against my will, before Phidippus:
Think you I'm ignorant whence flow those tears?
Or why you're thus disorder'd and distress'd?
First, when you gave as a pretense, *you could not*
Recall your wife from reverence to your mother,
She promis'd to retire into the country.
But now, since that excuse is taken from you,
You've made *her private lying-in* another.
You are mistaken if you think me blind
To your intentions—That you might at last
Bring home your stray affections to your wife,
How long a time to wean you from your mistress
Did I allow? your wild expense upon her
How patiently I bore? I press'd, entreated,
That you would take a wife. 'Twas time, I said.
At my repeated instances, you married,
And, as in duty bound to do, complied:
But now your heart is gone abroad again
After your mistress, whom to gratify,
You throw this wanton insult on your wife.
For I can plainly see you are relaps'd
Into your former life again.
PAM. Me?
LACH. You.
And 'tis base in you to invent false causes
Of quarrel with your wife, that you may live
In quiet with your mistress, having put
This witness from you. This your wife perceiv'd.
For was there any other living reason
Wherefore she should depart from you?
PHID. He's right,
That was the very thing.
PAM. I'll take my oath
'Twas none of those that you have mention'd.
LACH. Ah!
Recall your wife: or tell me why you will not.
PAM. 'Tis not convenient now.
LACH. Take home the child then;
For *he* at least is not in fault. I'll see
About the mother afterward.
PAM. (*to himself*). Ev'ry way
I am a wretch, nor know I what to do:
My father has me in the toils, and I,
By struggling to get loose, am more entangled.
I'll hence, since present I shall profit little.

For I believe they'll hardly educate
The child against my will; especially
Seeing my step-mother will second me. (*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Manent Phidippus, Laches.

Lach. Going? how's that? and give me no plain answer!
—D'ye think he's in his senses?—Well—send home
The child to me, Phidippus. I'll take care on't.
Phid. I will.—I can not wonder that my wife
Took this so ill. Women are passionate,
And can't away with such affronts as these.
This was their quarrel: nay she told me so,
Though before him I did not care to speak on't:
Nor did I credit it at first; but now
'Tis evident, and I can plainly see
He has no stomach to a wife.
Lach. Phidippus,
How shall I act? What's your advice?
Phid. How act?
I think 'twere best to seek this wench, his mistress.
Let us expostulate the matter with her,
Speak to her roundly, nay, e'en threaten her,
If she has aught to do with him hereafter.
Lach. I'll follow your advice.—Ho, boy! (*Enter a boy*) run over
To Bacchis. Tell her to come forth to me. (*Exit boy.*
—I must beseech you also to continue
Your kind assistance to me in this business.
Phid. Ah, Laches! I have told you all along,
And I repeat it now, that 'tis my wish
To render our alliance firm and lasting,
If possible, as I have hopes it will be.
—But would you have me present at your conference
With Bacchis?
Lach. No; go, seek the child a nurse.
(*Exit* Phidippus.

Scene VIII.

Enter Bacchis *attended by her Women.*

Bacch. (*to herself*). 'Tis not for nothing Laches wants to see me;
And, or I'm much deceiv'd, I guess the cause.
Lach. (*to himself*). I must take care my anger don't transport me
Beyond the bounds of prudence, which may hinder
My gaining my design on her, and urge me

To do what I may afterward repent.
I'll to her.—(*Going up.*) Save you, Bacchis!
BACCH. Save you, Laches!
LACH. Bacchis, I do not doubt but you're surpris'd
That I should send the boy to call you forth.
BACCH. Aye, and I'm fearful too, when I reflect
Both who and what I am: lest my vocation
Should prejudice me in your good opinion.
My conduct I can fully justify.
LACH. If you speak truth, you're in no danger, woman.
For I'm arriv'd at that age when a trespass
Would not be easily forgiven in me.
Wherefore I study to proceed with caution,
And to do nothing rashly. If you act,
And will continue to act honestly,
It were ungenerous to do you wrong,
And seeing you deserve it not, unjust.
BACCH. Truly, this conduct asks my highest thanks;
For he who does the wrong, and then asks pardon,
Makes but a sorry reparation for it.
But what's your pleasure?
LACH. You receive the visits
Of my son Pamphilus——
BACCH. Ah!——
LACH. Let me speak.
Before he married I endur'd your love.
—Stay! I've not finish'd all I have to say.—
He is now married. You then, while 'tis time,
Seek out another and more constant friend.
For he will not be fond of you forever,
Nor you, good faith, forever in your bloom.
BACCH. Who tells you that I still receive the visits
Of Pamphilus?
LACH. His step-mother.
BACCH. I?
LACH. You.
And therefore has withdrawn her daughter: therefore
Meant secretly to kill the new-born child.
BACCH. Did I know any thing, to gain your credit,
More sacred than an oath, I'd use it, Laches,
In solemn protestation to assure you
That I have had no commerce with your son
Since he was married.
LACH. Good girl! but dy'e know
What I would farther have you do?
BACCH. Inform me.
LACH. Go to the women here, and offer them
The same oath. Satisfy their minds, and clear
Yourself from all reproach in this.
BACCH. I'll do't.
Although I'm sure no other of my calling

Would show herself before a married woman
Upon the same occasion.—But it hurts me
To see your son suspected on false grounds;
And that, to those who owe him better thoughts,
His conduct should seem light. For he deserves
All my best offices.

Lach. Your conversation has much wrought upon me,
Gain'd my good-will, and alter'd my opinion.
For not the women only thought thus of you,
But I believ'd it too. Now therefore, since
I've found you better than my expectation,
Prove still the same, and make my friendship sure.
If otherwise—But I'll contain myself. I'll not
Say any thing severe.—But I advise you,
Rather experience what a friend I am,
Than what an enemy.

Bacch. I'll do my best.

Scene IX.

Enter Phidippus *and a Nurse.*

Phid. (*to the Nurse*). Nay, you shall want for nothing at my house;
I'll give you all that's needful in abundance;
But when you've eat and drank your fill yourself,
Take care to satisfy the infant too.

Lach. I see the father of Philumena
Coming this way. He brings the child a nurse.
—Phidippus, Bacchis swears most solemnly—

Phid. Is this she?

Lach. Aye.

Phid. They never mind the Gods,
Nor do I think the Gods mind them.

Bacch. Here are
My waiting-women: take them, and extort
By any kind of torment the truth from them.
—Our present business is, I take it, this:
That I should win the wife of Pamphilus
To return home; which so I but effect,
I sha'n't regret the same of having done
What others of my calling would avoid.

Lach. Phidippus, we've discover'd that in fact
We both suspected our wives wrongfully.
Let's now try her: for if your wife perceives
Her own suspicions also are unjust,
She'll drop her anger. If my son's offended
Because his wife conceal'd her labor from him,
That's but a trifle; he'll be soon appeas'd.
—And truly I see nothing in this matter
That need occasion a divorce.

Phid. 'Fore Heaven,
I wish that all may end well.
Lach. Here she is:
Examine her; she'll give you satisfaction.
Phid. What needs all this to Me! You know my mind
Already, Laches: do but make them easy.
Lach. Bacchis, be sure you keep your promise with me.
Bacch. Shall I go in then for that purpose?
Lach. Aye.
Go in; remove their doubts, and satisfy them.
Bacch. I will; although I'm very sure my presence
Will be unwelcome to them; for a wife,
When parted from her husband, to a mistress
Is a sure enemy.
Lach. They'll be your friends,
When once they know the reason of your coming.
Phid. Aye, aye, they'll be your friends, I promise you,
When they once learn your errand; for you'll free
Them from mistake, yourself from all suspicion.
Bacch. I'm cover'd with confusion. I'm asham'd
To see Philumena.—(*To her women.*) You two in after me.
(*Exeunt* Phidippus, Bacchis, etc.

Laches *alone.*

What is there that could please me more than this,
That Bacchis, without any loss, should gain
Favor from them, and do me service too?
For if she really has withdrawn herself
From Pamphilus, it will increase, she knows,
Her reputation, interest, and honor:
Since by this generous act she will at once
Oblige my son, and make us all her friends. (*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Parmeno *alone.*

I' faith my master holds my labor cheap,
To send me to the Citadel for nothing,
Where I have waited the whole day in vain
For his Myconian, Callidemides.
There was I sitting, gaping like a fool,
And running up, if any one appear'd,
—"Are you, Sir, a Myconian?"——"No, not I."—
—"But your name's Callidemides?"——"Not it."—
"And have not you a guest here of the name

Of Pamphilus?"—All answer'd, No.
In short, I don't believe there's such a man.
At last I grew asham'd, and so sneak'd off.
—But is't not Bacchis that I see come forth
From our new kinsman? What can she do there?

Scene II.

Enter Bacchis.

Bacch. Oh Parmeno, I'm glad I've met with you.
Run quick to Pamphilus.
Par. On what account?
Bacch. Tell him that I desire he'd come.
Par. To you?
Bacch. No; to Philumena.
Par. Why? what's the matter?
Bacch. Nothing to you; so ask no questions.
Par. Must I
Say nothing else?
Bacch. Yes; tell him too,
That Myrrhina acknowledges the ring,
Which formerly he gave me, as her daughter's.
Par. I understand you. But is that all?
Bacch. All.
He'll come the moment that you tell him that.
What! do you loiter?
Par. No, i' faith, not I.
I have not had it in my pow'r, I've been
So bandied to and fro, sent here and there,
Trotting, and running up and down all day. (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Bacchis *alone.*

What joy have I procur'd to Pamphilus
By coming here to-day! what blessings brought him!
And from how many sorrows rescued him!
His son, by his and their means nearly lost,
I've sav'd; a wife he meant to put away,
I have restor'd; and from the strong suspicions
Of Laches and Phidippus set him free.
—Of all these things the ring has been the cause.
For I remember, near ten months ago,
That he came running home to me one evening,
Breathless, alone, and much inflam'd with wine,
Bringing this ring. I was alarm'd at it.
"Prithee, my dearest Pamphilus, said I,
Whence comes all this confusion? whence this ring?
Tell me, my love."—He put me off at first:

Perceiving this, it made me apprehend
Something of serious import, and I urg'd him
More earnestly to tell me.—He confess'd
That, as he came along, he had committed
A rape upon a virgin—whom he knew not—
And as she struggled, forc'd from her that ring:
Which Myrrhina now seeing on my finger,
Immediately acknowledg'd, and inquir'd
How I came by it. I told all this story:
Whence 'twas discover'd that Philumena
Was she who had been ravish'd, and the child
Conceiv'd from that encounter.—That I've been
The instrument of all these joys I'm glad,
Though other courtesans would not be so;
Nor is it for our profit and advantage
That lovers should be happy in their marriage.
But never will I, for my calling's sake,
Suffer ingratitude to taint my mind.
I found him, while occasion gave him leave,
Kind, pleasant, and good-humor'd: and this marriage
Happen'd unluckily, I must confess.
Yet I did nothing to estrange his love;
And since I have receiv'd much kindness from him,
'Tis fit I should endure this one affliction.

Scene IV.

Enter at a distance Pamphilus *and* Parmeno.

Pam. Be sure you prove this to me, Parmeno;
Prithee, be sure on't. Do not bubble me
With false and short-liv'd joy.
Par. 'Tis even so.
Pam. For certain?
Par. Aye, for certain.
Pam. I'm in heaven,
If this be so.
Par. You'll find it very true.
Pam. Hold, I beseech you.—I'm afraid I think
One thing, while you relate another.
Par. Well?
Pam. You said, I think, "that Myrrhina discover'd
The ring on Bacchis' finger was her own."
Par. She did.
Pam. "The same I gave her formerly.
—And Bacchis bade you run and tell me this."
Is it not so?
Par. I tell you, Sir, it is.
Pam. Who is more fortunate, more bless'd than I?
—What shall I give you for this news? what? what?
I don't know.

Par. But I know.
Pam. What?
Par. Just nothing.
For I see nothing of advantage to you,
Or in the message, or myself.
Pam. Shall I
Permit you to go unrewarded; you,
Who have restor'd me ev'n from death to life?
Ah, Parmeno, d'ye think me so ungrateful?
—But yonder's Bacchis standing at the door.
She waits for me, I fancy. I'll go to her.
Bacch. (*seeing him*). Pamphilus, save you
Pam. Bacchis! my dear Bacchis!
My guardian! my protectress!
Bacch. All is well:
And I'm o'erjoy'd at it.
Pam. Your actions speak it.
You're still the charming girl I ever found you.
Your presence, company, and conversation,
Come where you will, bring joy and pleasure with them.
Bacch. And you, in faith, are still the same as ever,
The sweetest, most engaging man on earth.
Pam. Ha! ha! ha! that speech from you, dear Bacchis?
Bacch. You lov'd your wife with reason, Pamphilus:
Never that I remember, did I see her
Before to-day; and she's a charming woman.
Pam. Speak truth.
Bacch. So Heaven help me, Pamphilus!
Pam. Say, have you told my father any part
Of this tale?
Bacch. Not a word.
Pam. Nor is there need.
Let all be hush! I would not have it here,
As in a comedy, where every thing
Is known to every body. Here those persons
Whom it concerns already know it; they,
Who 'twere not meet should know it, never shall.
Bacch. I promise you it may with ease be hid.
Myrrhina told Phidippus that my oath
Convinc'd her, and she held you clear.
Pam. Good! good!
All will be well, and all, I hope, end well.
Par. May I know, Sir, what good I've done to-day?
And what's the meaning of your conversation?
Pam. No.
Par. I suspect, however.—"I restore him
From death to life"——which way?——
Pam. Oh, Parmeno,
You can't conceive the good you've done to-day;
From what distress you have deliver'd me.
Par. Ah, but I know, and did it with design.

Pam. Oh, I'm convinced of that. (*Ironically.*)
Par. Did Parmeno
Ever let slip an opportunity
Of doing what he ought, Sir?
Pam. Parmeno,
In after me!
Par. I follow.—By my troth,
I've done more good to-day, without design,
Than ever with design in all my life.—
Clap your hands!

PHORMIO.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Prologue.	Phormio.
Demipho.	Dorio.
Chremes.	Geta.
Antipho.	Davus, *and other Servants.*
Phædria.	
Cratinus.	Nausistrata.
Crito.	Sophrona.
Hegio.	

Scene, Athens.

PROLOGUE.

The Old Bard finding it impossible
To draw our Poet from the love of verse,
And bury him in indolence, attempts
By calumny to scare him from the stage;
Pretending that in all his former plays
The characters are low, and mean the style;
Because he ne'er describ'd a mad-brain'd youth,
Who in his fits of frenzy thought he saw
A hind, the dogs in full cry after her;
Her too imploring and besecching him
To give her aid.—But did he understand
That, when the piece was first produc'd, it ow'd
More to the actor than himself its safety,
He would not be thus bold to give offense.
—But if there's any one who says, or thinks,
"That had not the Old Bard assail'd him first,
Our Poet could not have devis'd a Prologue,
Having no matter for abuse;"—let such
Receive for answer, "that although the prize
To all advent'rers is held out in common,
The Veteran Poet meant to drive our Bard
From study into want: *He* therefore chose
To answer, though he would not first offend.
And had his adversary but have prov'd
A generous rival, he had had due praise;
Let him then bear these censures, and reflect

Of his own slanders 'tis the due return.
But henceforth I shall cease to speak of him,
Although he ceases not himself to rail."
But now what I'd request of you, attend:
To-day I bring a new play, which the Greeks
Call Epidicazomenos; the Latins,
From the chief character, name Phormio:
Phormio, whom you will find a parasite,
And the chief engine of the plot.—And now,
If to our Poet you are well inclin'd,
Give ear; be favorable; and be silent!
Let us not meet the same ill fortune now
That we before encounter'd, when our troop
Was by a tumult driven from their place;
To which the actor's merit, seconded
By your good-will and candor, has restor'd us.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Davus *alone.*

Geta, my worthy friend and countryman,
Came to me yesterday: for some time past
I've ow'd him some small balance of account:
This he desir'd I would make up: I have;
And brought it with me: for his master's son,
I am inform'd, has lately got a wife:
So I suppose this sum is scrap'd together
For a bride-gift. Alack, how hard it is
That he, who is already poor, should still
Throw in his mite to swell the rich man's heap!
What he scarce, ounce by ounce, from short allowance,
Sorely defrauding his own appetite,
Has spar'd, poor wretch! shall she sweep all at once,
Unheeding with what labor it was got?
Geta, moreover, shall be struck for more;
Another gift, when madam's brought to bed;
Another too, when master's birthday's kept,
And they initiate him.——All this mamma
Shall carry off, the bantling her excuse.
But is that Geta?

Scene II.

Enter Geta.

Geta (*at entering*). If a red-hair'd man
Inquire for me——

Davus. No more! he's here.
Geta. Oh, Davus!
The very man that I was going after.
Davus. Here, take this! (*Gives a purse.*) 'Tis all told: you'll find it right;
The sum I ow'd you.
Geta. Honest, worthy Davus!
I thank you for your punctuality.
Davus. And well you may, as men and times go now,
Things, by my troth, are come to such a pass,
If a man pays you what he owes, you're much
Beholden to him.—But, pray, why so sad?
Geta. I?—You can scarce imagine in what dread,
What danger I am in.
Davus. How so?
Geta. I'll tell you,
So you will keep it secret.
Davus. Away, fool!
The man whose faith in money you have tried,
D'ye fear to trust with words?—And to what end
Should I deceive you?
Geta. List, then!
Davus. I'm all ear.
Geta. D'ye know our old man's elder brother, Chremes?
Davus. Know him? aye, sure.
Geta. You do?—And his son Phædria?
Davus. As well as I know you.
Geta. It so fell out,
Both the old men were forc'd to journey forth
At the same season. He to Lemnos, ours
Into Cilicia, to an old acquaintance
Who had decoy'd the old curmudgeon thither
By wheedling letters, almost promising
Mountains of gold.
Davus. To one that had so much
More than enough already?
Geta. Prithee, peace!
Money's his passion.
Davus. Oh, would I had been
A man of fortune, I!
Geta. At their departure,
The two old gentlemen appointed me
A kind of governor to both their sons.
Davus. A hard task, Geta!
Geta. Troth, I found it so.
My angry Genius for my sins ordain'd it.
At first I took upon me to oppose:
In short, while I was trusty to th' old man,
The young one made my shoulders answer for it.
Davus. So I suppose: for what a foolish task
To kick against the pricks!

GETA. I then resolv'd
To give them their own way in every thing.
DAVUS. Aye, then you made your market.
GETA. Our young spark
Play'd no mad pranks at first: but Phædria
Got him immediately a music-girl:
Fond of her to distraction! she belong'd
To a most avaricious, sordid pimp;
Nor had we aught to give;—th' old gentleman
Had taken care of that. Naught else remain'd,
Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
To lead her out to school, and hand her home.
We too, for lack of other business, gave
Our time to Phædria. Opposite the school,
Whither she went to take her lessons, stood
A barber's shop, wherein most commonly
We waited her return. Hither one day
Came a young man in tears: we were amaz'd,
And ask'd the cause. Never (said he, and wept)
Did I suppose the weight of poverty
A load so sad, so insupportable,
As it appear'd but now.—I saw but now,
Not far from hence, a miserable virgin
Lamenting her dead mother. Near the corpse
She sat; nor friend, nor kindred, nor acquaintance,
Except one poor old woman, was there near
To aid the funeral. I pitied her:
Her beauty, too, was exquisite.—In short,
He mov'd us all: and Antipho at once
Cried, "Shall we go and visit her?"—Why, aye,
"I think so," said the other; "let us go!"
"Conduct us, if you please."—We went, arriv'd,
And saw her.—Beautiful she was indeed!
More justly to be reckon'd so, for she
Had no additions to set off her beauty.
Her hair dishevel'd, barefoot, woe-begone,
In tears, and miserably clad: that if
The life and soul of beauty had not dwelt
Within her very form, all these together
Must have extinguish'd it.—The spark, possess'd
Already with the music-girl, just cried,
"She's well enough."—But our young gentleman—
DAVUS. Fell, I suppose, in love.
GETA. In love, indeed.
But mark the end! next day, away he goes
To the old woman straight, beseeching her
To let him have the girl.—"Not she, indeed!
Nor was it like a gentleman," she said,
"For him to think on't: She's a citizen,
An honest girl, and born of honest parents:—
If he would marry her indeed, by law
He might do *that;* on no account, aught else."

—Our spark, distracted, knew not what to do:
At once he long'd to marry her, at once
Dreaded his absent father.
Davus. Would not he,
Had he return'd, have giv'n consent?
Geta. To wed
A girl of neither family nor fortune?
Never.
Davus. What then?
Geta. What then! There is a parasite,
One Phormio, a bold, enterprising fellow,
Who—all the Gods confound him!—
Davus. What did he?
Geta. Gave us the following counsel.—"There's a law
That orphan Girls should wed their next of kin,
Which law obliges too their next of kin
To marry them.—I'll say that you're her kinsman,
And sue a writ against you. I'll pretend
To be her father's friend, and bring the cause
Before the judges. Who her father was,
Her mother who, and how she's your relation,
All this sham evidence I'll forge; by which
The cause will turn entirely in my favor.
You shall disprove no title of the charge;
So I succeed.—Your father will return;
Prosecute me;—what then?—The girl's our own."
Davus. A pleasant piece of impudence!
Geta. It pleas'd
Our spark at least: he put it into practice;
Came into court; and he was cast; and married.
Davus. How say you?
Geta. Just as you have heard.
Davus. Oh Geta,
What will become of you?
Geta. I don't know, faith.
But only this I know, what'er chance brings,
I'll patiently endure.
Davus. Why, that's well said,
And like a man.
Geta. All my dependence is
Upon myself.
Davus. And that's the best.
Geta. I might
Beg one indeed to intercede for me,
Who may plead thus—"Nay, pardon him this once!
But if he fails again, I've not a word
To say for him."—And well if he don't add,
"When I go hence e'en hang him!"
Davus. What of him,
Gentleman-usher to the music-girl?
How goes he on?
Geta. So, so!

DAVUS. He has not much
To give, perhaps.
GETA. Just nothing, but mere hope.
DAVUS. His father too, is he return'd?
GETA. Not yet.
DAVUS. Nor your old man, when do you look for him?
GETA. I don't know certainly: but I have heard
That there's a letter from him come to port,
Which I am going for.
DAVUS. Would you aught else
With me, good Geta?
GETA. Nothing, but farewell! (*Exit* DAVUS.
Ho, boy! what, nobody at home! (*Enter boy.*) Take this
And give it Dorcium. (*Gives the Purse, and Exit.*)

SCENE III.

ANTIPHO, PHÆDRIA.

ANT. Is it come to this?
My father, Phædria!—my best friend!—That I
Should tremble, when I think of his return!
When, had I not been inconsiderate,
I, as 'tis meet, might have expected him.
PHÆD. What now?
ANT. Is that a question? and from you?
Who know the atrocious fault I have committed?
Oh, that it ne'er had enter'd Phormio's mind
To give such counsel! nor to urge me on,
In the extravagance of blind desire,
To this rash act, the source of my misfortunes!
I should not have possess'd her: that indeed
Had made me wretched some few days.—But then
This constant anguish had not torn my mind.—
PHÆD. I hear you.
ANT. —While each moment I expect
His coming to divorce me.
PHÆD. Other men,
For lack of what they love, are miserable;
Abundance is your grievance. You're too rich
A lover, Antipho! For your condition
Is to be wish'd and pray'd for. Now, by Heaven,
Might I, so long as you have done, enjoy
My love, it were bought cheaply with my life.
How hard my lot, unsatisfied, unbless'd!
How happy yours, in full possession!—One
Of lib'ral birth, ingenuous disposition,
And honest fame, without expense, you've got:
The wife, whom you desir'd!—in all things bless'd,
But want the disposition to believe so.
Had you, like me, a scoundrel pimp to deal with,

Then you'd perceive—But sure 'tis in our nature
Never to be contented.
Ant. Now to me,
Phædria, 'tis you appear the happy man.
Still quite at large, free to consider still,
To keep, pursue, or quit her: I, alas!
Have so entangled and perplex'd myself,
That I can neither keep nor let her go.
—What now? isn't that our Geta, whom I see
Running this way?—'Tis he himself—— Ah me,
How do I fear what news he brings!

Scene IV.

Enter at a distance Geta, *running.*

Geta. Confusion!
A quick thought, Geta, or you're quite undone,
So many evils take you unprepar'd;
Which I know neither how to shun nor how
To extricate myself: for this bold stroke
Of ours can't long be hid.
Ant. What's this confusion?
Geta. Then I have scarce a moment's time to think.
My master is arriv'd.
Ant. What mischief's that?
Geta. Who, when he shall have heard it, by what art
Shall I appease his anger?—Shall I speak?
'Twill irritate him.—Hold my peace?—enrage him.—
Defend myself?—impossible?—Oh, wretch!
Now for myself in pain, now Antipho
Distracts my mind.—But him I pity most;
For him I fear; 'tis he retains me here:
For, were it not for him, I'd soon provide
For my own safety—aye, and be reveng'd
On the old graybeard—carry something off,
And show my master a light pair of heels.
Ant. What scheme to rob and run away is this?
Geta. But where shall I find Antipho? where seek him?
Phæd. He mentions you.
Ant. I know not what, but doubt
That he's the messenger of some ill news.
Phæd. Have you your wits?
Geta. I'll home: he's chiefly there.
Phæd. Let's call him back!
Ant. Holloa, you! stop!
Geta. Heyday!
Authority enough, be who you will.
Ant. Geta!
Geta (*turning*). The very man I wish'd to meet!
Ant. Tell us, what news?—in one word, if you can.

GETA. I'll do it.
ANT. Speak!
GETA. This moment at the port——
ANT. My father?
GETA. Even so.
ANT. Undone!
PHÆD. Heyday!
ANT. What shall I do?
PHÆD. What say you? (*To* GETA.)
GETA. That I've seen
His father, Sir,—your uncle.
ANT. How shall I,
Wretch that I am! oppose this sudden evil!
Should I be so unhappy to be torn
From thee, my Phanium, life's not worth my care.
GETA. Since that's the case then, Antipho, you ought
To be the more upon your guard.
ANT. Alas!
I'm not myself.
GETA. But now you should be most so, Antipho.
For if your father should discern your fear,
He'll think you conscious of a fault.
PHÆD. That's true.
ANT. I can not help it, nor seem otherwise.
GETA. How would you manage in worse difficulties?
ANT. Since I'm not equal to bear this, to those
I should be more unequal.
GETA. This is nothing.
Pooh, Phædria, let him go! why waste our time?
I will be gone. (*Going.*)
PHÆD. And I. (*Going.*)
ANT. Nay, prithee, stay!
What if I should dissemble?—Will that do?
(*Endeavoring to assume another air.*
GETA. Ridiculous!
ANT. Nay, look at me! will that
Suffice?
GETA. Not it.
ANT. Or this?
GETA. Almost.
ANT. Or this?
GETA. Aye! now you've hit it. Do but stick to that;
Answer him boldly; give him hit for dash,
Nor let him bear you down with angry words.
ANT. I understand you.
GETA. "Forc'd"—"against your will"—
"By law"—"by sentence of the court"—d'ye take me?
—But what old gentleman is that I see
At t'other end o' th' street?
ANT. 'Tis he himself.
I dare not face him. (*Going.*)

Geta. Ah! what is't you do?
Where d'ye run, Antipho! stay, stay, I say.
Ant. I know myself and my offense too well:
To you, then, I commend my life and love. (*Exit.*

Scene V.

Manent Phædria *and* Geta.

Phæd. Geta, what now?
Geta. You shall be roundly chid;
I soundly drubb'd; or I am much deceiv'd.
—But what e'en now we counsel'd Antipho,
It now behooves ourselves to practice, Phædria.
Phæd. Talk not of what behooves, but say at once
What you would have me do.
Geta. Do you remember
The plea whereon you both agreed to rest,
At your first vent'ring on this enterprise?
"That Phormio's suit was just, sure, equitable,
Not to be controverted."——
Phæd. I remember.
Geta. Now then that plea! or, if it's possible,
One better or more plausible.
Phæd. I'll do't.
Geta. Do you attack him first! I'll lie in ambush,
To reinforce you, if you give ground.
Phæd. Well. (*They retire.*)

Scene VI.

Enter Demipho *at another part of the stage.*

Dem. How's this? a wife! what, Antipho! and ne'er
Ask my consent?—nor my authority——
Or, grant we pass authority, not dread
My wrath at least?—To have no sense of shame?
—Oh, impudence!—Oh, Geta, rare adviser!
Geta. Geta at last.
Dem. What they will say to me,
Or what excuse they will devise, I wonder.
Geta. Oh, we have settled that already: think
Of something else.
Dem. Will he say this to me,
—"Against my will I did it"—"Forc'd by law"—
—I hear you: I confess it.
Geta. Very well.
Dem. But conscious of the fraud, without a word
In answer or defense, to yield the cause
Tamely to your opponents—did the law
Force you to *that* too?

PHÆD. That's home.
GETA. Give me leave.
I'll manage it.
DEM. I know not what to do:
This stroke has come so unawares upon me,
Beyond all expectation, past belief.
—I'm so enrag'd, I can't compose my mind
To think upon it.—Wherefore ev'ry man,
When his affairs go on most swimmingly,
Ev'n then it most behooves to arm himself
Against the coming storm: loss, danger, exile,
Returning ever let him look to meet;
His son in fault, wife dead, or daughter sick—
All common accidents, and may have happen'd;
That nothing should seem new or strange. But if
Aught has fall'n out beyond his hopes, all that
Let him account clear gain.
GETA. Oh, Phædria,
'Tis wonderful how much a wiser man
I am than my old master. My misfortunes
I have consider'd well.—At his return
Doom'd to grind ever in the mill, beat, chain'd,
Or set to labor in the fields; of these
Nothing will happen new. If aught falls out
Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear gain.
—But why delay t'accost th' old gentleman,
And speak him fair at first? (PHÆDRIA *goes forward.*)
DEM. Methinks I see
My nephew Phædria.
PHÆD. My good Uncle, welcome!
DEM. Your servant!—But where's Antipho?
PHÆD. I'm glad
To see you safe——
DEM. Well, well!—But answer me.
PHÆD. He's well: hard by.—But have affairs turn'd out
According to your wishes?
DEM. Would they had!
PHÆD. Why, what's the matter?
DEM. What's the matter, Phædria?
You've clapp'd up a fine marriage in my absence.
PHÆD. What! are you angry with him about that?
GETA. Well counterfeited!
DEM. Should I not be angry?
Let me but set eyes on him, he shall know
That his offenses have converted me
From a mild father to a most severe one.
PHÆD. He has done nothing, Uncle, to offend you.
DEM. See, all alike! the whole gang hangs together:
Know one, and you know all.
PHÆD. Nay, 'tis not so.
DEM. One does a fault, the other's hard at hand

To bear him out: when t'other slips, *he's* ready:
Each in their turn!
Geta. I' faith th' old gentleman
Has blunder'd on their humors to a hair.
Dem. If 'twere not so, you'd not defend him, Phædria.
Phæd. If, Uncle, Antipho has done a wrong,
Or to his interest or reputation,
I am content he suffer as he may:
But if another, with malicious fraud,
Has laid a snare for unexperienced youth,
And triumph'd o'er it; can you lay the blame
On us, or on the judges, who oft take
Through envy from the rich, or from compassion
Add to the poor?
Geta. Unless I knew the cause,
I should imagine this was truth he spoke.
Dem. What judge can know the merits on your side,
When you put in no plea; as he has done?
Phæd. He has behav'd like an ingenuous youth.
When he came into court, he wanted pow'r
To utter what he had prepar'd, so much
He was abash'd by fear and modesty.
Geta. Oh brave!—But why, without more loss of time,
Don't I accost th' old man! (*Going up.*) My master, welcome!
I am rejoic'd to see you safe return'd.
Dem. What! my good master Governor! your slave!
The prop! the pillar of our family!
To whom, at my departure hence, I gave
My son in charge.
Geta. I've heard you for some time
Accuse us all quite undeservedly,
And me, of all, most undeservedly.
For what could I have done in this affair?
A slave the laws will not allow to plead;
Nor can he be an evidence.
Dem. I grant it.
Nay more—the boy was bashful—I allow it.
—You but a slave.—But if she had been prov'd
Ever so plainly a relation, why
Needed he marry her? and why not rather
Give her, according to the law, a portion,
And let her seek some other for a husband?
Why did he rather bring a beggar home?
Geta. 'Twas not the thought, but money that was wanting.
Dem. He might have borrow'd it!
Geta. Have borrow'd it!
Easily said.
Dem. If not to be had else,
On interest.
Geta. Nay, now indeed you've hit it!
Who would advance him money in your life?

Dem. Well, well, it shall not, and it can not be,
That I should suffer her to live with him
As wife a single day. There is no cause.
—Would I might see that fellow, or could tell
Where he resides!
Geta. What, Phormio!
Dem. The girl's Patron.
Geta. He shall be with you straight.
Dem. Where's Antipho?
Phæd. Abroad.
Dem. Go, Phædria; find him, bring him here.
Phæd. I'll go directly. (*Exit.*
Geta (*aside*). Aye, to Pamphila. (*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Demipho *alone.*

I'll home, and thank the Gods for my return:
Thence to the Forum, and convene some friends,
Who may be present at this interview,
That Phormio may not take me unprepar'd. (*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Phormio, Geta.

Phor. And Antipho, you say, has slunk away,
Fearing his father's presence?
Geta. Very true.
Phor. Poor Phanium left alone?
Geta. 'Tis even so.
Phor. And the old gentleman enrag'd!
Geta. Indeed.
Phor. The sum of all then, Phormio, rests on you:
On you, and you alone. You've bak'd this cake;
E'en eat it for your pains. About it then!
Geta. I do beseech you.
Phor. (*to himself*). What if he inquire?—
Geta. Our only hope's in you.
Phor. (*to himself*). I have it!—Then,
Suppose he offer to return the girl?—
Geta. You urg'd us to it.
Phor. (*to himself*). Aye! it shall be so.
Geta. Assist us!
Phor. Let him come, old gentleman!
'Tis here: it is engender'd: I am arm'd
With all my counsels.

Geta. What d'ye mean to do?
Phor. What would you have me do, unless contrive
That Phanium may remain, that Antipho
Be freed from blame, and all the old man's rage
Turn'd upon me?
Geta. Brave fellow! friend indeed!
And yet I often tremble for you, Phormio,
Lest all this noble confidence of yours
End in the stocks at last.
Phor. Ah, 'tis not so.
I'm an old stager too, and know my road.
How many men d'ye think I've bastinadoed
Almost to death? Aliens and citizens?
The oft'ner, still the safer.—Tell me then,
Didst ever hear of actions for assault
And batt'ry brought against me?
Geta. How comes that?
Phor. Because the net's not stretch'd to catch the hawk,
Or kite, who do us wrong; but laid for those
Who do us none at all: In them there's profit,
In those mere labor lost. Thus other men
May be in danger who have aught to lose;
I, the world knows, have nothing.—You will say,
They'll seize my person.—No, they won't maintain
A fellow of my stomach.—And they're wise,
In my opinion, if for injuries
They'll not return the highest benefit.
Geta. It is impossible for Antipho
To give you thanks sufficient.
Phor. Rather say,
No man sufficiently can thank his patron.
You at free cost to come! anointed, bath'd,
Easy and gay! while he's eat up with care
And charge, to cater for your entertainment!
He gnaws his heart, you laugh; eat first, sit first,
And see a doubtful banquet plac'd before you!
Geta. Doubtful! what phrase is that?
Phor. Where you're in doubt,
What you shall rather choose. Delights like these
When you but think how sweet, how dear, they are;
Him that affords them must you not suppose
A very deity?
Geta. The old man's here.
Mind what you do! the first attack's the fiercest:
Sustain but that, the rest will be mere play. (*They retire.*)

Scene II.

Enter at a distance Demipho—Hegio, Cratinus, Crito, *following.*

Dem. Was ever man so grossly treated, think ye?
—This way, Sirs, I beseech you.

GETA. He's enrag'd!
PHOR. Hist! mind your cue: I'll work him.
—(*Coming forward, and speaking loud.*) Oh, ye Gods!
Does he deny that Phanium's his relation?
What, Demipho! does Demipho deny
That Phanium is his kinswoman?
GETA. He does.
PHOR. And who her father was, he does not know?
GETA. No.
DEM. (*to the Lawyers*). Here's the very fellow, I believe,
Of whom I have been speaking.—Follow me!
PHOR. (*aloud*). And that he does not know who Stilpho was?
GETA. No.
PHOR. Ah! because, poor thing, she's left in want,
Her father is unknown, and she despis'd.
What will not avarice do?
GETA. If you insinuate
My master's avaricious, woe be to you!
DEM. (*behind*). Oh impudence! he dares accuse me first.
PHOR. As to the youth, I can not take offense,
If he had not much knowledge of him; since,
Now in the vale of years, in want, his work
His livelihood, he nearly altogether
Liv'd in the country: where he held a farm
Under my father. I have often heard
The poor old man complain that this his kinsman
Neglected him.—But what a man! A man
Of most exceeding virtue.
GETA. Much at one:
Yourself and he you praise so much.
PHOR. Away!
Had I not thought him what I've spoken of him,
I would not for his daughter's sake have drawn
So many troubles on our family,
Whom this old cuff now treats so scandalously.
GETA. What, still abuse my absent master, rascal!
PHOR. It is no more than he deserves.
GETA. How, villain!
DEM. Geta! (*Calling.*)
GETA. Rogue, robber, pettifogger! (*To* PHORMIO *pretending not to hear* DEMIPHO.)
DEM. Geta!
PHOR. Answer. (*Apart to* GETA.)
GETA (*turning*). Who's that?—Oh!
DEM. Peace!
GETA. Behind your back
All day without cessation has this knave
Thrown scurvy terms upon you, such as none
But men like him can merit.
DEM. Well! have done.
(*Putting* GETA *by, then addressing* PHORMIO.)

Young man! permit me first to ask one question.
And, if you please, vouchsafe to answer me.
—Who was this friend of yours? Explain! and how
Might he pretend that I was his relation?
PHOR. So! you fish for't, as if you did not know. (*Sneeringly.*)
DEM. Know! I!
PHOR. Aye; you.
DEM. Not I: You that maintain
I ought, instruct me how to recollect.
PHOR. What! not acquainted with your cousin?
DEM. Plague!
Tell me his name.
PHOR. His name? aye!
DEM. Well, why don't you?
PHOR. Confusion! I've forgot the name. (*Apart.*)
DEM. What say you?
PHOR. Geta, if you remember, prompt me.
(*Apart to* GETA.)——Pshaw,
I will not tell.—As if you did not know,
You're come to try me. (*Loud to* DEMIPHO.)
DEM. How! try you?
GETA. Stilpho. (*Whispering* PHORMIO.)
PHOR. What is't to me?—Stilpho.
DEM. Whom say you?
PHOR. Stilpho:
Did you know Stilpho, Sir?
DEM. I neither know him,
Nor ever had I kinsman of that name.
PHOR. How! are you not asham'd?—But if, poor man,
Stilpho had left behind him an estate
Of some ten talents——
DEM. Out upon you!
PHOR. Then
You would have been the first to trace your line
Quite from your grandsire and great grandsire.
DEM. True.
Had I then come, I'd have explain'd at large
How she was my relation: so do you!
Say, how is she my kinswoman?
GETA. Well said!
Master, you're right.—Take heed! (*Apart to* PHORMIO.)
PHOR. I have explain'd
All that most clearly, where I ought, in court.
If it were false, why did not then your son
Refute it?
DEM. Do you tell me of my son?
Whose folly can't be spoke of as it ought.
PHOR. But you, who are so wise, go seek the judge:
Ask sentence in the self-same cause again:
Because you're lord alone, and have alone

Pow'r to obtain judgment of the court
Twice in one cause.
DEM. Although I have been wrong'd,
Yet, rather than engage in litigation,
And rather than hear you; as if she were
Indeed related to us, as the law
Ordains, I'll pay her dowry: take her hence,
And with her take five minæ.
PHOR. Ha! ha! ha!
A pleasant gentleman!
DEM. Why, what's the matter?
Have I demanded any thing unjust?
Sha'n't I obtain this neither, which is law?
PHOR. Is't even so, Sir?—Like a common harlot,
When you've abus'd her, does the law ordain
That you should pay her hire and whistle her off?
Or, lest a citizen through poverty
Bring shame upon her honor, does it order
That she be given to her next of kin
To pass her life with him? which you forbid.
DEM. Aye; to her next of kin: But why to us;
Or wherefore?
PHOR. Oh! that matter is all settled:
Think on't no more.
DEM. Not think on't! I shall think
Of nothing else till there's an end of this.
PHOR. Words, words!
DEM. I'll make them good.
PHOR. But, after all,
With you I have no business, Demipho!
Your son is cast, not you: for at your age
The coupling-time is over.
DEM. Be assur'd
That all I've said he says: or I'll forbid
Him and this wife of his my house.
GETA. He's angry. (*Apart.*)
PHOR. No; you'll think better on't.
DEM. Are you resolv'd,
Wretch that you are, to thwart me ev'ry way?
PHOR. He fears, though he dissembles.) *Apart.*
GETA. Well begun!
PHOR. Well; but what can't be cur'd must be endur'd:
'Twere well, and like yourself, that we were friends.
DEM. I! friend to you? or choose to see or hear you!
PHOR. Do but agree with her, you'll have a girl
To comfort your old age. Your years, consider!
DEM. Plague on your comfort! take her to yourself!
PHOR. Ah! don't be angry!
DEM. One word more, I've done.
See that you fetch away this wench, and soon,
Or I shall turn her headlong out o'doors.
So much for Phormio!

Phor. Offer but to touch her
In any other manner than beseems
A gentlewoman and a citizen,
And I shall bring a swinging writ against you.
So much for Demipho!—If I am wanted,
I am at home, d'ye hear? (*Apart to* Geta.)
Geta. I understand. (*Apart.*) (*Exit* Phormio.

Scene III.

Dem. With how much care, and what solicitude,
My son affects me, with this wretched match
Having embroil'd himself and me! nor comes
Into my sight, that I might know at least
Or what he says, or thinks of this affair.
Go you, and see if he's come home or no.
Geta. I'm gone. (*Exit.*
Dem. You see, Sirs, how this matter stands.
What shall I do? Say, Hegio!
Hegio. Meaning me?
Cratinus, please you, should speak first.
Dem. Say then,
Cratinus!
Cra. Me d'ye question?
Dem. You.
Cra. Then I,
Whatever steps are best I'd have you take.
Thus it appears to me. Whate'er your son
Has in your absence done is null and void,
In law and equity.—And so you'll find.
That's my opinion.
Dem. Say now, Hegio!
Hegio. He has, I think, pronounc'd most learnedly.
But so 'tis: many men, and many minds!
Each has his fancy: Now, in my opinion,
Whate'er is done by law can't be undone.
'Tis shameful to attempt it.
Dem. Say you, Crito!
Crito. The case, I think, asks more deliberation.
'Tis a nice point.
Hegio. Would you aught else with us?
Dem. You've utter'd oracles. (*Exeunt Lawyers.*) I'm more uncertain
Now than I was before.

Re-enter Geta.

Geta. He's not return'd.
Dem. My brother, as I hope, will soon arrive:
Whate'er advice he gives me, that I'll follow.
I'll to the Port, and ask when they expect him. (*Exit.*
Geta. And I'll go find out Antipho, and tell him
All that has pass'd.—But here he comes in time.

Scene IV.

Enter at a distance Antipho.

Ant. (*to himself*). Indeed, indeed, my Antipho,
You're much to blame, to be so poor in spirit.
What! steal away so guilty-like! and trust
Your life and safety to the care of others!
Would they be touch'd more nearly than yourself?
Come what come might of ev'ry thing beside,
Could you abandon the dear maid at home?
Could you so far deceive her easy faith,
And leave her to misfortune and distress?
Her, who plac'd all her hopes in you alone?
Geta (*coming forward*). I' faith, Sir, we have thought you much to blame
For your long absence.——
Ant. You're the very man
That I was looking for.
Geta. ——But ne'ertheless
We've miss'd no opportunity.
Ant. Oh, speak!
How go my fortunes, Geta? has my father
Any suspicion that I was in league
With Phormio?
Geta. Not a jot.
Ant. And may I hope?
Geta. I don't know.
Ant. Ah!
Geta. Unless that Phædria
Did all he could do for you.—
Ant. Nothing new.
Geta. —And Phormio has on all occasions else
Prov'd himself a brave fellow.
Ant. What did he?
Geta. Out-swagger'd your hot father.
Ant. Well said, Phormio!
Geta. —I did the best I could too.
Ant. Honest Geta,
I am much bounden to you all.
Geta. Thus, Sir,
Stand things at present. As yet all is calm.
Your father means to wait your uncle's coming.
Ant. For what?
Geta. For his advice, as he propos'd;
By which he will be rul'd in this affair.
Ant. How do I dread my uncle's coming, Geta.
Since by his sentence I must live or die!
Geta. But here comes Phædria.

Ant. Where?
Geta. From his old school. (*They retire.*)

Scene V.

Enter, from Dorio's, Dorio, Phædria *following.*

Phæd. Nay, hear me, Dorio!
Dorio. Not I.
Phæd. But a word!
Dorio. Let me alone.
Phæd. Pray hear me!
Dorio. I am tir'd
With hearing the same thing a thousand times.
Phæd. But what I'd say you would be glad to hear.
Dorio. Speak then! I hear.
Phæd. Can't I prevail on you
To stay but these three days?—Nay, where d'ye go?
Dorio. I should have wonder'd had you said aught new.
Ant. (*behind*). This pimp, I fear, will work himself no good.
Geta. I fear so too.
Phæd. Won't you believe me?
Dorio. Guess.
Phæd. Upon my honor.
Dorio. Nonsense.
Phæd. 'Tis a kindness
Shall be repaid with interest.
Dorio. Words, words!
Phæd. You'll be glad on't; you will, believe me.
Dorio. Pshaw!
Phæd. Try; 'tis not long.
Dorio. You're in the same tune still.
Phæd. My kinsman, parent, friend!——
Dorio. Aye, talk away.
Phæd. Can you be so inflexible, so cruel,
That neither pity nor entreaties touch you?
Dorio. And can you be so inconsiderate,
And so unconscionable, Phædria,
To think that you can talk me to your purpose,
And wheedle me to give the girl for nothing?
Ant. (*behind*). Poor Phædria!
Phæd. (*to himself*). Alas! he speaks the truth.
Geta (*to* Antipho). How well they each support their characters!
Phæd. (*to himself*). Then that this evil should have come upon me,
When Antipho was in the like distress!
Ant. (*going up*). Ha! what now, Phædria?
Phæd. Happy, happy Antipho!——
Ant. I?

PHÆD. Who have her you love in your possession,
Nor e'er had plagues like these to struggle with!
ANT. In my possession? yes, I have, indeed,
As the old saying goes, a wolf by th' ears:
For I can neither part with her nor keep her.
DORIO. 'Tis just my case with him.
ANT. (*to* DORIO). Thou thorough bawd!
——(*To* PHÆDRIA.) What has he done?
PHÆD. Done?—The inhuman wretch
Has sold my Pamphila.
GETA. What! sold her?
ANT. Sold her?
PHÆD. Yes; sold her.
DORIO (*laughing*). Sold her.—What a monstrous crime!
A wench he paid his ready money for.
PHÆD. I can't prevail upon him to wait for me,
And to stave off his bargain but three days;
Till I obtain the money from my friends,
According to their promise.—If I do not
Pay it you then, don't wait a moment longer.
DORIO. You stun me.
ANT. 'Tis a very little time
For which he asks your patience, Dorio.
Let him prevail on you; your complaisance
Shall be requited doubly.
DORIO. Words; mere words!
ANT. Can you then bear to see your Pamphila
Torn from this city, Phædria?—Can you, Dorio,
Divide their loves?
DORIO. Nor I, nor you.
GETA. Plague on you!
DORIO (*to* PHÆDRIA). I have, against my natural disposition,
Borne with you several months, still promising,
Whimpering, and ne'er performing any thing:
Now, on the contrary, I've found a spark,
Who'll prove a ready-paymaster, no sniveler:
Give place then to your betters!
ANT. Surely, Phædria,
There was, if I remember, a day settled
That you should pay the money down.
PHÆD. There was.
DORIO. Do I deny it?
ANT. Is the day past?
DORIO. No.
But this has come before it.
ANT. Infamous!
Ar'n't you asham'd of such base treachery?
DORIO. Not I, while I can get by't.
GETA. Scavenger!
PHÆD. Is this just dealing, Dorio?
DORIO. 'Tis my way:
So, if you like me, use me.

Ant. Can you deceive him thus?
Dorio. Nay, Antipho,
'Tis he deceives me: he was well aware
What kind of man I was, but I believ'd
Him diff'rent. He has disappointed me,
But I am still the same to him as ever.
However, thus much I can do for him;
The Captain promis'd to pay down the money
To-morrow morning. But now, Phædria,
If you come first, I'll follow my old rule,
"The first to pay shall be first serv'd." Farewell. (*Exit.*

Scene VI.

Phædria, Antipho, Geta.

Phæd. What shall I do? Unhappy that I am,
How shall I, who am almost worse than nothing,
Raise such a sum so suddenly?—Alas!
Had I prevail'd on him to wait three days,
I had a promise of it.
Ant. Shall we, Geta,
Suffer my Phædria to be miserable?
My best friend Phædria, who but now, you said,
Assisted me so heartily?—No—Rather
Let us, since there is need, return his kindness!
Geta. It is but just, I must confess.
Ant. Come then;
'Tis you alone can save him.
Geta. By what means?
Ant. Procure the money.
Geta. Willingly: but whence?
Ant. My father is arriv'd.
Geta. He is: what then?
Ant. A word to the wise, Geta!
Geta. Say you so?
Ant. Ev'n so.
Geta. By Hercules, 'tis rare advice.
Are you there with me? will it not be triumph,
So I but 'scape a scouring for your match,
That you must urge me to run risks for him?
Ant. He speaks the truth, I must confess.
Phæd. How's that?
Am I a stranger to you, Geta?
Geta. No:
Nor do I hold you such. But is it nothing
That the old man now rages at us all,
Unless we irritate him so much further
As to preclude all hopes to pacify him?
Phæd. Shall then another bear her hence? Ah me!
Now then, while I remain, speak to me, Antipho.
Behold me!

Ant. Wherefore? what is it you mean?
Phæd. Wherever she's convey'd, I'll follow her;
Or perish.
Geta. Heaven prosper your designs!—
Gently, Sir, gently!
Ant. See if you can help him.
Geta. Help him! but how?
Ant. Nay, think, invent, devise;
Lest he do something we repent of, Geta!
Geta. I'm thinking. (*Pausing.*)—Well then I believe, he's safe.
But I'm afraid of mischief.
Ant. Never fear:
We'll bear all good and evil fortune with you.
Geta. Tell me the sum you have occasion for.
Phæd. But thirty minæ.
Geta. Thirty! monstrous, Phædria!
She's very dear.
Phæd. Dog-cheap.
Geta. Well, say no more.
I'll get them for you.
Phæd. O brave fellow!
Geta. Hence!
Phæd. But I shall want it now.
Geta. You'll have it now:
But Phormio must assist me in this business.
Ant. He's ready: lay what load you will upon him,
He'll bear it all; for he's a friend indeed.
Geta. Let's to him quickly then!
Ant. D'ye want my help?
Geta. We've no occasion for you. Get you home
To the poor girl, who's almost dead with fear;
And see you comfort her.—Away! d'ye loiter?
Ant. There's nothing I would do so willingly. (*Exit.*
Phæd. But how will you effect this?
Geta. I'll explain
That matter as we go along.—Away! (*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Demipho *and* Chremes.

Dem. Well, Chremes, have you brought your daughter with you,
On whose account you went to Lemnos?
Chrem. No.
Dem. Why not?

Chrem. It seems the mother, grown impatient,
Perceiving that I tarried here so long,
And that the girl's age brook'd not my delays,
Had journeyed here, they said, in search of me,
With her whole family.
Dem. Appris'd of this,
What kept you there so long then?
Chrem. A disease.
Dem. How came it? what disease?
Chrem. Is that a question?
Old age itself is a disease.—However,
The master of the ship, who brought them over,
Inform'd me of their safe arrival higher.
Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, of my son's misfortune
During my absence?
Chrem. Aye; and it confounds me.
For to another should I tender her,
I must relate the girl's whole history,
And whence arises my connection with her.
You I can trust as safely as myself:
But if a stranger courts alliance with me,
While we're new friends, he'll hold his peace perhaps.
But if he cools, he'll know too much of me.
Then I'm afraid my wife should know of this;
Which if she does, I've nothing else to do
But shake myself, and leave my house directly:
For I've no friend at home except myself.
Dem. I know it; and 'tis that which touches me.
Nor are there any means I'll leave untried,
Till I have made my promise to you good.

Scene II.

Enter, at another part of the stage, Geta.

Geta (*to himself*). I never saw a more shrewd rogue than Phormio.
I came to let him know we wanted money,
With my advice for getting it; and scarce
Had I related half, but he conceiv'd me.
He was o'erjoy'd; commended me; demanded
To meet with Demipho; and thank'd the gods
That it was now the time to show himself
As truly Phædria's friend as Antipho's.
I bade him wait us at the Forum; whither
I'd bring th' old gentleman.—And there he is!
—But who's the furthermost? Ha! Phædria's father.
—Yet what was I afraid of, simpleton?
That I have got two dupes instead of one?
Is it not better that my hopes are doubled?
—I'll attack him, I first propos'd. If he

Answers my expectation, well: if not,
Why then have at you, uncle!

Scene III.

Enter behind, Antipho.

Ant. (*to himself*). I expect
Geta's arrival presently.—But see!
Yonder's my uncle with my father.—Ah!
How do I dread his influence!
Geta. I'll to them.
Oh, good Sir Chremes! (*Going up.*)
Chrem. Save you, save you, Geta!
Geta. I'm glad to see you safe arriv'd.
Chrem. I thank you.
Geta. How go affairs?
Chrem. A world of changes here,
As usual at first coming home again.
Geta. True. Have you heard of Antipho's affair?
Chrem. The whole.
Geta (*to* Demipho). Did you inform him, Sir?—'Tis monstrous, Chremes,
To be so shamefully impos'd upon!
Dem. 'Twas on that point I was just talking with him.
Geta. And I too, having turn'd it in my thoughts,
Have found, I think, a remedy.
Dem. How, Geta?
What remedy?
Geta. On leaving you, by chance
I met with Phormio.
Chrem. Who is Phormio?
Geta. The girl's solicitor.
Chrem. I understand.
Geta. I thought within myself, "suppose I found him!"
And taking him aside, "Now prithee, Phormio,
Why don't you try to settle this affair
By fair means rather than by foul?" said I.
"My master is a generous gentleman,
And hates to go to law. For I assure you
His other friends advis'd him, to a man,
To turn this girl directly out o' doors."
Ant. (*behind*). What does he mean? or where will all this end?
Geta. "The law, you think, will give you damages
If he attempts to turn her out.—Alas!
He has good counsel upon that.—I' faith,
You'll have hot work if you engage with him;
He's such an orator!—But ev'n suppose
That you should gain your lawsuit, after all
The trial is not for his life, but money."

Perceiving him a little wrought upon,
And soften'd by this style of talking with him,
"Come now," continued I, "we're all alone.
Tell me, what money would you take in hand
To drop your lawsuit, take away the girl,
And trouble us no farther!"
Ant. (*behind*). Is he mad?
Geta. —"For I am well convinc'd, that if your terms
Are not extravagant and wild indeed,
My master's such a worthy gentleman,
You will not change three words between you."
Dem. Who
Commission'd you to say all this?
Chrem. Nay, nay,
Nothing could be more happy to effect
The point we labor at.
Ant. (*behind*). Undone!
Chrem. (*to* Geta). Go on.
Geta. At first he rav'd.
Dem. Why, what did he demand?
Geta. Too much: as much as came into his head.
Chrem. Well, but the sum?
Geta. He talk'd of a great talent.
Dem. Plague on the rascal! what! has he no shame?
Geta. The very thing I said to him.—"Suppose
He was to portion out an only daughter,
What could he give her more?—He profits little,
Having no daughter of his own; since one
Is found to carry off a fortune from him."
—But to be brief, and not to dwell upon
All his impertinences, he at last
Gave me this final answer.—"From the first,
I wish'd," said he, "as was indeed most fit,
To wed the daughter of my friend myself.
For I was well aware of her misfortune;
That, being poor, she would be rather given
In slavery, than wedlock, to the rich.
But I was forc'd, to tell you the plain truth,
To take a woman with some little fortune,
To pay my debts: and still, if Demipho
Is willing to advance as large a sum
As I'm to have with one I'm now engag'd to,
There is no wife I'd rather take than her."
Ant. (*behind*). Whether through malice or stupidity,
He is rank knave or fool, I can not tell.
Dem. (*to* Geta). What, if he owes his soul?
Geta. "I have a farm,"
Continued he, "that's mortgag'd for ten minæ."
Dem. Well, let him take her then: I'll pay the money.
Geta. "A house for ten more."
Dem. Huy! huy! that's too much.

CHREM. No noise! demand those ten of me.
GETA. "My wife
Must buy a maid; some little furniture
Is also requisite; and some expense
To keep our wedding: all these articles,"
Continues he, "we'll reckon at ten minæ."
DEM. No; let him bring a thousand writs against me.
I'll give him nothing. What! afford the villain
An opportunity to laugh at me?
CHREM. Nay, but be pacified! I'll pay the money.
Only do you prevail upon your son
To marry her whom we desire.
ANT. (*behind*). Ah me!
Geta, your treachery has ruin'd me.
CHREM. She's put away on my account: 'tis just
That I should pay the money.
GETA. "Let me know,"
Continues he, "as soon as possible,
Whether they mean to have me marry her;
That I may part with t'other, and be certain.
For t'other girl's relations have agreed
To pay the portion down immediately."
CHREM. He shall be paid this too immediately.
Let him break off with her, and take this girl!
DEM. Aye, and the plague go with him!
CHREM. Luckily
It happens I've some money here; the rents
Of my wife's farms at Lemnos. I'll take that; (*to* DEMIPHO)
And tell my wife that you had need of it. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent ANTIPHO, GETA.

ANT. (*coming forward*). Geta!
GETA. Ha, Antipho!
ANT. What have you done!
GETA. Trick'd the old bubbles of their money.
ANT. Well,
Is that sufficient, think ye?
GETA. I can't tell.
'Twas all my orders.
ANT. Knave, d'ye shuffle with me? (*Kicks him.*)
GETA. Plague! what d'ye mean?
ANT. What do I mean, Sirrah!
You've driven me to absolute perdition.
All pow'rs of heav'n and hell confound you for't,
And make you an example to all villains!
—Here! would you have your business duly manag'd,
Commit it to this fellow!—What could be
More tender than to touch upon this sore,

Or even name my wife? my father's fill'd
With hopes that she may be dismiss'd.—And then,
If Phormio gets the money for the portion,
He, to be sure, must marry her.—And what
Becomes of me then?

Geta. He'll not marry her.

Ant. Oh, no: but when they redemand the money,
On my account he'll rather go to jail! (*Ironically.*)

Geta. Many a tale is spoiled in telling, Antipho.
You take out all the good, and leave the bad.
—Now hear the other side—If he receives
The money, he must wed the girl: I grant it.
But then some little time must be allow'd
For wedding-preparation, invitation,
And sacrifices.—Meanwhile, Phædria's friends
Advance the money they have promis'd him:
Which Phormio shall make use of for repayment.

Ant. How so? what reason can he give?

Geta. What reason?
A thousand.—"Since I made this fatal bargain,
Omens and prodigies have happen'd to me.
There came a strange black dog into my house!
A snake fell through the tiling! a hen crow'd!
The Soothsayer forbade it! The Diviner
Charg'd me to enter on no new affair
Before the winter."—All sufficient reasons.
Thus it shall be.

Ant. Pray Heav'n it may be!

Geta. It shall.
Depend on me:—But here's your father.—Go;
Tell Phædria that the money's safe. (*Exit* Antipho.

Scene V.

Re-enter Demipho *and* Chremes.

Dem. Nay, peace!
I'll warrant he shall play no tricks upon us:
I'll not part rashly with it, I assure you;
But pay it before witnesses, reciting
To whom 'tis paid, and why 'tis paid.

Geta. How cautious,
Where there is no occasion! (*Aside.*)

Chrem. You had need.
But haste, dispatch it while the fit's upon him:
For if the other party should be pressing,
Perhaps he'll break with us.

Geta. You've hit it, Sir.

Dem. Carry me to him then.

Geta. I wait your pleasure.

CHREM. (*to* DEMIPHO). When this is done, step over to my wife,
That she may see the girl before she goes;
And tell her, to prevent her being angry,
"That we've agreed to marry her to Phormio,
Her old acquaintance, and a fitter match;
That we have not been wanting in our duty,
But giv'n as large a portion as he ask'd."
DEM. Pshaw! what's all this to you?
CHREM. A great deal, brother.
DEM. Is't not sufficient to have done your duty,
Unless the world approves it?
CHREM. I would choose
To have the whole thing done by her consent,
Lest she pretend she was turn'd out o' doors.
DEM. Well, I can say all this to her myself.
CHREM. A woman deals much better with a woman.
DEM. I'll ask your wife to do it then.
(*Exeunt* DEMIPHO *and* GETA.
CHREM. I'm thinking
Where I shall find these women now.

SCENE VI.

Enter SOPHRONA *at a distance.*

SOPH. (*to herself*). Alas!
What shall I do, unhappy as I am?
Where find a friend? to whom disclose this story?
Of whom beseech assistance?—For I fear
My mistress will sustain some injury
From following my counsel: the youth's father,
I hear, is so offended at this marriage.
CHREM. Who's this old woman, coming from my brother's,
That seems so terrified?
SOPH. (*to herself*). 'Twas poverty
Compell'd me to this action: though I knew
This match would hardly hold together long,
Yet I advis'd her to it, that meanwhile
She might not want subsistence.
CHREM. Surely, surely,
Either my mind deceives me, or my eyes fail me,
Or that's my daughter's nurse.
SOPH. Nor can we find——
CHREM. What shall I do?
SOPH. —Her father out.
CHREM. Were't best
I should go up to her, or wait a little,
To gather something more from her discourse?
SOPH. Could he be found, my fears were at an end.
CHREM. 'Tis she. I'll speak with her.

Soph. (*overhearing*). Whose voice is that?
Chrem. Sophrona!
Soph. Ha! my name too?
Chrem. Look this way.
Soph. (*turning*). Good Heav'n have mercy on us! Stilpho!
Chrem. No.
Soph. Deny your own name?
Chrem. (*in a low voice*). This way, Sophrona!——
—A little further from that door!—this way!—
And never call me by that name, I charge you.
Soph. What, ar'n't you then the man you said you was?
(*Aloud.*)
Chrem. Hist! hist!
Soph. What makes you fear those doors so much?
Chrem. I have a fury of a wife within:
And formerly I went by that false name,
Lest she should indiscreetly blab it out,
And so my wife might come to hear of this.
Soph. Ah! thus it was, that we, alas! poor souls,
Could never find you out here.
Chrem. Well, but tell me,
What business have you with that family? (*Pointing.*)
—Where is your mistress and her daughter?
Soph. Ah!
Chrem. What now? are they alive?
Soph. The daughter is:
The mother broke her heart with grief.
Chrem. Alas!
Soph. And I a poor, unknown, distress'd old woman,
Endeavoring to manage for the best,
Contriv'd to match the virgin to a youth,
Son to the master of this house.
Chrem. To Antipho?
Soph. The very same.
Chrem. What! has he two wives then?
Soph. No, mercy on us! he has none but her.
Chrem. What is the other then, who, they pretend,
Is a relation to him?
Soph. This is she.
Chrem. How say you?
Soph. It was all a mere contrivance:
That he, who was in love, might marry her
Without a portion.
Chrem. O ye powers of heav'n,
How often fortune blindly brings about
More than we dare to hope for! Coming home,
I've found my daughter, even to my wish,
Match'd to the very person I desir'd.
What we have both been laboring to effect,
Has this poor woman all alone accomplish'd.
Soph. But now consider what is to be done!

The bridegroom's father is return'd; and he,
They say, is much offended at this marriage.
Chrem. Be of good comfort: there's no danger there.
But, in the name of heav'n and earth, I charge you,
Let nobody discover she's my daughter.
Soph. None shall discover it from me.
Chrem. Come then!
Follow me in, and you shall hear the rest. (*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene I.

Demipho, Geta.

Dem. 'Tis our own fault that we encourage rogues,
By overstraining the due character
Of honesty and generosity.
"Shoot not beyond the mark," the proverb goes.
Was't not enough that he had done us wrong,
But we must also throw him money too,
To live till he devises some new mischief?
Geta. Very right!
Dem. Knavery's now its own reward.
Geta. Very true!
Dem. How like fools have we behav'd!
Geta. So as he keeps his word, and takes the girl,
'Tis well enough.
Dem. Is that a doubt at present?
Geta. A man, you know, may change his mind.
Dem. How! change?
Geta. That I can't tell: but, if perhaps, I say.
Dem. I'll now perform my promise to my brother,
And bring his wife to talk to the young woman.
You, Geta, go before, and let her know
Nausistrata will come and speak with her. (*Exit* Demipho.

Scene II.

Geta *alone.*

The money's got for Phædria: all is hush'd:
And Phanium is not to depart as yet.
What more then? where will all this end at last?
—Alas! you're sticking in the same mire still:
You've only chang'd hands, Geta. The disaster
That hung but now directly over you,
Delay perhaps will bring more heavy on you.
You're quite beset, unless you look about.

—Now then I'll home; to lesson Phanium,
That she mayn't stand in fear of Phormio,
Nor dread this conf'rence with Nausistrata. (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Enter Demipho *and* Nausistrata.

Dem. Come then, Nausistrata, afford us now
A little of your usual art, and try
To put this woman in good humor with us;
That what is done she may do willingly.
Naus. I will.
Dem. And now assist us with your counsel,
As with your cash a little while ago.
Naus. With all my heart: and I am only sorry
That 'tis my husband's fault I can't do more.
Dem. How so?
Naus. Because he takes such little care
Of the estate my father nurs'd so well:
For from these very farms he never fail'd
To draw two talents by the year. But ah!
What difference between man and man!
Dem. Two talents?
Naus. Aye—in worse times than these—and yet two talents?
Dem. Huy!
Naus. What, are you surpris'd?
Dem. Prodigiously.
Naus. Would I had been a man! I'd show——
Dem. No doubt.
Naus. —By what means——
Dem. Nay, but spare yourself a little
For the encounter with the girl: lest she,
Flippant and young, may weary you too much.
Naus. —Well, I'll obey your orders: but I see
My husband coming forth.

Scene IV.

Enter Chremes, *hastily.*

Chrem. Ha!
Has Phormio had the money yet?
Dem. I paid him
Immediately.
Chrem. I'm sorry for't.—(*Seeing* Nausistrata.)—My wife!
I'd almost said too much. (*Aside.*)
Dem. Why sorry, Chremes?
Chrem. Nothing.—No matter.
Dem. Well, but hark ye, Chremes!
Have you been talking with the girl, and told her
Wherefore we bring your wife?

CHREM. I've settled it.
DEM. Well, and what says she?
CHREM. 'Tis impossible
To send her hence.
DEM. And why impossible?
CHREM. Because they are both so fond of one another.
DEM. What's that to us?
CHREM. A great deal. And besides,
I have discover'd she's related to us.
DEM. Have you your wits?
CHREM. 'Tis so. I'm very serious.
—Nay, recollect a little!
DEM. Are you mad?
NAUS. Good now, beware of wronging a relation!
DEM. She's no relation to us.
CHREM. Don't deny it.
Her father had assum'd another name,
And that deceiv'd you.
DEM. What! not know her father?
CHREM. Perfectly.
DEM. Why did she misname him then?
CHREM. Won't you be rul'd, nor understand me then?
DEM. What can I understand from nothing?
CHREM. Still? (*Impatiently.*)
NAUS. I can't imagine what this means.
DEM. Nor I.
CHREM. Would you know all?—Why then, so help me Heaven,
She has no nearer kindred in the world
Than you and I.
DEM. Oh, all ye powers of heaven!
—Let us go to her then immediately:
I would fain know, or not know, all at once. (*Going.*)
CHREM. Ah! (*Stopping him.*)
DEM. What's the matter?
CHREM. Can't you trust me then?
DEM. Must I believe it? take it upon trust?
—Well, be it so!—But what is to be done
With our friend's daughter?
CHREM. Nothing.
DEM. Drop her?
CHREM. Aye.
DEM. And keep this?
CHREM. Aye.
DEM. Why then, Nausistrata,
You may return. We need not trouble you.
NAUS. Indeed, I think, 'tis better on all sides,
That you should keep her here, than send her hence.
For she appear'd to me, when first I saw her,
Much of a gentlewoman. (*Exit* NAUSISTRATA.

Scene V.

Manent Demipho *and* Chremes.

Dem. What means this?
Chrem. (*looking after* Nausistrata). Is the door shut?
Dem. It is.
Chrem. O Jupiter!
The Gods take care of us. I've found my daughter
Married to your son.
Dem. Ha! how could it be?
Chrem. It is not safe to tell you here.
Dem. Step in then.
Chrem. But hark ye, Demipho!—I would not have
Even our very sons inform'd of this. (*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Antipho *alone.*

I'm glad, however my affairs proceed,
That Phædria's have succeeded to his mind.
How wise to foster such desires alone,
As, although cross'd, are easily supplied!
Money, once found, sets Phædria at his ease;
But my distress admits no remedy.
For, if the secret's kept, I live in fear;
And if reveal'd, I am expos'd to shame.
Nor would I now return, but in the hope
Of still possessing her.—But where is Geta?
That I may learn of him the fittest time
To meet my father.

Scene VII.

Enter, at a distance, Phormio.

Phor. (*to himself*). I've receiv'd the money;
Paid the procurer; carried off the wench;
Who's free, and now in Phædria's possession.
One thing alone remains to be dispatch'd;
To get a respite from th' old gentlemen
To tipple some few days, which I must spend
In mirth and jollity.
Ant. But yonder's Phormio.— (*Goes up.*)
What now?
Phor. Of what?
Ant. What's Phædria about?
How does he mean to take his fill of love?
Phor. By acting your part in his turn.

Ant. What part?
Phor. Flying his father's presence.—And he begs
That you'd act his, and make excuses for him;
For he intends a drinking-bout with me.
I shall pretend to the old gentlemen
That I am going to the fair at Sunium,
To buy the servant-maid that Geta mention'd:
Lest, finding I am absent, they suspect
That I am squandering the sum they paid me.
—But your door opens.
Ant. Who comes here?
Phor. 'Tis Geta.

Scene VIII.

Enter hastily, at another part of the stage, Geta.

Geta. O fortune, O best fortune, what high blessings,
What sudden, great, and unexpected joys
Hast thou shower'd down on Antipho to-day!—
Ant. What can this be he's so rejoic'd about?
Geta. —And from what fears deliver'd us, his friends?
—But wherefore do I loiter thus? and why
Do I not throw my cloak upon my shoulder,
And haste to find him out, that he may know
All that has happen'd?
Ant. (*to* Phormio). Do you comprehend
What he is talking of?
Phor. Do you?
Ant. Not I.
Phor. I'm just as wise as you.
Geta. I'll hurry hence
To the procurer's.—I shall find them there. (*Going.*)
Ant. Ho, Geta!
Geta. Look ye there!—Is't new or strange,
To be recall'd when one's in haste? (*Going.*)
Ant. Here, Geta!
Geta. Again? bawl on! I'll ne'er stop. (*Going on.*)
Ant. Stay, I say!
Geta. Go, and be drubb'd!
Ant. You shall, I promise you,
Unless you stop, you rascal!
Geta (*stopping*). Hold, hold, Geta!
Some intimate acquaintance this, be sure,
Being so free with you.—But is it he
That I am looking for, or not?—'Tis he.
Phor. Go up immediately. (*They go up to* Geta.)
Ant. (*to* Geta). What means all this?
Geta. O happy man! the happiest man on earth!
So very happy, that, beyond all doubt,
You are the God's chief fav'rite, Antipho.

Ant. Would I were! but your reason.
Geta. Is't enough
To plunge you over head and ears in joy?
Ant. You torture me.
Phor. No promises! but tell us
What is your news?
Geta. Oh, Phormio! are you here?
Phor. I am: but why d'ye trifle?
Geta. Mind me then! (*To* Phormio.)
No sooner had we paid you at the Forum,
But we return'd directly home again.
—Arriv'd, my master sends me to your wife. (*To* Antipho.)
Ant. For what?
Geta. No matter now, good Antipho.
I was just entering the women's lodging,
When up runs little Mida; catches me
Hold by the cloak behind, and pulls me back.
I turn about, and ask why he detains me.
He told me, "Nobody must see his mistress:
For Sophrona," says he, "has just now brought
Demipho's brother, Chremes, here; and he
Is talking with the women now within."
—When I heard this, I stole immediately
On tip toe tow'rd the door; came close; stood hush;
Drew in my breath; applied my ear; and thus,
Deep in attention, catch'd their whole discourse.
Ant. Excellent, Geta!
Geta. Here I overheard
The pleasantest adventure! On my life,
I scarce refrain'd from crying out for joy.
Ant. What?
Geta. What d'ye think? (*Laughing.*)
Ant. I can't tell.
Geta. Oh! it was (*laughing.*)
Most wonderful!—most exquisite!—your uncle
Is found to be the father of your wife.
Ant. How! what?
Geta. He had a sly intrigue, it seems,
With Phanium's mother formerly at Lemnos. (*Laughing.*)
Phor. Nonsense! as if she did not know her father!
Geta. Nay, there's some reason for it, Phormio,
You may be sure.—But was it possible
For me, who stood without, to comprehend
Each minute circumstance that pass'd within?
Ant. I have heard something of this story too.
Geta. Then, Sir, to settle your belief the more,
At last out comes your uncle; and soon after
Returns again, and carries in your father.
Then they both said, they gave their full consent
That you should keep your Phanium.—In a word,
I'm sent to find you out, and bring you to them.

Ant. Away with me then instantly! D'ye linger?
Geta. Not I. Away!
Ant. My Phormio, fare you well!
Phor. Fare you well, Antipho! (*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Phormio *alone.*

Well done, 'fore Heaven!
I'm overjoy'd to see so much good fortune
Fallen thus unexpectedly upon them:
I've now an admirable opportunity
To bubble the old gentlemen, and ease
Phædria of all his cares about the money;
So that he need not be oblig'd to friends.
For this same money, though it will be given,
Will yet come from them much against the grain;
But I have found a way to force them to't.
—Now then I must assume a grander air,
And put another face upon this business.
—I'll hence a while into the next by-alley,
And pop upon them as they're coming forth.
—As for the trip I talk'd of to the fair,
I sha'n't pretend to take that journey now. (*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene I.

Enter Demipho *and* Chremes—*and soon after, on t'other side,* Phormio.

Dem. Well may we thank the gracious Gods, good brother,
That all things have succeeded to our wish.
—But now let's find out Phormio with all speed,
Before he throws away our thirty minæ.
Phor. (*pretending not to see him*).
I'll go and see if Demipho's at home,
That I may——
Dem. (*meeting him*). —We were coming to you, Phormio.
Phor. On the old score, I warrant.
Dem. Aye.
Phor. I thought so.
—Why should you go to me?—ridiculous!
Was you afraid I'd break my contract with you?
No, no! how great soe'er my poverty,
I've always shown myself a man of honor.

Chrem. Has not she, as I said, a liberal air? } *Apart.*
Dem. She has. }
Phor.—And therefore I was coming, Demipho,
To let you know I'm ready to receive
My wife whene'er you please. For I postpon'd
All other business, as indeed I ought,
Soon as I found ye were so bent on this.
Dem. Aye, but my brother has dissuaded me
From going any further in this business.
"For how will people talk of it?" says he:
"At first you might have done it handsomely;
But then you'd not consent to it; and now,
After cohabitation with your son,
To think of a divorce is infamous."
—In short, he urg'd almost the very things
That you so lately charg'd me with yourself.
Phor. You trifle with me, gentlemen.
Dem. How so?
Phor. How so? Because I can not marry t'other,
With whom I told you I was first in treaty.
For with what face can I return to her
Whom I have held in such contempt?
Chrem. Tell him
Antipho does not care to part with her. (*Prompting* Demipho.)
Dem. And my son too don't care to part with her:
—Step to the Forum then, and give an order
For the repayment of our money, Phormio.
Phor. What! when I've paid it to my creditors?
Dem. What's to be done then?
Phor. Give me but the wife
To whom you have betroth'd me, and I'll wed her.
But if you'd rather she should stay with you,
The portion stays with me, good Demipho,
For 'tis not just I should be bubbled by you;
When, to retrieve your honor, I've refus'd
Another woman with an equal fortune.
Dem. A plague upon your idle vaporing,
You vagabond!—D'ye fancy we don't know you?
You, and your fine proceedings?
Phor. You provoke me.
Dem. Why, would you marry her, if proffer'd?
Phor. Try me.
Dem. What! that my son may keep her privately
At your house?—That was your intention.
Phor. Ha!
What say you, Sir?
Dem. Give me my money, Sirrah!
Phor. Give me my wife, I say.
Dem. To justice with him!
Phor. To justice? Now, by Heaven, gentlemen,
If you continue to be troublesome——

DEM. What will you do?
PHOR. What will I do? Perhaps
You think that I can only patronize
Girls without portion; but be sure of this,
I've some with portions too.
CHREM. What's that to us?
PHOR. Nothing.—I know a lady here whose husband——
CHREM. Ha! (*Carelessly.*)
DEM. What's the matter?
PHOR. —Had another wife
At Lemnos.
CHREM. (*aside*). I'm a dead man.
PHOR. —By which other
He had a daughter; whom he now brings up
In private.
CHREM. (*aside*). Dead and buried.
PHOR. This I'll tell her. (*Going toward the house.*)
CHREM. Don't, I beseech you!
PHOR. Oh! are you the man?
DEM. Death! how insulting!
CHREM. (*to* PHORMIO). We discharge you.
PHOR. Nonsense!
CHREM. What would you more? The money you have got
We will forgive you.
PHOR. Well; I hear you now.
—But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,
Acting and talking like mere children with me?
—I won't; I will: I will; I won't again:—
Give, take; say, unsay; do, and then undo.
CHREM. (*to* DEMIPHO). Which way could he have learn'd this?
DEM. I don't know:
But I am sure I never mention'd it.
CHREM. Good now! amazing!
PHOR. I have ruffled them. (*Aside.*)
DEM. What! shall he carry off so large a sum,
And laugh at us so openly?—By Heaven,
I'd rather die.—Be of good courage, brother!
Pluck up the spirit of a man! You see
This slip of yours is got abroad; nor can you
Keep it a secret from your wife. Now, therefore,
'Tis more conducive to your peace, good Chremes,
That we should fairly tell it her ourselves,
Than she should hear the story from another.
And then we shall be quite at liberty
To take our own revenge upon this rascal.
PHOR. Ha!—If I don't take care I'm ruin'd still.
They're growing desperate, and making tow'rd me
With a determin'd gladiatorial air.
CHREM. (*to* DEMIPHO). I fear she'll ne'er forgive me.
DEM. Courage, Chremes!

I'll reconcile her to't; especially
The mother being dead and gone.
Phor. Is this
Your dealing, gentlemen? You come upon me
Extremely cunningly.—But, Demipho,
You have but ill consulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.—And you, Sir (*to* Chremes),
When you have play'd the whoremaster abroad;
Having no reverence for your lady here,
A woman of condition; wronging her
After the grossest manner; come you now
To wash away your crimes with mean submission?
No.—I will kindle such a flame in her,
As, though you melt in tears, you sha'n't extinguish.
Dem. A plague upon him! was there ever man
So very impudent?—A knave! he ought
To be transported at the public charge
Into some desert.
Chrem. I am so confounded,
I know not what to do with him.
Dem. I know.
Bring him before a judge!
Phor. Before a judge?
A lady-judge; in here, Sirs, if you please.
Dem. Run you and hold him, while I call her servants.
Chrem. I can not by myself; come up and help me.
Phor. I have an action of assault against you. (*To* Demipho.)
Chrem. Bring it!
Phor. Another against you too, Chremes!
Dem. Drag him away! (*Both lay hold of him.*)
Phor. (*struggling*). Is that your way with me!
Then I must raise my voice.—Nausistrata!
Come hither.
Chrem. Stop his mouth!
Dem. (*struggling*). A sturdy rogue!
How strong he is!
Phor. (*struggling*). Nausistrata, I say.
Nausistrata!
Chrem. (*struggling*). Peace, Sirrah!
Phor. Peace, indeed!
Dem. Unless he follows, strike him in the stomach!
Phor. Aye, or put out an eye!—But here comes one
Will give me full revenge upon you both.

Scene II.

To them Nausistrata.

Naus. Who calls for me?
Chrem. Confusion!

NAUS. (*to* CHREMES). Pray, my dear,
What's this disturbance?
PHOR. Dumb, old Truepenny!
NAUS. Who is this man?—Why don't you answer me?
(*To* CHREMES.)
PHOR. He answer you! he's hardly in his senses.
CHREM. Never believe him!
PHOR. Do but go and touch him;
He's in a shivering fit, I'll lay my life.
CHREM. Nay——
NAUS. But what means he then?
PHOR. I'll tell you, madam;
Do but attend!
CHREM. Will you believe him then?
NAUS. What is there to believe, when he says nothing?
PHOR. Poor man! his fear deprives him of his wits.
NAUS. (*to* CHREMES). I'm sure you're not so much afraid for nothing.
CHREM. What! I afraid?
(*Endeavoring to take heart.*)
PHOR. Oh, not at all!—And since
You're in no fright, and what I say means nothing,
Tell it yourself.
DEM. At your desire, you rascal?
PHOR. Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, Sir!
NAUS. What! Won't you tell me, husband?
CHREM. But——
NAUS. But what?
CHREM. There's no occasion for it.
PHOR. Not for you:
But for the Lady there is much occasion.
In Lemnos——
CHREM. Ha! what say you?
DEM. (*to* PHORMIO). Hold your peace!
PHOR. Without your knowledge——
CHREM. Oh dear!
PHOR. He has had
Another wife.
NAUS. My husband? Heav'n forbid!
PHOR. 'Tis even so.
NAUS. Ah me! I am undone.
PHOR. —And had a daughter by her there; while you
Was left to sleep in ignorance alone.
NAUS. Oh Heavens!—Baseness!—Treachery!
PHOR. 'Tis fact.
NAUS. Was ever any thing more infamous?
When they're with us, their wives forsooth, they're old.
—Demipho, I appeal to you: for him
I can not bear to speak to.—And were these
His frequent journeys and long stay at Lemnos?
Was this the cheapness that reduc'd our rents?

Dem. That he has been to blame, Nausistrata,
I don't deny; but not beyond all pardon.
Phor. You're talking to the dead.
Dem. It was not done
Out of aversion or contempt to you.
In liquor, almost fifteen years ago,
He met this woman, whence he had this daughter;
Nor e'er had commerce with her from that hour.
She's dead: your only grievance is remov'd.
Wherefore I beg you'd show your wonted goodness,
And bear it patiently.
Naus. How! bear it patiently?
Alas! I wish his vices might end here.
But have I the least hope? can I suppose
That years will cure these rank offenses in him?
Ev'n at that time he was already old,
If age could make him modest.—Are my years
And beauty, think ye, like to please him more
At present, Demipho, than formerly?
—In short, what ground, what reason to expect
That he should not commit the same hereafter?
Phor. (*aloud*). Whoever would attend the funeral
Of Chremes, now's the time!—See! that's my way.
Come on then! provoke Phormio now, who dares!
Like Chremes, he shall fall a victim to me.
—Let him get into favor when he will!
I've had revenge sufficient. She has something
To ring into his ears his whole life long.
Naus. Have I deserv'd this?—Need I, Demipho,
Number up each particular, and say
How good a wife I've been?
Dem. I know it all.
Naus. Am I then justly treated?
Dem. Not at all.
But since reproaches can't undo what's done,
Forgive him! he begs pardon; owns his fault;
And promises to mend.—What would you more?
Phor. But hold; before she ratifies his pardon,
I must secure myself and Phædria. (*Aside.*)
—Nausistrata, a word!—Before you give
Your answer rashly, hear me!
Naus. What's your pleasure?
Phor. I trick'd your husband there of thirty minæ,
Which I have giv'n your son; and he has paid them
To a procurer for a mistress.
Chrem. How!
What say you?
Naus. Is it such a heinous crime
For your young son, d'ye think, to have *one* mistress,
While *you* have *two* wives?—Are you not asham'd?
Have you the face to chide him? answer me!

DEM. He shall do ev'ry thing you please.
NAUS. Nay, nay,
To tell you plainly my whole mind at once,
I'll not forgive, nor promise any thing,
Nor give an answer, till I see my son.
PHOR. Wisely resolv'd, Nausistrata.
NAUS. Is that
Sufficient satisfaction for you?
PHOR. Quite.
I rest contented, well pleas'd, past my hopes.
NAUS. What is your name, pray?
PHOR. My name? Phormio:
A faithful friend to all your family,
Especially to Phædria.
NAUS. Trust me, Phormio,
I'll do you all the service in my power.
PHOR. I'm much oblig'd to you.
NAUS. You're worthy on't.
PHOR. Will you then even now, Nausistrata,
Grant me one favor that will pleasure me,
And grieve your husband's sight?
NAUS. With all my soul.
PHOR. Ask me to supper!
NAUS. I invite you.
DEM. In then!
NAUS. We will. But where is Phædria, our judge?
PHOR. He shall be with you.—(*To the* AUDIENCE.)
Farewell; Clap your hands!

THE END.

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